

Intro - Hand It Down

Jay-Z

Sorry boys
But all the money in the world can't bring me back again
Lay down, lay down
Gonna stretch my mic out in Ponce funeral home on Marcy
All those new niggaz stop there
But a lot later than a whole gang of people thought
The last of the real hustlers, well maybe not the last
Bleek's gonna be a good rapper, new, improved Jay-ZI quit, I'm retirin'
Ain't enough money in this game, to keep me around
Sorry big, I tried honest
Can't go with me on this ride though
I'm callin' the shots, the bar's closin'
Where we goin' to for breakfast?
Roc a Fella y'all
Okay, I'm reloadedBringin' the drama, tryin' to come up in the game
Marcy
Had a couple of dollar signs to my name
Roc a Fella y'all
One of the best
Waitin' for my day to come
Just give me the wordNah, this ain't Jigga, it's your lil' nigga Bleek
Reportin' to these motherfuckers live from the street
Game I peeped those, my mind so advanced
At nine I used to geese hoes for Easter clothesPeep the steez, I represent for all those with twenty eight grams
On a come up, tryin' to creep the keys
Large niggaz told me park the car, keep the keys
Find a hoodrat and creep to Mickey D'sFirst gun two bullets, niggaz know I do pull it
Niggaz tryin' to kill me dog, who wouldn't?
Screw Gooden, I pitch in the PJ's
Lit off the EJ, I split Dutchies with my ring fingerYou find a bitch that don't be cream, bring her
Last seen with Bing, he got dropped between us
Shit is constant, that's why I pack the Johnson and Johnson
For the nonsense who wants it?I go to sleep with a picture of a Porsche on my wall
Man I'm tryin' to come up on y'all
Get one up on y'all, that's why I hustle in these streets
From sundown to sunup on y'allMama said, "Keep bullshittin', they'll kill you dead"
One week of this hustlin' brought a livin' room set
Went to Tom D's, niggaz mad, veins out
Copped the Jordans, two weeks before they came outFlashy, fly little nigga

Nosy bitch from the third floor like, "Why little nigga?"
Bitch please, twist the trees, took a long pull, like bitch to breathe
That's my answer, life's like cancer and I'm serious Waitin' for my day to come
Just give me the word

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