

# Jay-Z, Jay-Z

woke up this morning...

UH OHHH!

got yourself a...

\*starts with cut of beats from Nas, "got yourself a gun"\*

I GOT MYSELF A GUN

UH OHHH!

I GOT MYSELF A GUN

Brooklyn, stand up!

I got myself a gun,

but really I don't need the heat

Ya heart pump project Kool-Aid, ya sweet

I don't gotta 2-Way you gays?

This is not beef, this is rap, homie

I don't have a scratch on me,

Ya feel Jay's soft, ya rip Jay off,

Damn, I'm only worth over a hundred million,

Look, I got beef with like a hundred children,

Niggas with pink suits, tryn to get cute

You a li'l outta line, homie

Don't let the nine, homie

Put you out ya mind, homie

Just rhyme, homie

Kick ya little lies, I kick my real facts

Like you sneakn out the back of the source soundlab

We wasn't chasin, naw, we had a tapin', too

We came thru to do our 1-2 thang

It wasn't a Roc-a-Fella come thru thang

If it was on like that, niggas'll come through Queens

Wit' Queens niggaz, y'all know how I do

Look, I got more shooters than Queen's Bridge and you,

Gotta tie you up on the Coliseum roof,

'n open beer bottles off the boys chip tooth

Na'Look here:

I GOT MYSELF A GUN

UH OHHH!

I GOT MYSELF A GUN

Listen, I'm the J, the AY fuck you nas

Ya never so ask an now u escobar

Had to buy ya chain back last time u got robbed

THE NERVE OF THIS COWARD, he like "OH MY GOD!"

I know rap rumors or innuendos

But yo I bring it to ya LIVE lift up ya windows!

Let the public peek in

N' see ya dirty laundry

Y'ALL DON'T WANT ME TO CONTINUE, HOV!

(laugh) supa ugly

dj scratch, laughs

all i really know is yo ho wants to be wit me

she ain't playn, know what im sayin

AIN'T PLAYN AINT PLAYN AINT PLAYN wit me

me and the boy, A.I., got more in common than

just ballin and rhymin, get it?

MORE IN CARMEN\*

I came in yo' Bentley backseat

Skeeted in the jeep

Left condoms on yo' baby's seat

Here the niggaz in the club, love is done

It's whatever, whenever, however you want

AND SINCE U INFATUATED WIT Sayin that GAY SHIT

Guess you was kissn my dick when you was kissn that bitch

Nasty shit, u thought i was taller than that

You callin home a hundred times, i was bonin her neck

U got a baby by the broad you can't disown her yet

when do your lies end?

when does the truth begin?  
and when does reality set in, or does it not matter  
GOTTA HURT THAT I'M YO BABY MAMA'S FAVORITE RAPPER!  
and asd your current girl, she know whats up  
Holla at ya real nigga \*siren\*  
[Dre clip] I don't give a fuck  
all i really know is that yo ho wants to be wit me  
she ain't playn, know what im sayin  
AINT PLAYN AINT PLAYN AINT PLAYN wit me  
ooooooooout  
\* Carmen is Nas' baby's mother