

# Public Service Announcement

Jay-Z

This is a public service announcement  
Sponsored by Just Blaze and the good folks at Roc-A-Fella records  
Fellow Americans, it is with the utmost pride and sincerity  
That I present this recording, as a living testament and recollection  
Of history in the makin' durin' our generation Allow me to re-introduce myself  
My name is Hov', oh, H to the O V  
I used to move snowflakes by the O Z  
I guess even back then you can call me  
C.E.O. of the ROC, Hov'  
Fresh out the fryin' pan into the fire  
I be the, music biz number one supplier  
Flyer than a piece of paper bearin' my name  
Got the hottest chick in the game wearin' my chain That's right Hov', oh, not D.O.C.  
But similar to them letters, "No one can do it better"  
I check Cheddar like a food inspector  
My homey strict told me, "Dude finish your breakfast"  
So that's what I'ma do, take you back to the dude  
With the Lexus, fast-forward the jewels and the necklace  
Let me tell you dudes what I do to protect this  
I shoot at you actors like movie directors  
This ain't a movie dog Now before I finish, let me just say  
I did not come here to show out  
Did not come here to impress you  
Because to tell you the truth when I leave here I'm gone  
And I don't care what you think about me, but just remember  
When it hits the fan brother, whether it's next year, ten years  
Twenty years from now, you're gonna be able to say  
That these brothers lied to you Jack Ving ain't lie  
I done came through the block in everything that's fly  
I'm like, Che Guevara with bling on, I'm complex  
I never claimed to have wings on  
Nigga I get mine, by any means on whenever there's a drought  
Get your umbrellas out because, that's when I brainstorm  
You can blame Shawn, but I ain't invent the game  
I just rolled the dice, tryin' to get some change And I do it twice, ain't no sense in me  
Lyin' as if, I am a different man  
And I could blame my environment but  
There ain't no reason why I be buyin' expensive chains  
Hope you don't think, you're as hardy

Only a fews-us niggaz, gettin' high within' the game  
If you do then, how would you explain?  
I'm ten years removed, still the vibe is in my veinsI got a hustler spirit, nigga period  
Check out my hat yo, peep the way I wear it  
Check out my swag' yo, I walk like a ballplayer  
No matter where you go, you are what you are player  
And you can try to change but that's just as hot player  
Man, you was who you was 'fore you got here  
Only God can judge me, so I'm gone  
Either love me, or leave me alone

Songwriters

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