

Jay-Z, What More Can I Say

(Are you not entertained?)
(Are..you..not..entertained?)
(Is this not why you're here?)
Uh, Uh, Huh
Turn the music up
Turn me down
Guru...Lets go get 'em again
This time it's for the money my nigga
Brooklyn stand up

[Verse One]
There's never been a nigga this good for this long
This hood
Or this pop, this hot
Or this strong
With so many different flows
This ones for this song
The next one I'll switch up
This one will get bit up
These fucks
To lazy to make up shit
They crazy
They don't...paint pictures
They just trace me
You know what
Soon they forget where they plucked
They whole style from
And try to reverse the outcome
I'm like...tough
I'm not a biter
I'm a writer
For myself and others
I say a B.I.G. verse I'm only biggin up my brother
Biggin up my borough
I'm big enough to do it
I'm that thorough
Plus I know my own flow is foolish
So them rings and things you sing about
Bring em out
It's hard to yell when the bar-rel's in your mouth
I'm in...New sneakers
Deuce seaters
Few Diva's
What more can I tell you
Let me spell it for you
W-I-Double L-I-E
Nobody truer than H-O-V
And I'm back for more
New Yorks ambassador
Prime Minister back to finish my business up

[Chorus: Singing]
What more can I say?
What more can I do?
I give this all to you
I know this much is true
My Life
(Look at my life)
(See what I see)

[Verse Two]
You already know what I'm about
Flyin birds down south
Movin wet off the step

Purple Rain in the drought
Stuntin on hoes
Brushin off my shirt
But ain't nothin on my clothes
'Cept my chain
My name
Young H-O
Pitch the yay faithful
Even if they patrol I make payroll
Benz paid for
Friends they roll
Private jets to the Turks and Caicos
Cris' case loads
I don't give a shit
Nigga one life to live I can't let a day go
Bye
Without me being fly
Fresh to death
Head to toe until the day I rest
And i don't wear jerseys I'm thirty plus
Give me a crisp pair of jeans nigga button ups
S dots on my feet
Make a cypher comeplete
What more can I say Guru play the beat, I'm livin'

We gonna let this ride into the hook
I'mma snap my fingers on this one
What more can I say to you?
Get my grown man on
LET'S GO
(What more can I say?)

[Verse Three]
Now you know ass is willie
When they got you in a mag
For like half a billi
And your ass ain't Lilly
White
That mean that shit you write must be illy
Either that or your flow is silly
It's both
I don't mean to boast
But damn if I don't brag
Them crackers gonna act like I ain't on they ass
The Martha Stewart
That's far from Jewish
Far from a Harvard student
Just had the balls to do it
And no I'm not through with it
In fact I'm just previewin it
This ain't the show I'm just EQ'in it
One, Two and I won't stop abusin it
To gropie girls stop false accusin it
Back to the music
The mayback roof is translucent
Niggas got a problem Houston
What up B
They can't shut up me
Shut down I
Not even P.E.
I'mma ride
God forgive me for my brash delivery
But I remember vividly
What these streets did to me
So picture me

Lettin these clowns nit pick at me
and Paint me like a pickiny
I will literally
Kiss Tee-Tee in the forehead
Tell her please forgive me
Then squeeze into your forehead
I'm not the one to score points off
In fact
I got a joint to knock your points off
Young
Hova the God nigga blasphamy
I'm at the Trump International
Ask for me
I ain't never scared
I'm everywhere
You ain't never there
Nigga why would I ever care
Pound for pound I'm the best to ever come around here
Excluding nobody
Look what I embody
The soul of a hustler I really ran the street
A CEO's mind
That marketing plan was me
And no I ain't get shot up a whole bunch of times
Or make up shit in a whole bunch of lines
And I ain't animated, like say a, Busta Rhymes
But the real shit you get when you bust down my lines
Add that to the fact I went plat a bunch of times
Times that by my influence on pop culutre
I supposed to be number one on everybodys list
We'll see what happens when I no longer exist
Fuck this man

(What more can I say?)