

Danger Mouse, Public Service Announcement

This is a public service announcement
Sponsored by Just Blaze and the good folks at Roc-A-Fella Records

"Fellow Americans, it is with the utmost pride and sincerity
that I present this recording, as a living testament and recollection
of history in the making during our generation."

Allow me to re-introduce myself
My name is Hov', OH, H-to-the-O-V
I used to move snowflakes by the O-Z
I guess even back then you can call me
CEO of the R-O-C, Hov'
Fresh out the fryin pan into the fire
I be the, music biz number one supplier
Flyer than a piece of paper bearin my name
Got the hottest chick in the game wearin my chain, that's right
Hov', OH - not D.O.C.
But similar to them letters, "No One Can Do it Better"
I check cheddar like a food inspector
My homey Strict told me, "Dude finish your breakfast"
So that's what I'ma do, take you back to the dude
with the Lexus, fast-forward the jewels and the necklace
Let me tell you dudes what I do to protect this
I shoot at you actors like movie directors {*laughing*}

This ain't a movie, dog! (oh shit)

"Now before I finish, let me just say
I did not come here to show out, did not come here to impress you
Because to tell you the truth when I leave here I'm GONE!
And I don't care WHAT you think about me - but just remember,
when it hits the fan brother, whether it's next year, ten years,
twenty years from now, you're gonna be able to say
that these brothers lied to you JACK!"

Ving ain't lie
I done came through the block in everything that's fly
I'm like, Che Guevara with bling on, I'm complex
I never claimed to have wings on
Nigga I get mine - by any means on whenever there's a drought
Get your umbrellas out because, that's when I brainstorm
You can blame Shawn, but I ain't invent the game
I just rolled the dice, tryin to get some change
And I do it twice, ain't no sense in me
lyin as if, I am a different man
And I could blame my environment but
there ain't no reason why I be buyin expensive chains
Hope you don't think users are the only
Abusers niggaz, gettin high within the game
If you do then, how would you explain?
I'm ten years removed, still the vibe is in my veins
I got a hustler spirit, nigga period
Check out my hat yo, peep the way I wear it
Check out my swag' yo, I walk like a ballplayer
No matter where you go, you are what you are player
And you can try to change but that's just as hard player
Man, you was who you was 'fore you got here
Only God can judge me, so I'm gone
Either love me, or leave me alone