

Hand It Down (Intro)

Jay-Z

Sorry boys but all the money in the world
Couldn'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-Z, I 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 closing
Where we going to for breakfast?
Roc-a-Fella y'all
Okay, I'm reloaded Bringin' 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 word Nah, 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 clothes Peep 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's
First 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 finger
You 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 sun down to sun up on y'all Mama said, "Keep bullshittin' they'll kill you dead"
One week of this hustlin' brought a living room set
Went to [Incomprehensible] D's, niggaz mad, veins out
Copped the Jordan's, two weeks before they came out
Flashy, 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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