

# Intro/A Million And One Questions/Rhyme No More

Jay-Z

Somebody's pulling me closer to the ground  
I ain't panicked, I been here before  
Seems like only yesterday when I got up on that stage  
In front of that crowd  
And showed them who was who, and what was what  
Man look at these suckers  
I ain't no rapper, I'm a hustler  
It just so happens that I know how to rap  
Okay, I'm reloaded! I did it again niggas  
Fucked up, right? I know  
I know what y'all niggas asking yourself  
Is he gonna ever fall off?  
No A lot of speculation  
On the monies I've made, honeys I've slayed  
How is he for real? Is that nigga really paid?  
Hustlers I've met or, dealt with direct  
Is it true he slay the beef and slept with a tech?  
What's the position you hold? Can you really match  
A triple platinum artist buck by buck by only a single goin gold?  
Roc-A-Fella ship fold, and you're left out in the cold  
Is it back to charging motherfuckers 11 for an O  
For the millionth time askin me  
Questions like Wendy Williams, harassing me  
Then get upset when I catch feelings  
Can I get a minute to breathe? And in that minute you leave  
While I'm looking at my Rol' ice spinning on my sleeve  
Uh, nice watch, do you really have a spot?  
Like you said in Friend or Foe and if so, what block?  
What you doing in L.A., with Filipinos and ese's  
Latinos and Cheve's, down by Pico with Frederico  
I answer all your questions but then y'all got to go  
Now the question I ask you is how bad you want to know? blow! Roc-A-Fella y'all, uh  
Know my style

Songwriters

SHAWN CARTER, SHAWN C CARTER, CHRISTOPHER E MARTIN Published by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song  
Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>