

30 Something

JAY-Z

You ain't got enough stamps in ya passport to fuck with Young H-O
(heh-heh-heh)
International . . . uhh
Show young boys how to do this thing
The maturation of Jay-Z-Z . . heh
Check me out30's the new 20 nigga I'm so hot still (Uhh)
Better broad, better auto mobile (Uhh)
Bet a yard (Naw!) Bet a hundred mil
That by the songs end I'll probably start another trend
I know everything you wann' do
I did all that by the age of twenty-one
By twenty-two, I had that brand new Ac' coupe
I guess you could say that my legend just begun, I'm
Young enough to know the right car to buy
Yet grown enough not to put rims on it
I got that six-deuce with curtains, so you can't see me
And I didn't even have to put tints on it
I don't got the bright watch, I got the right watch
I don't buy out the bar, I bought the nightspot
I got the right stock, I got
Stockbrokers that's movin' it like white tops
I know you're like "FUCK! This is child abuse, call DYFS!"
I must just be getting nicer
You young boys ain't ready for real
30's the new 20 nigga, I'm so hot still
I used to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
I used to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the truck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
I used to play the block like that (like that)
I used to carry knots like that (like that)
Now I got Black cards, good credit and such
Baby boy cause I'm all grown up30's the new 20 nigga, I'm on fire still
These young boys is like fire drills (Uhh)
False alarms (Uhh), the next don (Naw)
He ain't got it (Uhh), on to the next one (Young)
Still here (Yeah), still here like Mike
Gotta stop playin' with these children (Chea)
I'm a bully with the bucks (boots)

Don't let the patent leather shoes fool you youngin'
I got the fully in the tux
That was my past, now I'm so grown up
I don't got one gun on me
Gotta a sum on me to hire a gun army, get ya spun like laundry
And I'll be somewhere under palm trees, calmly listenin' to R&B
When we get the call he's, no longer with us, fire ya babysitters
You little fucks fall back for real
30's the new 20 nigga, I'm so hot still
I used to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
I used to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the truck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
I used to wear my hoodie like that (like that)
Five deep in a hooptie like that (like that)
Now I got Black cards, good credit and such
Baby boy cause I'm all grown up(heh-heh-heh)
Ya'll roll blunts, I smoke Cubans all day
Ya'll youngin's chase, I'm Patronin' it straight
I like South Beach, but I'm in St. Tropez
Ya'll drink Dom, but not Rose (hey)
Ya chick shop at the mall
My chick burnin' down Bergdorf's
Comin' back with Birkin bags
Ya chick is like, "What type of purse is that?"
I'm from the era where niggas don't snitch
You from the era where snitchin' is the shit
I'm afraid of the future (why?)
Ya'll respect the one who got shot, I respect the shooter
Ya'll go to parties to ice grill
I go to parties to party with nice girls
Young boys gotta chill
30's the new 20 nigga, I'm so hot still
I used to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
I used to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the truck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
Ya, we used to ball like that (like that)
Now we own the ball team, holla back (holla back)
Now I got Black cards, good credit and such
Baby boy cause I'm all grown up

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>