

Jay-Z, Izzo

Lyrics Ladies and gentlemen, put our hands together for the astonishing...

(girls singing)

H to the izz-O...V to the izz-A...

Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the 8th wonder of the world

The flow o' the century...oh it's timeless...HOVA!

Thanks for comin' out tonight

You coulda been anywhere in the world, but you're here with me

I appreciate that...uh!

H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A

Fo' shizzle my nizzle used to dribble down in VA

Was herbin' em in the home of the Terrapins

Got it dirt cheap for them

Plus if they was short wit' cheese I would work wit' them

Born in weed...got rid of that dirt for them

Wasn't born hustlers I was burpin' em

H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A

Fo' sheezy my neezy keep my arms so greasy

Can't leave rap alone the game needs me

Haters want me clapped they chrome it ain't easy

Cops wanna knock me, D.A. wanna box me in

But somehow, I beat them charges like Rocky

H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A

Not guilty, he who does not feel me, is not real to me

Therefore he doesn't exist

So poof...vamoose son of a BITCH!

CHORUS

H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A

Fo' shizzle my nizzle used to dribble down in VA

H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A

That's the anthem get'cha damn hands up

H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A

Not guilty ya'll got-ta feel me

H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A

That's the anthem get'cha damn hands UP!

Holla at me...

I do this for my culture

To let 'em know what a nigga look like...when a nigga in a roaster

Show 'em how to move in a room full 'o vultures

Industry shady it need to be taken over

Label owners hate me I'm raisin' the status quo up

I'm overchargin' niggaz for what they did to the Cold Crush

Pay us like you owe us for all the years that you hold us

We can talk, but money talks so talk mo' bucks

CHORUS

Yeah...

Hova's back, life stories told through rap

Niggaz actin' like I sold you crack

Like I told you sell drugs...no...

Hova did that so hopefully you won't have to go through that

I was raised in the pro-jects, roaches and rats

Smokers out back, sellin' they mama's sofa

Lookouts on the corner, focused on the ave

Ladies in the window, focused on the kinfolk

Me under a lamp post, why I got my hand closed?

Crack's in my palm, watchin' the long arm o' the law

So you know I seen it all before

I seen hoop dreams deflate like a true fiend's weight

To try and to fail, the two things I hate

Succeed in this rap game, the two things is great

H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A

What else can I say about dude, I gets bizzay

CHORUS

(girls singing)

H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A... (4x to fade out)

