

# December 4th (Sourface Remix)

Jay-Z

Shawn Carter was born December 4th  
Weighing in at 10 pounds 8 ounces  
He was the last of my four children  
The only one who didn't give me any pain when I gave birth to him  
And that's how I knew that he was a special child They say "they never really miss you til you dead or you gone"  
So on that note I'm leaving after this song  
So you ain't gotta feel no way about Jay, so long  
At least let me tell you why I'm this way, hold on  
I was conceived by Gloria Carter and Adaness Revees  
Who made love under the Sycamore tree  
Which makes me  
A more sicker emcee than my momma would claim  
At ten pounds when I was born I didn't give her no pain  
Although through the years I gave her her fair share  
I gave her her first real scare  
I made it from birth and I got here  
She knows my purpose wasn't purpose  
I ain't perfect I care  
But I feel worthless cause my shirts wasn't matching my gear  
Now I'm just scratching the surface cause what's buried under there  
Was a kid torn apart once his pop disappeared  
I went to school got good grades could behave when I wanted  
But I had demons deep inside that would raise when confronted  
Hold on Shawn was a very shy child growing up  
He was into sports  
And a funny story is  
At four he taught his self how to ride a bike  
A two wheeler at that  
Isn't that special?  
But, I noticed a change in him when me and my husband broke up Now all the teachers couldn't reach me  
And my momma couldn't beat me  
Hard enough to match the pain of my pop not seeing me, so  
With that disdain in my membrane  
Got on my pimp game  
Fuck the world my defense came  
Then Dahaven introduced me to the game  
Spanish Jose introduced me to cane  
I'm a hustler now  
My gear is in and I'm in the in crowd

And all the wavy light skinned girls is loving me now  
 My self esteem went through the roof man I got my swag  
 Got a vocal from this girl when her man got bagged  
 Plus I hit my momma with cash from a show that I had  
 Supposedly knowing nobody paid Jaz wack ass  
 I'm getting ahead of myself, by the way, I could rap  
 That came second to me moving this crack  
 Gimme a second I swear  
 I will say about my rap career  
 Til '96 came niggas I'm here  
 Good-bye Shawn use to be in the kitchen  
 Beating on the table and rapping  
 And um, until the wee hours of the morning  
 And then I bought him a boom box  
 And his sisters and brothers said that he would drive them nuts  
 But that was my way to keep him close to me and out of trouble Good-bye to the game all the spoils, the  
 adrenaline rush  
 Your blood boils you in a spot knowing cops could rush  
 And you in a drop your so easy to touch  
 No two days are alike  
 Except the first and fifteenth pretty much  
 And "trust" is a word you seldom hear from us  
 Hustlers we don't sleep we rest one eye up  
 And a drought can define a man, when the well dries up  
 You learn to work the water without working, of thirst you'll die yup  
 And niggas get tied up for product  
 And little brothers ring fingers get cut up  
 To show mothers they really got 'em  
 And this was the stress I live with til I decided  
 To try this rap shit for a living  
 I pray I'm forgiven  
 For every bad decision I made  
 Every sister I played  
 Cause I'm still paranoid to this day  
 And it's nobody fault I made the decisions I made  
 This is the life I chose or rather the life that chose me If you can't respect that your whole perspective is wack  
 Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black If you can't respect that your whole perspective is wack  
 Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black If you can't respect that your whole perspective is wack  
 Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black If you can't respect that your whole perspective is wack  
 Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black

Songwriters

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