

No Hook

Jay-Z

Poor me, dad was gone, finally got my dad back
Liver bad, he wouldn't live long, they snatched my dad back
Guidance? I never had that, streets was my second home
Welcomed me with open arms provided a place to crash at
A place to study math at, matter of fact, I learned it all
Burned it all, this music is where I bury the ashes at
Had to get some chollah bread so you can holla back, and holla that
Flash back, not having much, not having that
My Jewish lawyer too enjoyed the fruit of letting my cash stack
And just in case a nigga gotta use his rat-tat-tat-tat
Own boss, own your masters, slaves
The mentality I carry with me to this very day
Fuck rich, let's get wealthy, who else gon feed we?
If I need it, I'mma get it however, God help me
And I don't need no hook for this shit I'm so fa sho, it's no facade
"Stay outta trouble," momma said as momma sighed
Her fear: her youngest son be a victim of homicide
But I gotta get you outta here momma, or I'mma die inside
And either way, you lose me momma so let loose of me
I got the rein our direction will soon change
To live and die in N.Y. in the hustle game
Hustle caine, hustle clothes, I hustle music
But hustle hard in any hustle that you pick
Skinny nigga, toothpick, but, but I do lift
Weight like I'm using roids
Rolls-Royce keep my movements, smooth while maneuvering
Through all the manure in the sewer that I grew up in
Choices, we make trying to escape
And I don't need no hook for this shit This is not for commercial usage
Please don't categorize this as music
Please don't compare me to other rappers
Compare me to trappers, I'm more Frank Lucas than Ludacris
And Luda's my dude, I ain't trying to diss
Like Frank Lucas is cool, but I ain't trying to snitch
I'ma follow the rules no matter how much time I'mma get
I'mma live and die with the decisions that I'mma pick
So fuck DeHaven for caving, that's why we don't speak
Made men ain't supposed to make statements
End of the story, I followed the code, cracked the safe

Other niggas ain't in the game so they practice hate
Leave that boy Hov alone, why don't cha?
You don't have to if you don't want to
But don't say I didn't warn ya
Oh
And I don't need no hook for this shit

Songwriters

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