

# Jay-Z, In My Lifetime

[Jay-Z]

This song here..

.. is dedicated to Danny Dan, and may he rest in peace

Who at his funeral left us with the words that  
he did it his way (uh-huh, uh-huh)

So, I have no other choice but to do it my way

Uh-huh, uh-huh

Uhh! While niggaz are shootin stupid

I'm carefully plottin, ways to make it rotten

Well planned hits until you're long forgotten

Y'all niggaz that utilize my style don't hurt me, cause on the low  
half of these rappin-ass niggaz wanna work for me

Now picture me standin on somebody block tryin to rock

I drop bombs and niggaz see me with that dough by eight o'clock

My feet never touch the concrete, just street sweep awards

While you're starin on my dick nigga, gimme yours!

I don't hassle with capsules cause that'll make the grass grow  
and get a project nigga paid up the asshole

if I'ma risk a frisk, gettin my wrists wrapped up in steel

I'm out here tryin to make a mill', my shit is real for real

While others worship guns I worship tons of money

tons of fun, laughin at shit that ain't even funny

So I ain't pressed to make a CD, I took it slow

Eighty percent of these niggaz with deals

can't see me with the dough, uhh!

Chorus: Jay-Z

In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough

I need a whole lot of dough (for real!)

In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash

I need a whole lot of cash (stay real!)

In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough

I need a whole lot of dough \*

In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash

I need a whole lot of cash

\*1: (for real!)

\*2: (true!)

\*3: (true!)

[Jay-Z]

More ice than winter ninety-four

I toured the fifty states with a trunk of raw

Recrutin, I'm hittin shortiess with consignment, but don't play me

Ohh you gon' pay me, y'all niggaz ain't crazy!

I'm laid back in the five thousand Italian leather seat recliner

under some vagina, discussin the finer, things

My crib is mean, watchin a hundred inch screen

Lettin the shorties slide by once in a while and let em dream

They think I've mastered the game cause dames scream my name

with passion, I tell em stop flashin and start stashin

And we'll all get off the corner, the only heat you'll feel

is from a sauna, lettin bubbles shoot up your ass if you wanna

And fuck that weed, it keeps you broke, invest in

pounds of herbs and profit if niggaz wanna smoke dope

But keep your nuts cause this is a man's game

And we'll all pop champagne til it's a damn shame

Chorus

[Jay-Z]

I'm shootin to Vegas gamblin green-o at the casino

Schoolin the dice like Vinny Barberino  
Welcome back, the ninety-four version of the mack  
As soon as these ladies see me they don't know how to act  
Cause like that, nigga, never twist the cap of malt liquor  
Only pop and droppin Cristal's down my throat, take a swigga  
My style, ladies intoxicated by my profile  
Your rollin with a pro with, money to blow child  
You need to feel how sweet the skills be  
to come and slide down Sugar Hill with me  
The high roller, rolled up on your dice game  
Unfold a pack of bills, grab my balls then bet it all  
I never slept, cause sleepin keeps you deep in debt  
On the block you lucky if you see my silhouette  
I'm ghost, envied by most  
So I keep a crew of crazy tenants that's sling toast, fucker

Chorus

[Jay-Z]  
Haha, f'real! Jay-Z lives  
Ski, Roc-a-Blok Productions, uh-huh, uh-huh  
Dame Dash.. ha-ha  
Roc-a-fella Records.. uh-huh  
Everybody from Brooklyn  
Sauce Money, Big Sarge, B Hah  
DJ Clark Kent, everybody Uptown  
?, my V-A click running thick  
D'Shawn definitely in the house  
Roughness y'all, this how we do