

Numb / Encore

JAY Z & LINKIN PARK

Yeah

Thank you, thank you, thank you, you're far too kind!

Whoo! Aha, uh, whoo, yeah! Ready?

Whoo, whoo, whoo! Can I get an encore, do you want more?

Cookin' raw with the Brooklyn boy

So for one last time I need y'all to roar

Uh, uh, uh, uh, yeah! Now, what the hell are you waitin' for?

After me, there shall be no more

So for one last time, nigga, make some noise

Get 'em Jay! Who you know fresher than Hov'? Riddle me that!

The rest of y'all know where I'm lyrically at

Can't none of y'all mirror me back

Yeah, hearin' me rap is like hearin' G. Rap in his prime

I'm Young H.O., rap's grateful dead

'Bout to take over the globe, now break bread

I'm in Boeing jets, Global Express

Out the country but the blueberry still connect

On the low but the yacht got a triple deck

But when you young, what the fuck you expect? Yep, yep!

Grand openin', grand closin'

God damn, your man Hov' cracked the can open again

Who you gon' find doper than him with no pen

Just draw off inspira- (-tion-tion)

Soon you gon' see you can't replace n(him him)

With cheap imitations for these generations!

Can I get an encore, do you want more?

Cookin' raw with the Brooklyn boy

So for one last time I need y'all to roar

Uh, uh, uh, uh, yeah! Now, what the hell are you waitin' for?

After me, there shall be no more

So for one last time, nigga, make some noise

What the hell are you waiting for? Look what you made me do, look what I made for you

Knew if I paid my dues, how will they pay you?

When you first come in the game, they try to play you

Then you drop a couple of hits, look how they wave to you

From Marcy to Madison Square

To the only thing that matters in just a matter of years (yeah)

As fate would have it, Jay's status appears

To be at an all-time high, perfect time to say goodbye

When I come back like Jordan
Wearing the -, it ain't to play games with you
It's to aim at you, probably maim you
If I owe you I'm blowin' you to smithereens
Cocksucker, take one for your team
And I need you to remember one thing (one thing)
I came, I saw, I conquered
From record sales, to sold out concerts
So, motherfucker, if you want this encore
I need you to scream, 'til your lungs get sore I'm tired of being what you want me to be
Feeling so faithless, lost under the surface
Don't know what you're expecting of me
Put under the pressure of walking in your shoes
(Caught in the undertow, just caught in the undertow)
Every step that I take is another mistake to you
(Caught in the undertow, just caught in the undertow)
And every second I waste is more than I can take! I've become so numb, I can't feel you there
Become so tired, so much more aware
I'm becoming this, all I want to do
Is be more like me and be less like you
I've become so numb Can I get an encore? Do you want more? (more, more, more)
I've become so numb
So for one last time I need y'all to roar
One last time I need y'all to roar
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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