

Jay-Z, Blue Magic

Roc-A-Fella records
The imperial Skateboard P
Grey Hova
Ya'll already know what it is

C'mon!

Yeah,

So what if you flip a couple words,
I could triple at that in birds,
Open your mind you see the circus in the sky.
I'm Ringling brothers Barnum Bailey with the pies,
No matter how you slice it,
I'm your mother fucking guy
And just like a B-boy with 360 waves
Do the same with the pot,
Still come back beige.
Whether right or south paw,
Whether pot or a jar
Whip it around,
It still comes back hard.
So easily do a W-H-I-P,
My repetition with riches will bring the kilo business,
I got creole C-O bitches, for my niggas who slipped,
Became prisoners,
Treat's taped to the visitors.
You already know what the business is
Unnecessary commissary, boy we live this shit.
Niggas Wanna bring the 80s back,
That's okay with me, that's where they made me at.
Except I don't write on the wall,
I write my name in the history books, hustling in the hall
Nah, I don't spin on my head, I spin work in the pots,
So I can spend my bread.

Chorus:

And I'm getting it I'm getting it
I ain't talking about it, I'm living it
I'm getting it, straight getting it
Get get get get get get it boy
(Don't your waste your time, fighting the law, state your voice, and you'll understand)
Get it boy

This '87 state of mind that I'm in,
In my prime, so for that time, I'm Rakim
If it wasn't for the crime that I was in
But I wouldn't be the guy who's rhymes it is that i'm in
No pay no profit,

P, I'll repeat it to show you where the pot is
Cherry M3s with the top back
Red and green Gs all on my hat
North beach leathers,
Matching Gucci sweater,
Gucci sneaks on to keep my outfit together
Whatever, hundred for the diamond chain
Can't you tell that I came from the dope game?
Blame Reagan for making me into a monster
Blame Oliver north and Iran-Contra
I ran contraband that they sponsored
Before this rhyming stuff we was in concert

Chorus:

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Get get get get get get it boy
(Don't waste your time, fighting the law, state your voice, and you'll understand)
Get it boy

Push, money over broads you got it,
Fuck Bush
Chef, guess what I cooked?
Baked a lot of bread,
And kept it off the books.
Rock stars,
Look,
Way before the bars my picture was getting took
Feds, they like wack rappers.
Try as they may they couldn't get me on the hook
D.A. wanna indict me,
Cause fish scales in my veins like a Pisces
The Pyrex pot roll up my sleeves,
Turn one into two like a Siamese twin when it end
Imma stand as a man never dying on my knees,
Last of a dying breed
So let the champagne pop,
I partied for a while now I'm back to the block.

Chorus:

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