

# Jay-Z, I Just Died

Chorus

Oh I, I just died in your arms tonight  
It must've been something you said  
I just died in your arms tonight (X3)

Verse 1

Pop died, didn't cry, didn't know him that well  
Between him doin' heroin and me doin' crack sales  
Put that in an egg shell, standin' at the tabaknaco  
Rather the church, pretendin' to be hurt  
Wouldn't work, so a smirk was all on my face  
Like damn that mans face is just like my face  
So Pop I forgive you for all the shit that I lived through  
It wasn't all your fault hommie, you got caught  
And to this pen game, a fault  
That Uncle Ray Lost, My big brothers and so many others I saw  
I'm just glad we got to see each other, Talk and remeet each other  
Save a place in heaven to the next time we meet foreva-eva  
CHORUS (X3)

Verse 2

(Feel my truth)

music business hate me 'cause the industry ain't make me  
Hustlers and boozers embrace me in the music I be makin'  
I dumbed down from a audience to double my dollas  
They criticize me for all yet they all yell holla  
The skillz hold truth be told  
I probably be lyrically Talib Kweli  
Truthfully I wanted to rhyme like common sense  
(but I did 5 mil) I ain't been rhymin' like common since  
When you sense got that much in common And you've been hustlin' since  
Your in ception for what perception, go with what makes sense  
Since I know what I'm up against

We as rappers must decide what's most Important  
And I cant help the poor if I'm one of them  
So I got rich and gave back, to me that's the win win  
So next time you see the hommie and his rims spin  
Just know that my mind is working just like them  
CHORUS (X2)

Bridge

Whoo uh cheyeah uh cheyeah (young) cheyeah hahaha  
I keep looking for something I can't get  
Broken hearts are all around me  
And I don't see an easy way to get out of this  
(turn the music up turn the lights down I'm in my zone)

Verse 3

(Feel my truth)

Speakers on the tears when no tears should fall  
'cause he was on the block when those squares get off  
See in my inner circle all we do is ball  
Till we all got triangles on our wall  
He is just rappin' for the platinum y'all record  
I recall 'cause I've really been there before  
Four scores and 7 years ago the papers flow, paper war  
I should fear no man, you don't hear me though  
These words ain't just here to go  
In the one ear, out the other ear, No  
My balls and my words is alls I have  
What'cha gonna do to me Nigga, scars or scab  
What'cha gonna box me hommie, I can dodge your jab  
Three shots couldn't touch me, thank god for that  
I'm strong enough to carry Biggie Smalls on my back  
And the whole B.K. nigga holla back  
CHORUS (X4)

