

Marcy to Hollywood

Jay-Z

Back again and back again
I went from Marcy to Hollywood
And back again and back again
As a youth I used to hold the weed up
Old heads said I thought more like a soldier than a leader
In order to succeed I had to slow my speed up
Didn't listen to stuff took another puff of the chieva
They said believe us or not trust is somethin' you earn
With every mistake you make back to us you return
Probably would go Hollywood I thought he was jokin'
My first taste of fame I hit the first thing smokin'
All engulfed into honeys the pussy was tight
If she threw the pussy right I got mushy like
Damn baby I love you take all my cash
"You ain't got to lie Jay," you already gettin' the ass
She loved that I was a thug it turned her on
Soon as I got soft it turned her off
I got relaxed put my feet up start dissin' my friends
And that's when the ceiling fell in
I went from Marcy to Hollywood
And back again and back again
I went from Marcy to Hollywood
And back again and back again
I came through with the shines
Like the streets was blind
Didn't master my Algebra no caliber
Stick me? I was thinkin' how and for what
But reality bites like a thousand mutts
Nothin' worse than the person that's foul with guts
To stick you quicker This brand new nigga
Yup this is the foulest this ain't Hollywood
It's the Wild West whoever guns is the loudest
That's who's the best now take ten steps and draw
Who dope can take ten steps and remain raw
Who has no regards for the law?
Me that's who now let me ask you
Did you not know if we all don't eat
Some day that we all would beef?
Did you know about the crabs in the barrow

They would hear me creep
It's a muthafuckin' war in these streets
I'm from the ghetto to the ghetto
And I'm back again I'm back again
I'm from the ghetto to the ghetto
And I'm back again I'm back again From Marcy to Hollywood
And back again and back again
From Marcy to Hollywood
And back again and back again
[Sauce]

As a youth I used to fold up
Old heads said I thought more like a leader than a soldier
Back in the days never no heat thought shit was cool
Good cat personified even went to school
Learned wild shit made me feel kinda live
Off of nothin' with this bullshit 9 to 5
I stayed broke made me easier to provoke
Ready to yoke the first muthafucka that joked
Same dude with the hard bottom
Went from laid back to locced out
From talk it over to t...I shot him
Ready to perish all the shit you cherish
Leave you the wettest I got a "You die first," fetish
I can recall helpin' old chicks across the street
Now I help myself liftin' cats off they feet
Can't give a fuck nigga I just lost my moms
Why I need to feel something steel in both my arms
I went from Marcy to Hollywood
And back again and back again
I went from Marcy to Hollywood
And back again and back again I'm from the ghetto to the ghetto
And I'm back again I'm back again
I'm from the ghetto to the ghetto
And I'm back again I'm back again

Songwriters

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