

Jay-Z, I Did It My Way

(feat. Paul Anka)

[singing: Paul Anka + (Jay-Z)]

Now, the end is near (Can you believe this shit Guru?)
So I face (I'm from the hood man) the final curtain
(No the REAL hood the hood, not the RAP hood)
(The REAL hood, like three pair of pants)
My friends, I'll say it clear (pair of sneakers)
(My moms is bustin her ass) State my case
(Nigga I'm goin to Japan tomorrow!) Which I'm certain
(You understand what I'm sayin? Can you believe that?)
I lived a life that's full (They have people, waitin)
(at the airport like five days like I'm a Beatle or somethin)
(That's really somethin!) And I travelled each, and every highway
(Seen the best of the best, the worst of the worst) and more
Much more than this (still here) I did it myyyyyy wayyyyyyy
Let's try this one

[Jay-Z + (singer)]

Uhh, yeah... gangsta nigga!
Put my hustle down, tore the game up nigga
Took your high score down, put my name up nigga
Tore the doors down 'til the Hall of Fame is Jigga
I did it my way (and more.. much more than this)
That's right, it's a beautiful thing man!
(I did it myyyyyy wayyyyyyy) I did it my way -- Hovi baby!

Momma's youngest and strongest, survived summers like saunas
Mastered a corner like Deion in his uniform
Pop hurtin assertive, flirted with death
Damn near murdered before my first album hit the shelf
Grandma's favorite, she could not understand
how there's people in the world who wouldn't want me as a neighbor
Has to explain to her, you think these folks want me in the penthouse
as a reminder that I make top paper?
Black entrepreneur, nobody did us no favors
Nobody gave us shit, we made us
The Rap Pack, I'm Sinatra, Dame's Sam Davis
Big's the smart one on the low like Dean Martin
We came in this game, not beggin niggaz pardon
Demandin y'all respect, hand over a check
And while y'all at it, hand over the jet
We the reason they ain't hand over Def Jam so quick
They new every year I was droppin new product
I was raisin the stock up, while buildin the Roc up
But that's alright, cause they knew they had to see us
When it was time for us to re-up, make us multi-million-ires
Je-je-yeah!

(And more, much more than this; I did it myyyyyy wayyyyyyy)

Yeah! "In My Lifetime"

I caught smaller cases, but I had capital
Hypocritic system let me right back at you
You better hope a rich rapper never attacks you
Not even that scratches you, 'specially if you black dude
They don't give a shit unless the accused just happen to rap
And they can look good by paintin him as bad news
Cause in my past, I seen dudes get half of they views
exposed to the curb and nobody said a word
So imagine how disturbed I was
When I seen how big they made my fight scene at the club
Let me explain exactly how this shit was
This nigga Un yo I scratched him, he went home without an aspirin

But it's cool cause he's back friends, and half-inning is over
It's in the past and I'm glad, now I'm back to bein Hova
Me back with the chaffeur, laid back
Helicopter seat, feat inclined, shit feelin like a sofa
Helicopter meet me, Teta Vero(?) take me over
somewhere peaceful for the weekend now it's back to speakin of vultures
So the next time that page six approaches us
Here's a quote from Jay, nigga I did it my - way

(And more, much more than this; I did it myyyyyy wayyyyyyy)