

# F.U.T.W.

## Jay-Z

Just let me be great, let me be great  
I feel like mothafuckin' Cassius Clay right now, Genius!  
Don't be good my nigga, be great  
After that government cheese, we eating steak  
After the projects, now we on estates  
I'm from the bottom, I know you can relate Fuck up the world  
Let's fuck up this world  
Fuck up the world  
Me and destiny got a date Martin had a dream, Hov got a team  
My chain already heavy, don't let me get a ring  
Parades down Flatbush, Confetti on my fur  
Turn right in Red Hook, niggas heavy on the curb  
See most my niggas died early twenties or late teens  
I'm just trying to come from under the thumb of this regime  
1% of a billion more than niggas ever seen  
Still they wanna act like it's an everyday thing, clean Fuck up this world  
Fuck up this world  
Fuck up this world  
Fuck up the uh High Yellow sky dweller and the rose gold  
Legend of the summer in the Rose Bowl  
Came through Pasadena in the low low  
Just to show respect to the cholos  
Feelin' like a stranger in my own land  
Got me feeling like Brody in Homeland  
I just want a shot to show my genius  
Standing on the top hold my penis  
America tried to emasculate the greats  
Murder Malcolm, gave Cassius the shakes  
Wait, tell them rumble young man rumble  
Try to dim your lights tell you be humble  
You know I'm gon' shine like a trillion watts  
You know a nigga trill as Michael Jackson socks  
Sendin' light out to Compton and the hundred blocks  
Lil bastard boy, basking on top Fuck up this world  
Let's fuck up this world  
Let's fuck up the world  
Let's fuck up this world  
Fuck up the uh Sipping D'USSE boy this ain't your daddy yak  
He in a Cadillac; me? I'm in the Maybach

This ain't grey sweat suits and white tube socks  
This is black leather pants and a pair of Stance  
Socks is my synopsis is clear  
Got strip clubs feeling like Oxford, I swear  
Teacher teacher, I'm trying to unteach ya  
All the shit they taught y'all, they got you all in the bleachers  
When you front row at the Knicks game, those the Spike Lees  
You front row everywhere, you in the H.O.V.'s  
Jordan 1's and dungarees  
And that's just the half of my warpath  
Make a million another million let my niggas make a million  
'til we all check a billion, shit it's just the way I'm feeling  
We have yet to see a ceiling, we just top what we top  
Cause the bars don't struggle and the struggle don't stop  
Let's fuck up this world  
Let's fuck up the world  
Let's fuck up the world  
Let's fuck up the world  
Fuck up this world

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