

coming of age (feat memphis bleek)

Jay-Z

Uh-huh uh yeah, gi-gi-geyeah
Time to come up, hold my own weight, defend my crown
Gots to lock it down and when they rush -- part two Cocaine whiter now
Operation is sweet
Whole game tighter now
Movin' a brick a week
Plus a nigga price is down
We them niggaz to see
Time to start the arising now
I don't know what's wrong with Bleek It seems, I'm like Keenan, picking up on the vibe
That he ain't too happy, I could just see it in his eyes
I don't know if it's the chicks or how we dividin the loot
Time to pay his ass a visit 'fore he decide to get cute
Jumped out like a star with the flavest car
Matchin' the gator shirt, softer than my next door neighbors
These young niggaz think I fell out the loop
Cause the last time they seen me hoppin', out the Coupe
I hopped out in a suit Look at this nigga Jay frontin' tryin' to take my shine
I didn't say this verbally, just had some shit on my mind
Plus I'm puffin like an ounce, more than I used to puff
Takin' advice from these niggaz but they ain't used to stuff
They had me thinkin, "Shit, I'm the one that moved the stuff
While he drive around town in brand new Coupe's and stuff"
Swear to God, they had me practically hating his guts
As he approached I spoke, "Jigga whattup?" I done came up (uhh) put my life on the line (uhh)
Soaked the game up (yeah) now it's my time to shine
Time to change up (what?) no more second in line
Nine-eight, these streets is mine
(uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh-uh-huh-uh-huh) Look at that fake smile he just gave me, it's breakin' my heart
Should I school him or pull the tools out and just break him apart
I felt his hatred it was harsh, 'fore this fakin shit start
I should take him in back of the building and blaze him Uh-oh, this nigga Jay he ain't slow, he musta picked up
on the vibe
And had I, not been so high I woulda been able to hide
Tried to cover up myself, as I gave him a five
Hugged him, as if I loved him To the naked eye
It woulda seemed we was the closest, but to those that know us
Could see that somethin' was about to go down Stay focused
I'm tryin' to concentrate, but it's like he's reading my mind

As if he can see through this fog and all this weed in my mind
Could he see I had plans on, bein the man
Ever since we first spoke and he put that G in my hand
And I gave it back to show him, I was down for the cause
As he approached ("Whattup Bleek?") and I paused..I done came up (uhh) put my life on the line (uhh)
Soaked the game up (yeah) now it's my time to shine
Time to change up (what?) no more second in line
Nine-eight, these streets is mineYeah, you done came up (uhh) put your life on the line (uhh)
Soaked the game up (yeah) now it's yo' time to shine
Time to change up, no more second in line
Nine-eight, these streets is mineRight, yo we wild out in Vegas, styled on haters
Mouthed off at the cops, I done crammed every drop
Copped whips the same color, we tighter than brothers
With different fathers but same mothers, this life don't love us
So til death do us, I'm never breakin my bond
Nigga we Lex movers, V-12 pushersAs I stand
One leg of my pants up, in a stance like, "Man what?"
I know these niggaz are peepin my mind cancer
But in time's the answer
Seems mind-blowin, this weed and Hennesey
Got my mind goin, trust me nigga, I'm knowin
Chicks used to ignore me, and my aunt sayin I need fifty
Not sixty-fortyOh God, don't let him control y'all
Your gun is my gun, your clip is my clip babyYour fun is my fun (uh-huh) your bitch is my bitch
Any nigga tryin' to harm Jay I'm feelin' for you
I ain't only touchin' you, I'm killin' your crewGive it a year, you'll be sittin' on a million or two
Records sold nigga, perfect your roll, geyeahI done came up (came up) put my life on the line
Soaked the game up (game up) now it's my time to shine
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Soaked the game up (yeah) now it's yo' time to shine
Time to change up, no more second in line
Yeah, yeah
Coming of Age Two, brand new

Songwriters

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