

Jay-Z, Can't Knock The Hustle (Fool's Paradise R

Intro: □(Singing) Whooooh, Paradise
you better think twice, 'cause you're not living the life
Jay-Z: Jay-Z, Roc-A-Fella y'all, it don't stop

Verse One:

We about to change this game here
Check my pockets there's nothing but game there
I remain without fear
Keep the lanes clear, and the cats that's all about threats remain here
On top of this Metropolis
My name is like a square
Dropped off every tier
Now y'all can swear to Jay
Heard it the other day
Through the mystery, we get it swiftly
We got to hit you every night before we hit the lights it's type addictive
Need cats to live with, the heat goes on
Everyday is a hustle, the beat goes on
Funny thing happen, in the midst of chasing money and foes
And the worst thing worst then getting old is not getting old
Niggaz stay low, like six bowls of shit and gold
And watch the hoes when they bump into your clothes
And I hope they shine
Seen a lot of things and enough memories to last me two lifetimes
Can't knock the hustle

Chorus #1: (Singing)

I'm taking out this time
To give you a piece of my mind
Who do you think you are
Baby one day you'll be a star

Verse Two

Check this
In a mans world need a girl to tough something
Pull an 80 out her Anne Klein purse and bust something
If you skating through the night to the light, then trust something
When I get home
Then it's on
Girl just crack those shaped legs like Grade A eggs
Love the way you behave and beg
Moan, turn those hollers to screams as we zone like a college team
Then they can hear you from Hollis, Queens (226)
Life with me, consists of a lot of things
Chips in your ear hit the dirt 'cause you got hotter things
But you know how to scream, friends talking dizziness
Remind them freak chicks to stay out my business
You know they can't love it, trips to LA with no luggage
Came back with six bags struggling
In first class if my ass should crash, champagne spilled on me
Bank still off on me

Chorus #2: (Singing)

But until the last day, I'm the one who's crazy
'Cause that's the way you making me feel (can't knock the hustle)
I don't want no romance, I just want the chance
Can't knock the hustle for real

Verse Three

Ever since you retired, working alongside those live wires
Been in this rap biz with fake nigs you know liars
I guess I'm biased, what I talk about I live
These rap dudes can flip, but some of them ain't even rhyming for chips
WHAT PART OF THE GAME IS THIS
Seems brainless, on tours with whores that's what I'm saying I miss
Cats that go all out for their gold plaques
Starting out with four jacks, ended up with Gold Ac's
Bet your love collapses if my funds get trapped
On the weight of me through you, screw you
Gun blew you, I didn't want to choose you
Run through you like UH, EXCUSE YOU!
But that's my cash, I understand you hustle
That's my cash, you don't understand
Let my dough flash, you can show it love
Like a rap star in front of the club
But don't knock the hustle

Chorus 1 & 2 to fade