

# Off That

Jay-z

Welcome to the future, uh  
Hey, count me in  
Find me a nice soft place to land  
I'm so high, find me a place to land  
Yeah, right there, yeah  
I'm so tomorrow the Audemar says yesterday  
Which means you on time than late  
So even if I slow it down  
My sound is fast forward, hold up  
I'm just a runway show  
But I wear that so my plane need my runway clothes  
Cashmere sweats, they come out next year  
But these my last year's sweats  
And my hoe's so sick  
Your new chick can't fuck with my old bitch  
And you know this shit  
I'm professional, they know this is  
I just may let you borrow this  
This 'The Blueprint' nigga follow this  
This what what tomorrow is  
Welcome to tomorrow B  
Whatever you about to discover we off that  
You about to tell her you love her we off that  
Always wanna fight in the club and we off that  
But you can't bring the future back, back  
Y'all are steady chasin' the fame and we off that  
Over sized clothes and chains we off that  
Niggaz still makin' it rain and we off that  
'Cause you can't bring the future back, back  
Tell them haters get off me, the Cris' we off that  
Timbs we off that, rims we off that  
Yeah, we off that, is you still on that?  
And we still makin' money 'cause we still on that  
This ain't black vs. white, my nigga we off that  
Please tell Bill O'Reilly to fall back  
Tell Rush Limbaugh to get off my balls  
It's 2010, not 1864  
Uh, yeah we come so far  
So I drive around town, hard top and that's all

Uh, in my TriBeCa loft  
With my high brown ah and my high yellow broad  
Uh and my dark skinned sis  
In my best white mink, say what's up to Chris  
Uh, how's that for a mix?  
Got a black president, got green presidents  
'Blueprint's' in my white iPod  
Black diamonds in my Jes

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