

Justify My Thug (Produced By DJ Quik)

Jay-Z

This feel right right here quick
It's like it's supposed to happen this one right here
Young! God damn
Let me justify my thug on this one right here It goes one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock rock
Five six seven o'clock, eight o'clock rock
Eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, the party bout to pop
Then, Roc-A-Fella y'all, it's your boy S. Dot
And I ain't never been to jail, I ain't never pay a nigga
To do no dirt for me I was scared to do myself
I will never tell even if it means sitting in a cell
I ain't never ran, never will
I ain't never been smacked, a nigga better keep his hands
To himself or get clapped for what's under that man's belt
I never asked for nothing I don't demand of myself
Honesty, loyalty, friends and then wealth
Death before dishonor and I tell you what else
I tighten my belt 'fore I beg for help
Foolish pride is what held me together through the years
I wasn't felt which is why I ain't never played myself
I just play the hand I'm dealt, I can't say I've never knelt
Before God and asked for better cards at times to no avail
But I never sat back feeling sorry for myself
If you don't give me heaven I'll raise hell
Till it's heaven [Chorus]
Justify my thug!
"For you!"
My thug (hoping)
My thug (praying) for you
To justify my thug!
My thug (hoping)
My thug.. (praying) for you
"For you! Fresh" Now if you shoot my dog, I'ma kill yo' cat
Just the unwritten laws in rap, know that
For every action there's a reaction, don't have me relapsing
Relaxin's what I'm about, but about mine
Don't be acting like you can't see street action
Take me back to +Reasonable Doubt+ time
You see my mind's on the finish line, facing the wreck
I put my motherfucking faith in the tec, tell Satan not yet

You understand I am chasing my breath
I am narrowly escaping my death, oh yes
I am the Michael Schumacher of the Roc roster
Traveling Mach 5, barreling, my power can stop God
God forgive me but I can't let them deliver me to you
Until, I won this race, then eventually
My engine goin' burn out, I get whatever is meant for me
However it turns out fine, red line! [Chorus] They say an eye for an eye, we both lose our sight
And two wrongs don't make a right
But when you been wrong and you know all along that it's just one life
At what point does one fight? (Good question right!)
Fore you knock the war, try to put your dogs in it
Ten-and-a-halves, for a minute-and-a-half
Bet that stops all the grinning and the laughs
When you play the game of life and the win ain't in the bag
When your options is none and the pen is all you have
Or the block, niggas standing tight, there's limits on the ave
Trying to cop or shot-call they self cleansing in the cash
But can't put they name on paper cause, then you on blast
Mr. President, there's drugs in our residence
Tell me what you want me to do, come break bread with us
Mr. Governor, I swear there's a cover up
Every other corner there's a liquor store, fuck is up? [Chorus]

Songwriters

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