

# Jay-Z, Intro/A Million And One Questions/Rhyme

Somebody's pulling me closer to the ground  
I ain't panicked, I been here before  
Seems like only yesterday when I got up on that stage  
In front of that crowd  
And showed them who was who, and what was what  
Man look at these suckers  
I ain't no rapper, I'm a hustler  
It just so happens that I know how to rap  
Okay, I'm reloaded!

I did it again niggaz  
Fucked up, right? I know  
I know what y'all niggaz asking yourself  
Is he gonna ever fall off?  
No...

...A lot of speculation  
On the monies I've made, honeys I've slayed  
How is he for real? Is that nigga really paid?  
Hustlers I've met or, dealt with direct  
Is it true he slay the beef and slept with a tech?  
What's the position you hold? Can you really match  
A triple platinum artist buck by buck by only a single goin gold?  
Roc-A-Fella ship fold, and you're left out in the cold  
Is it back to charging motherfuckers 11 for an O  
For the millionth time askin me  
Questions like Wendy Williams, harrassin me  
Then get upset when I catch feelings  
Can I get a minute to breathe? And in that minute you leave  
While I'm looking at my Rol' ice spinnin on my sleeve  
Uh, nice watch, do you really have a spot?  
Like you said in Friend or Foe and if so, what block?  
What you doin in L.A., with phillipinos and ese's  
Latinos and Cheve's, down by Pico withh Frederico  
I answer all your questions but then y'all got to go  
Now the question I ask you is how bad you want to know? BLAOW!

Roc-A-Fella y'all, uhh, uh  
Know my style

Motherfuckers can't rhyme no more, 'bout crime no more  
Til I'm no more, 'cause I'm so raw  
My flow expose holes that they find in yours  
Wasn't for me, niggaz still be dying for whores  
But I hate when a nigga sit back, admirin yours  
Young blood you better get that, we frying baccars  
Niggaz don't want to be confined to riding the iron horse  
And don't listen to the rappers, they dying to floss  
I used to be O.T., applyin the force  
Shoot up the whole block, then the iron I toss  
Come back with the click playing Diana Ross  
I'm the boss and this is how it's gonna be  
Burnt the turnpike, wild miles on the V  
I got mouths to feed till they put flowers on me  
And kiss my cold cheek, chicks crying like I was Cochise  
Tombstone read 'He Was Holdin No Leaks'  
Started from the crack game and then so sweet  
Freaked it to the rap game, Jigga the old-G  
On MTV, telling em how I sold D  
And used to back work up out of apartment 4-B  
Me and my homie, started out coldies  
Picked the mailbox lock cause I ain't have no key  
Had the cable with the anchor when Jaz made 'Sophie'  
Then I went low key, but now I'm back it's on

Motherfuckers  
Jigga, uh-huh, yeah  
Roc-A-Fella y'all  
Uhh, feel this