

Family Feud (feat. Beyoncé)

JAY Z

My nigga got on
My nigga got on all white, no socks
My nigga got that cocaine on today
That's how he feel
Turn my vocal up
That's how you feel, Emory?
Turn my vocal up some more
Turn my vocal up, Guru!
Turn the music up too
Super Bowl goals
My wife in the crib feedin' the kids liquid gold
We in a whole different mode
Kid that used to pitch bricks can't be pigeonholed
I cooked up more chicken when the kitchen closed
Oh, we gon' reach a billi' first
I told my wife the spiritual shit really work
Alhamdulillah, I run through 'em all
Hovi's home, all these phonies come to a halt
All this old talk left me confused
You'd rather be old rich me or new you?
And old niggas, y'all stop actin' brand new
Like 2Pac ain't have a nose ring too, huh
Nobody wins when the family feuds
But my stash can't fit into Steve Harvey's suit
I'm clear why I'm here, how about you?
Ain't no such thing as an ugly billionaire, I'm cute
Mmmmm
Pretty much
If anybody gettin' handsome checks, it should be us
Fuck rap, crack cocaine
Nah, we did that, Black-owned things
Hundred percent, Black-owned champagne
And we merrily merrily eatin' off these streams
Y'all still drinkin' Perrier-Jouët, huh
But we ain't get through to you yet, uh
What's better than one billionaire? Two (two)
'Specially if they're from the same hue as you
Y'all stop me when I stop tellin' the truth
Hahahaha

Like.... yeah, yeah, yeah
Like.... yeah, yeah, yeah

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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