

Jay-Z, 8 Miles And Running

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, Renegades is back

M the B the sick,

It's Young, Freeway, 8 Miles, let's go

8 miles and running, got my 7th album droppin'

And my 8th album comin', feedin' a thousand growlin' stomachs

But I can rewind the calendar back, back when it was now or nothin'

People said I would amount to nothin', that I had talent for nothin'

Said I would succumb to violence or be silenced by your gunmen

I could just hear the folks now, "He got what he had coming"

Now that my eighth album's comin' everybody's smilin'

Wantin' something, claimin' that they done something for him

Got their Jay-Z pom poms and their whole uniform

Claimin' they been runnin' and tellin' everybody like Martin Lawrence

'Bout how hot my rap performance was before I was who I was

Claimin' that they threw it up before I threw it up

You what? Where was you before I blew this up?

I didn't see you in the courtroom when everybody was suin' us

I didn't see you in all black when everybody was suitin' up

Back on the block, gettin' it in, there wasn't no you with us

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

8 miles and running, got my 7th album droppin'

And my 8th album comin', feedin' a thousand growlin' stomachs, Free

[Freeway]

6 miles and running, got my fist strip poppin'

And my first album comin', feedin' twenty growlin' stomachs

[Jay-Z]

8 miles and running, got my 7th album droppin'

And my 8th album comin', feedin' a thousand growlin' stomachs, Free

[Freeway]

6 miles and running, got my fist strip poppin'

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[Freeway]

6 miles and running in the Pontiac

Six thousand eighty six, trans might shift while the engine run

Anyone tell ya rider give me one more chance

Hear them smokers screamin' "One more gram"

So I'ma bring 'em one

Homie, son, and my pop, stick close to my MOMMA

Keep toasters for DRAMA, mix a lot with my son

My son growin' and he learnin' a lot

That's when them toasters will the burners will pop, brain on ya own

Well a nigga, tell 'em niggas

That's like the biblical scripture

Look back, turn assault like the sin is in

Most of ya heartless and self-centered like "Me Shaq and me Shaq"

Set up ya brother cuz you jealous nigga

The heat back, like you never left

I ever rep, cops watch every step

Six miles and running dodgin' every trap

The rap gingerbread man, cheer us up

You precious breath, State P the second attack

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

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[Jay-Z]

Back when nobody would find he had talent, nobody would sign me
Nobody believed in me, nobody but mommy blindly
But how can she deny me? Me being the youngest runt
To come up outta her tummy, she got nothin' but love for me
When niggas would want me, the industry shunned me
That's why I'm takin' all the industry's money
Revenge is sweet honey, we run this
Young is the illsest, Free is the future
Bean's and Bleek is right now, we can see our 8 miles nigga

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

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