Jay-Z, A Million And One Questions

[somebody whispering]
Somebody's pulling me closer to the ground
I ain't panicked, I been here before
Seems like only yesterday when I got up on that stage
In front of that crowd
And showed them who was who, and what was what
Man look at these suckers
I ain't no rapper, I'm a hustler
It just so happens that I know how to rap
Okay, I'm reloaded!
(music drops in)
[Jay-Z]
I did it again niggaz
Fucked up, right? I know
I know what y'all niggaz asking yourself
Is he gonna ever fall off?
No...
...a lot of speculation
on the monies I've made, honeys I've slayed
How is he for real? Is that nigga really paid?
Hustlers I've met or, dealt with direct
Is it true he slay the beef and slept with a tech?
What's the position you hold? Can you really match
a triple platinum artist buck by buck by only a single goin gold?
Roc-A-Fella ship fold, and you're left out in the cold
Is it back to charging motherfuckers 11 for an O
For the millionth time askin me
Questions like Wendy Williams, harrassin me
then get upset when I catch feelings
Can I get a minute to breathe? And in that minute you leave
While I'm looking at my Rol' ice spinnin on my sleeve
Uh, nice watch, do you really have a spot?
Like you said in Friend or Foe and if so, what block?
What you doin in L.A., with phillipinos and ese's
Latinos and Cheve's, down by Pico withh Frederico
I answer all your questions but then y'all got to go
Now the question I ask you is how bad you want to know? BLAOW!
Roc-A-Fella y'all, uhh, uh
Know my style
Motherfuckers can't rhyme no more, bout crime no more
Til I'm no more, cause I'm so raw
My flow expose holes that they find in yours
Wasn't for me, niggaz still be dying for whores
But I hate when a nigga sit back, admirin yours
Young blood you better get that, we frying baccars
Niggaz don't want to be confined to riding the iron horse
And don't listen to the rappers, they dying to floss
I used to be O.T., applyin the force
Shoot up the whole block, then the iron I toss
Come back with the click playing Diana Ross
I'm the boss and this is how it's gonna be
Burnt the turnpike, wild miles on the V
I got mouths to feed till they put flowers on me
And kiss my cold cheek, chicks crying like I was Cochise
Tombstone read 'He Was Holdin No Leaks'
Started from the crack game and then so sweet
Freaked it to the rap game, Jigga the old-G
On MTV, telling em how I sold D
And used to back work up out of apartment 4-B
Me and my homie, started out coldies
Picked the mailbox lock cause I ain't have no key
Had the cable with the anchor when Jaz made 'Sophie'
Then I went low key, but now I'm back it's on
Motherfuckers

Jigga, uh-huh, yeah
Roc-A-Fella y'all
Uhh, feel this