

Intro/A Million And One Questions/Rhyme No More

Jay-Z

Somebody's pulling me close to the ground
I ain't panicked, I been here before
Seems like only yesterday when I got up on that stage
In front of that crowd And showed them who was who, and what was what
Man look at these suckers
I ain't no rapper, I'm a hustler
It just so happens that I know how to rap
Okay, I reloaded I did it again, niggaz
Fucked up, right? I know
I know what y'all niggaz are askin' yourself
Is he gonna ever fall off? No Lotta speculation on the monies I've made
Honies I've slayed, how is he for real? Is that nigga really paid?
Hustlers I've met or, dealt with direct
Is it true, he stayed the beef and slept with a tech? What's the position you hold?
Can you really match a triple platinum artist
Buck by buck by only a single goin' gold?
Roc-A-Fella ship fold an' you're left out in the cold
Is it back to chargin' motherfuckers 11 for a O? For the millionth time, askin' 'me
Questions like Wendy Williams, harrassin' me
Then get upset when I catch feelings
Can I get a minute to breathe? An' in that minute you leave
While I'm lookin' at my Rol' ice, spinnin' on my sleeve Uh, nice watch, do you really have a spot?
Like you said in 'Friend or Foe' an' if so, what block?
What you doin' in L.A.' with Phillipinos and ese's
Latinos and Cheve's, down by Pico with Frederico I answer all your questions but then y'all got to go
Now the question I ask you is how bad you want to know? A million, a million, a million Roc-A-Fella y'all,
know my style Motherfuckers can't rhyme no more, 'bout crime no more
'Til I'm no more, 'cause I'm so raw
My flow expose holes, that they find in yours
Wasn't for me, niggaz still be dyin' for whores But I hate when a nigga sit back, admirin' yours
Young blood, you better get that, we fryin' baccars
Niggaz don't want to be confined to ridin' the iron horse
An' don't listen to the rappers, yo, they dyin' to floss I used to be O.T., applyin' the force
Shoot up the whole block, then the iron, I toss
Come back with the click playin' Diana Ross
I'm the boss an' this is how it's gon' be Burnt the turn pipe, wild miles on the V
I got mouths to feed, 'til they put flowers on me
An' kiss my cold cheek, chicks cryin' like I was Chochise
Tombstone read 'He was holdin' no leaks' Started from the crack game an' then so sweet

Freaked it to the rap game, Jigga, the old G
On MTV, tellin' 'em how I sold D
An' used to back work up, out of apartment 4BMe an' my homie, started out coldies
Picked the mailbox lock 'cause I ain't have no key
Had the cable with the anchor when Jaz made 'Sophie'
Then I went low key, but now I'm back, it's on, motherfuckersJigga, yeah, Roc-A-Fella y'all, feel this

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