

Jay-Z, Intro - Hand It Down

(feat. Memphis Bleek)

Sorry boys..
but all the money in the world couldn't bring me back again
Lay down, lay down
Gonna stretch my mic out in Ponce Funeral Home on Marcy
All those new niggaz stop there
but a lot later than a whole gang of people thought
The last of the real hustlers, well
maybe not the last
Bleek's gonna be a good rapper
New, IMPROVED Jay-Z
I quit
I'm retirin
Ain't enough money in THIS game, to keep me around
Sorry Big, I tried
Honest
Can't go with me on this ride though
I'm callin the shots
The bar's closing
Where we going to for breakfast?
Roc-a-Fella y'all
OKAY, I'M RELOADED!

"Bringin the drama";
"Tryin to come up in the game";
"Marcy";
"Had a couple of dollar signs to my name";
"Roc-a-Fella y'all";
"One of the best!";
"Waitin for my day to come";
"Just give me the word";

[Memphis Bleek]

Nah this ain't Jigga it's your lil nigga Bleek
Reportin to these motherfuckers live from the street
Game I peeped those, my mind so advanced
At nine I used to geese hoes for Easter clothes
Peep the steez, I represent for all those
with 28 grams, on a come-up tryin to creep the keys
Large niggaz told me park the car, keep the keys
Find a hoodrat and creep to Mickey D's
First gun two bullets, niggaz know I do pull it
Niggaz tryin to kill me dog, who wouldn't?
Screw Gooden, I pitch in the PJ's
Lit off the EJ, I split Dutchies with my ring finger
You find a bitch that don't be cream, bring her
Last seen with Bing, he got dropped between us
Shit is constant, that's why I pack the
Johnson and Johnson for the nonsense who wants it?
I go to sleep with a picture of a Porsche on my wall
Man I'm tryin to come up on y'all
Get one up on y'all, that's why I hustle in these streets
from sundown to sunup on y'all
Mama said keep bullshittin they'll kill you dead
One week of this hustlin brought a living room set
Went to ? D's, niggaz mad, veins out
Copped the Jordan's, two weeks before they came out
Flashy, fly little nigga
Nosy bitch from the third floor like "Why little nigga?";
Bitch please, twist the trees
Took a long pull, like bitch to breathe
That's my answer, life's like cancer
And I'm serious

"Waitin for my day to come"
"Just give me the word"