

Encore

Jay-Z

Thank you, thank you, thank you, you're far too kind
Now can I get an encore, do you want more
Cooking raw with the Brooklyn boy
So for one last time I need y'all to roar
Now what the hell are you waiting for
After me, there shall be no more
So for one last time, nigga make some noise
Who you know fresher than Hov'? Riddle me that
The rest of y'all know where I'm lyrically at
Can't none of y'all mirror me back
Yeah hearing me rap is like hearing G. Rap in his prime
I'm, young H.O., rap's Grateful Dead
Back to take over the globe, now break bread
I'm in, Boeing jets, Global Express
Out the country but the blueberry still connect
On the low but the yacht got a triple deck
But when you young, what the fuck you expect? Yep, yep
Grand opening, grand closing
God your man Hov' cracked the can open again
Who you goin' find doper than him with no pen
Just draw off inspiration
Soon you goin' see you can't replace him
With cheap imitations for these generations
Now can I get an encore, do you want more
Cooking raw with the Brooklyn boy
So for one last time I need y'all to roar {What the hell are you waiting for?} Look what you made me do, look
what I made for you
Knew if I paid my dues, how will they pay you
When you first come in the game, they try to play you
Then you drop a couple of hits, look how they wave to you
From Marcy to Madison Square
To the only thing that matters in just a matter of years (yea)
As fate would have it, Jay's status appears
To be at an all-time high, perfect time to say goodbye
When I come back like Jordan, wearing the 4-5
It ain't to play games with you
It's to aim at you, probably maim you
If I owe you I'm blowing you to smithereens
Cocksucker take one for your team
And I need you to remember one thing (one thing)
I came, I saw, I conquered
From record sales, to sold out concerts
So motherfucker if you want this encore

I need you to scream, 'til your lungs get sore
It's star time
This man is made! He's killing all y'all jive turkeys
Do y'all want more of the Jigga man?
Well if y'all want more of the Jigga man
Then I need y'all to help me, bring him back to stage
Say Hova, c'mon say it!
HO-VA! HO-VA! Are y'all out there? (HO-VA! HO-VA!)
Are y'all out there? C'mon, louder!
Yeah, now see that's what I'm talking bout
They love you Jigga, they love you Jigga!
I like the way this one feel
It's so motherfucking soulful man!
Yeah okay
So this here is the victory lap
Then I'm leaving, that's how you get me back
After a year of them sixteen's, it's one point two
And that's two point four, and I'm only doing two
You wanted to gain attention new dudes
I can get you BET and TRL too
You wanna be in the public, send your budget
Well fuck it, I ain't budging!
Young did it to death, you gotta love it
Record companies told me I couldn't cut it
Now look at me, all star-studded
Golfer above par like I putted
All cause the shit I uttered, was utterly ridiculous
How sick is this?
You want to bang, send Kanye change, send Just some dust
Send Hip a grip, then you got' spit
A little something like this {What the hell are you waiting for?}

Songwriters

Carter, Shawn C / West, Kanye Omari

Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>