

My 1st Song

Jay-Z

I'm just, tryin' to stay above water y'know
Just stay busy, stay workin'
Puff told me like, the key to this joint
The key to staying, on top of things
Is treat everything like it's your first project, knahmsayin'?
Like it's your first day like back when you was an intern
Like, that's how you try to treat things like, just stay hungryUhh, uhh, yes, yes
Y'all wanna know, why he don't stop
Y'all wanna know, why he don't flop
Let me tell you people why
Came from the bottom of the block IWhen I was born, it was sworn
I was never gon' be shit
Had to pull the opposite out this bitch
Had to get my ride onEyes on the prize, Shawn knew I had to
Had to had to get these chips
Had to make moves like Olajuwon
Started out sellin' dimes and nicksGraduated to a brick
No exaggeration, my infatuation with the strip
Legendary like a schoolboy
Crushin' merely nearly every every chickHeavy shit, that's how schoolboy got whipped
And got left on some "Just me, myself and I"
On some Trugoy shit
Had your boys threw place up, to a place of no returnHad to play with fire and get burned
Only way the boy ever gon' learn
Had to lay way in the cut, 'til I finally got my turn
Now I'm on top in the spot that I earnedIt's my life, it's my pain and my struggle
The song that I sing to you it's my everything
Treat my first like my last, and my last like my first
And my thirst is the same as, when I came
It's my joy and my tears
And the laughter it brings to me, it's my everythingLike I never rode in a limo
Like I just dropped flows to a demo
Like it's ninety-two again' and
And I got O's in the rentalBack in the Stu' again
No prob' livin' was a whole lot simpler
When you think back, you thought that
You would never make it this farThen you take advantage of the luck you handed
Or the talent, you been given
Ain't no, half steppin', ain't no, no slippin'

Ain't no different from a block that's hidden
Gotta get it while the getting's good
Gotta strike while the iron's hot, 'fore you stop
Then you gotta bid it, good riddance Goodbye, this is my second major breakup
My first was, with a pager
With a hooptie, a cook pot, and the Cane
This one's with the stool, with the stage, with the fortune
Maybe not the fortune, but certainly the fame It's my life, my pain and my struggle
The song that I sing to you it's my everything
Treat my first like my last, and my last like my first
And my thirst is the same as, when I came
It's my joy and my tears
And my laughter it brings to me, it's my everything
Treat my first like my last, and my last like my first
And my thirst like the first song I sang Woo, it's like the blues
We gon' ride out on this one, ta-tah, be-hah
Yo, Hah, 'member you was makin' them dashes
For them niggaa at radio and shit? Clark Kent, that was good lookin' out nigga
Carlene, who ever thought we'd make it this far homey?
Sha, they can't stop us, knahmsayin'? Lenny S
Dame whattup? Robbin' the bank Niggaz thought we was crazy man, 'member, uhh
You had that fucked up ass handwritin'
You was writin' all the numbers that we was spendin' now
For the videos we was doin' ourselves, whattup? Original Flavor, your accountant was crazy wrong and shit
But we we still put it together
Biggs, whassup? 'Member we went to St. Thomas and uh
But y'all my nizzle, your dog peed on homey leg and shit
At his crib, I think that was Rudy And they was havin' a 'lil trouble with the pool
You and Ta-tah was laughin'
Emory was there, whattup Emory? What up Ta?
Hip-Hop, whattup man? Ay, ay Hobb, you ain't, you ain't have no uhh
You ain't have no muh'fuckin' seat on your, on your bicycle
Now you uhh, the head of black music
That's what I'm talkin' 'bout right there homey G, whattup G? Yessir, e'rybody in the Roc
Hey Guru, I know you spoiled man
I be takin' them shits in one take
You gon' have to punch niggaz shit, stick it, you gon' be tight OG One, whattup?
I'm a little upset that you wasn't involved in this whole process
But it's all good, whassup Dash?
My whole family, my nephew, cousin' Angie, whassup? Te-TeeB, B, B, B, mom, you made the album, how
crazy is that?
Bob Allah, rest in peace
My pops, rest in peace, wassup A.J.?
Biggie Smalls, rest in peace
Uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh Nigga, I'm 'bout to go golfin' man

Ay, I might even have me a Cappuccino, fuck it
I'm goin' somewhere nice where no mosquitoes at nigga
Holla at me, it's your boy

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