

The City Is Mine

Jay-z

You belong to the city
You belong to the night
In the river of darkness
He's a man of the night

Yeah, what the deal playboy? Just rest your soul

I be holding it down yo still love the dough

Got these ladies on the cock now you know how we go
Got the whole world on lock down you know how we flow

Don't worry about Brooklyn I continue to flame

Therefore a world with amnesia won't forget your name

You held it down long enough, let me take those reins

And just like your spirit the commission remains

Niggaz can cross the T's and, dots the I's

Now that I got too popular to cop them pies

I'm takin this rap shit serious, to my demise

Jay shit's like cake mix, watch me rise

Basics in the basement, waste it

Asking my dog for advice so when he can't say shit

My hatred is, fueled just give me a sign

And I let the world know that the city is mine, what?

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Y'all want to know how I flow just seek and you find

I'm like a brain in the voicebox, I speak my mind

About to redefine rap mami, either I'm

The illest nigga doing it or these niggaz is losin' it

I read a article that said I was ruinin' shit

But every time I look, I'm movin' units in quick

So I'ma hit y'all, with these last two and split

And leave niggaz with nothing but my influences-es

Soon it's the jigga, I ain't mad yeah, bite my shit

Sell half of what I sell because it's not quite my shit

I'm the type to buy a Roley and just ice my shit

On the spot, fuck comin' back twice to shit

How real is that? My floss game, still intact

Boss game, you lame dudes can't feel that

Like the first dude to cop the 850 and 89
And drove it up to 55th, the city is mine, what?
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I snatch your girl 'cause your arm ain't strong enough
 Plus ya don't stay in the studio long enough
 I make hits while y'all stay hatin' and take bricks
 Had it locked 'til I came in the club, take 6
 Got your chick 'cause you swore she was innocent
Got her a Chinese manicure hair done by Dominicans, all for what
 So I could be in a dark corner, all in the butt
 At the bar alchoholing her up
I represent the lifestyle of those who thirst cream
 A buck fifty a shot, Louis the thirteenth
 Jay-Z, Roc-A-Fella yo, know the name
I ain't a player get it right, I'm controllin' the game
 From now until they blow holes in my frame
 I'ma stand firm, holdin' my aim, feel me?
 I'm the focal point like Biggie in his prime
 On the low though, the city is mine
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