

Politics As Usual

Jay-Z

You know how we do, Roc-a-Fella, forever, You can catch me
Skating through your town putting it down y'all relating
No waiting I'll make your block infrared hot I'm like Satan
Y'all feel a nigga's struggle, y'all think a nigga love to
Hustle behind the wheel, trying to escape my trouble
Kids stop they greeting me, I'm talking sweet to keys
Cursing the very God, that bought this wreath to be
My life is, based on sacrifices, jewels like ices
And fools that think I slip, you fuck around
You get your guys hit, they built me to be filthy
On some I-do-or-die shit, for real
The price of leather's got me, deeper than ever and
Just think, with this here, I'm trying to feel made niggaPolitics as usual, I took my
Frito to Tito in the district, blessed me with some
VS somethings I can live with, stop fronting
And for the dough I raise, gotta get shit appraised
No disrespect to you, make sure you word is true
I'm taking wages down in Vegas just in case Tyson
Have a major night off, that's clean money, the tax write-off
You ain't seen money in your life, when it
Comes to this cheese y'all like Three Blind Mice
A smoking bro, who pump Willie Ike spokes
The furthest you Chiles been is the Pocanos
My portfolio reads, leads to Don Corleone, nigga please
Ten year feleon, heavy on the wrist, our face used
With the diamond blooded Jesus and blind your face
Youse for life, sharight, Jigga, I keep it tight niggaPolitics as usual,
You feel my triumph never, feel my pain I'm lyin
Low in the leather Zion, the best that's ever came
The game changes like, my mind just ain't right
We 'gwan get this dough, I guess it ain't your night
Sucking me in like a vacuum, I remember
Telling my family I'll be back soon, that was December
Eighty-five and, Jay-Z rise ten years later
Got me wise still can't break my underworld ties
I wear black a lot, in the Ac', act a lot
Got matching VCR's, a huge Magnavox
To nitch, green like spinach pop wines that's vintage
It's a lot of big money in my sentence

Hitting towards a mil', lip a, written I kill like that
Chick faked me one-two cat, yeah, I do that
Ain't no stopping the champagne from popping
The drawers from dropping, the law from watching, I hate 'emPolitics as usual

Songwriters

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