

Jay-Z, 30 Something

You ain't got enough stamps in your passport to fuck with young H-O
International ... uugh ...
show ya young boys how to do this thing

the maturation of Jay-Z Z
check me out

30's the new 20 nigga I'm so hot still
better broad better au-to-mo-bile
bet a yard, nah bet a hundred mill
then by the songs end I probably start another trend
I know everything you wan do
I did all that by the age of 21
by 22 I had that brand new Ack Coupe
I guess you can say that my legend just begun
I'm, young enough to know the right car to buy yet grown enough not to put rims on it
I got that six-duce with curtains so you can't see me and I didn't even have to put tints on it
I don't got the bright watch I got the right watch
I don't buy out the bar, I bought the night spot
I got the right stock
I ... got ... stockbrokers that's movin' it like white tops
I know you like fuck, this is child abuse
call diapers, I might just be gettin' nicer
them young boys ain't ready for real
30's the new 20 niggia I'm so hot still

[Chorus]

I use to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck
bae boy, now I'm all grown up
I use to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the truck
bae boy, now I'm all grown up
I use to play the block like that (like that)
I use to carry knots like that (like that)
now I got black cards, good credit and such
bae boy, cuz I'm all grown up

30's the new 20 nigga, I'm on fire still
these young boys is like a fire drills (uugh)
false alarms (uugh)
next don? (naah)
heen got- (on)
to the next one (Young)
I'm still here (yeah)
still here, like Mike gotta stop playin' with these childrens (yeah)
I'm a bully with the bucks
don't let the patten leather shoes fool you young'n, I got the fully in the tux
that was my past now I'm so grown up
I don't got one gun army, got a slum army
to hire a gun army, get you spun like laundry
and I'll be somewhere under palm trees calmly
listen to R&B when we get the call he's
no longer wit' us fire your babysitters
you lil' fucks fall back for real
30's the new 20 nigga, I'm so hot still

[Chorus]

I use to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck
bae boy, now I'm all grown up
I use to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the truck
bae boy, now I'm all grown up
I use to wear my hoodie like that (like that)
pile deep in the hoopty like that (like that)
now I got black cards, good credit and such
bae boy, cuz I'm all grown up

Yall roll blunts, I smoke Cubans all day
yall young'ns chase, I'm Patron and it's Grey
I like South Beach but I'm in San Tropez
yall drink Dom but not Rose' (hey)
your chick shop in the mall
my chick burnin' down Berdolph's
comin' back with Birken Bags
your chick is like what type of purse is that?
I'm from the era where niggas don't snitch
you from the era where snitchin' is the shit
I'm afraid of the future (why?)
yall respect the one who got shot
I respect the shooter
yall go to parties to ice grill
I go to parties to party with nice girls
you young boys gotta chill
30's the new 20 nigga, I'm so hot still

[Chorus]

I use to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck
bae boy, now I'm all grown up
I use to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the truck
bae boy, now I'm all grown up
yeah we use to ball like that (like that)
now we on the ball team, halla back (holla back)
now I got black cards, good credit and such
bae boy, cuz I'm all grown up