

# Jay-Z, Diamond Is Forever

Can you hear me now? Good! (Blueprint 2 baby!)  
The best of times, it was the worst of times (aoww)  
It's "The Gift & the Curse";

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

R.O.C. YEAH, number one click [HERE](#)  
If you represent US, throw them diamonds up YEAH  
Now let's be CLEAR, I ain't goin no-WHERE  
Now that you KNOW, holla at your boy  
HOV'.. (Hov', Hov', Hov')  
(Hov', Hov', Hov', Hov')

[overlapping first Chorus]

Yeah, Roc-A-Fella Records  
You know what diamond is  
We ain't goin nowhere, put your diamonds up

[Jay-Z]

Standin in my b-boy stance  
Free, Beans, Memphis where you at nigga?  
(Right here) Snatch Cam and it's a rap  
This here rap belong to us, nobody strong as us, it's a fact  
Hold up I'm just warmin up, gimme a second to get it back  
Young Chris, Neek what? Oschino and Sparks  
Next summer's yo' summer, tear this motherfucker up  
Young is eternal, my young'uns'll burn you  
"The Blueprint"; birthed, nigga I earthed you, you can't be serious  
Young cause I'm thirty-two, dressed like I'm twenty-two  
Flow like a 18, do what I wanna do  
Goin on my 8th ring, got Phil Jackson's and  
flow is black magic, I'm at it again  
Rose Bowl with black karats, "Horse & Carriage"; to spend  
like Mason Betha, chasin this cheddar, to the end  
of the road because the end I'm told is nearer than we know  
What can I say but live for today, HOV'!

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, "The Blueprint 2"; homey, follow the moves  
You put on two tube socks, you couldn't walk in my shoes  
I was dealt a bad hand, fuck what else could I do  
but keep somethin up my sleeve that'll help me through  
But can you believe, everywhere I'm at, models come through  
Cat-fightin, cat-walkin, it happens often  
It's true how society don't want me to move  
into the penthouse building with spectacular views  
They're like uhh, "He's a menace he could never be a tenant";  
I'm like ooh, what's a young nigga to do?  
I bring the brothers to the building give a feeling that I don't  
give a fuck we just chillin watchin chandelier ceilings high as fuck  
Old lady, don't blow my high  
'specially if you don't know my life, don't make me bring  
Sharpton in it cause I'm dark-skinned or  
dude with the 'fro and the Rainbow Coalition, I'm a  
victim of a single parent household, born in a mousehole  
Mousetrap, niggaz wanna know  
How so, how Jay get up out that, here, yeah  
I snatched purses I per-se-vered, yeah  
I had work, fiends purchased, it was clear  
I was out there sellin hope for despair, but stop there  
I swear, I only make good from my mouth to God's ears  
Had to get out the hood  
And I can't justify genocide

But I was born in the city where the skinny niggaz die  
Born in the city where the skinny niggaz ride  
And as a skinny nigga I had beef with high size

[Chorus]