

# In My Lifetime (remix)

Jay-z

This song here is dedicated to Danny Dan and may he rest in peace

Who at his funeral left us with the words that

He did it his way

(Uh huh, uh huh)

So I have no other choice but to do it my way

Uh huh, uh huhUhh, while niggaz are shootin' stupid

I'm carefully plottin' ways to make it rotten

Well, planned hits until you're long forgotten

Y'all niggaz that utilize my style don't hurt me'Cause on the low half of these rappin' ass niggaz wanna work  
for me

Now picture me standin' on somebody block tryin' to rock

I drop bombs and niggaz see me with that dough by eight o'clock

My feet never touch the concrete, just street sweep awardsWhile you're starin' on my dick nigga, gimme yours

I don't hassle with capsules, 'cause that'll make the grass grow

And get a project nigga paid up the asshole

If I'ma risk a frisk, gettin' my wrists wrapped up in steelI'm out here tryin' to make a mill', my shit is real for  
real

While others worship guns I worship tons of money

Tons of fun, laughin' at shit that ain't even funny

So I ain't pressed to make a CD, I took it slowEighty percent of these niggaz with deals

Can't see me with the dough, uhIn my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough

I need a whole lot of dough

(For real)

In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash

I need a whole lot of cash

(Stay real)In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough

I need a whole lot of dough

In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash

I need a whole lot of cash(For real)

(True)

(True)More ice than winter ninety-four

I toured the fifty states with a trunk of raw

Recrutin', I'm hittin' shorties with consignment but don't play me

Oh, you gon' pay me, y'all niggaz ain't crazyI'm laid back in the five thousand Italian leather seat recliner

Under some vagina, discussin' the finer, things

My crib is mean, watchin' a hundred inch screen

Lettin' the shorties slide by once in a while and let 'em dreamThey think I've mastered the game, 'cause dames  
scream my name

With passion, I tell 'em stop flashin' and start stashin'

And we'll all get off the corner, the only heat you'll feel  
Is from a sauna, lettin' bubbles shoot up your ass if you wanna  
And fuck that weed, it keeps you broke, invest in  
Pounds of herbs and profit if niggaz wanna smoke dope  
But keep your nuts, 'cause this is a man's game  
And we'll all pop champagne till it's a damn shame  
In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough  
I need a whole lot of dough  
(For real)  
In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash  
I need a whole lot of cash  
(Stay real) In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough  
I need a whole lot of dough  
In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash  
I need a whole lot of cash I'm shootin' to Vegas, gamblin' green-o at the casino  
Schoolin' the dice like Vinny Barberino  
Welcome back, the ninety-four version of the mack  
As soon as these ladies see me they don't know how to act 'Cause like that, nigga, never twist the cap of malt  
liquor  
Only pop and droppin' Cristal's down my throat, take a swigga  
My style, ladies intoxicated by my profile  
Your rollin' with a pro with, money to blow child You need to feel how sweet the skills be  
To come and slide down Sugar Hill with me  
The high roller, rolled up on your dice game  
Unfold a pack of bills, grab my balls then bet it all I never slept, 'cause sleepin' keeps you deep in debt  
On the block you lucky if you see my silhouette  
I'm ghost, envied by most  
So I keep a crew of crazy tenants that's sling toast, fucker In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough  
I need a whole lot of dough  
(For real)  
In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash  
I need a whole lot of cash  
(Stay real) In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough  
I need a whole lot of dough  
In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash  
I need a whole lot of cash Haha, f'real, Jay-Z lives  
Ski, Roc-a-Blok Productions, uh-huh, uh-huh  
Dame Dash, ha-ha  
Roc-a-fella Records, uh huh Everybody from Brooklyn  
Sauce Money, Big Sarge, B Hah  
DJ Clark Kent, everybody Uptown  
[Unverified] my V-A click running thick  
D'Shawn definitely in the house  
Roughness y'all, this how we do

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