

Jay-Z, Can I Live II

[Jay-Z]

Geyeah, y'all nigaas finished yo

Is y'all niggas finished

Got your little radio play your little BDS, huh

You finished nigga, huh huh, y'all finished

Can I live, huh

Can I live, Joe your bein' stingy with the music bin yo

[Jay-Z]

Yo, yo...yo, I blacks out, I pulls the mack out

Scream "Whats that about," then I clap out

I get my plot on, in my drop on

Through the rotten, dont even hate on those who hate me

I got popped on, feelin' it (feelin' it)

Chickens are ice grillin' it

Cops pullin' it over, Jigga react militant

Speed off, officer told me to turn the beat off

I turned it a level higher, then return the devils fire

I'm raised different, reactin' situations

Niggas lay stiff and, rookies blame it on the age difference

My subliminal flows create criminal O's

Sing along if you with me, til the end of the road

I'm cynical when in the view of the public

And this is because, I'm defensive when I'm in interviews

The percentage who dont understand is higher than the percentage who do

Check yourself, what percentage is you?

Can I live

For all my niggas with all white airforce ones and black guns, stack ones yo

Can I live

For all my chicks, pigeons, hoes stand bow legged like the bulldog, know what I mean, huh?

Can I live

To all the ce-lo champs, two green dice and one red stop the bank and roll heads yo

Can I live

To all my niggas who drink hennesy straight, cop mix tapes, and sell weight niggas

[Jay-Z]

I got the feds sending me letters 'cause Im schooling the youth

But they cant lock me down 'cause my tool is the truth

Yeah I sold drugs for a living, thats a given

Why is it? why dont y'all try to visit the neighborhoods I lived in

My mind been through hell, my neighborhood is crime central

Where cops lock you more than try to defend you

I push you to the limit when I'm needing the wealth

And all I see is life cycle just repeatin' itself

Ran into shorty boppin' down the ave

On his way to clockin' mad then

He proceeded to show me a block of slab and said

[Memphis Bleek]

Aiyyo theres money I there I just gotta have

When I catch up to these feinds Im'a knock 'em on they ass

Not to brag, sometimes I look at life and laugh

How I think about school and it taught me not a ???

When I backed out, let one one, let the barrel turn

Holla at you faggots that its my block to burn

That credit you dead it, I know heads gettin' annoyed and knew all

About a dope feind before reading donald goings

Flipping boying, using the right cut

One thing thats fucked up is bad dope that I cant pump

This slab gotta re-up and rebag, blend it in with the raw

Bubble it fast cop more, once I get it I got it I lock it

Nobody pop shit, selling twenties on my block bitch

For some blacktop shit

What you want nigga, what you want nigga

What you want, what you want nigga
Can I live...
To all my niggas that hold coke and they bubble coat
Tryin' to win in the construction Timbs yo
Can I live...
Yo USA, all my chicks that strip, boo's, go to the store with the dewey pins
still in
All my chicks with the credit card scams, two kids, one job, and no man
All my chicks gettin' that washing set with their welfare check
All the mommies dame besa, alright?
All my niggas rockin' them fifty cats, tryin' to get at this rap
Know what I mean?
All my cats with open cases, big cars, and no licenses, I like that shit,
I'll see y'all
All my niggas at St. Pauls after they say some fucked up shit
Rock on and uh, Jigga shit, Rockafella forever yo
Uhh, Major Coins, yeah, uhh huh
Memph Bleek nigga