

Jay-Z, Moment Of Clarity

(Wooooooo)

(Yeah)

(Turn the music up turn the lights down i'm in my zone)

[Chorus]

Thank God for grantin me this moment of clarity

This moment of honesty

The world'll feel my truths

Through my Hard Knock Life time

My Gift and The Curse

I gave you volume after volume of my work

So you can feel my truths

I built the Dynasty by being one of the realest niggas out

Way beyond a Reasonable Doubt

(Yall can't fill my shoes)

From my Blueprint beginnings

To that Black Album endin

Listen close you hear what i'm about

Nigga feel my truths

[Verse One]

When pop died

Didn't cry

Didn't know him that well

Between him doin Heroine

And me doin Crack sales

With that in the egg shell

Standin at the tabernacle

Rather the church

Pretending to be hurt

Wouldn't work

So a smirk was all on my face

Like damn that mans face was just like my face

So pop i forgive you

For all the shit that i live through

It wasn't all your fault

Homie you got caught

And to the same game i 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 re-meet each other

Save a place in Heaven

Til the next time we meet forever

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

The music business hate me

Cause the industry ain't make me

Hustlers and boosters embrace me

And the music i be makin

I dumb down for my audience

And double my dollars

They criticize me for it

Yet they all yell "Holla"

If skills sold

Truth be told

I'd probably be

Lyricly

Talib Kweli

Truthfully

I wanna rhyme like Common Sense

(But i did five Mil)

I ain't been rhymin like Common Sense
When your sense got that much in common
And you been hustlin since
Your inception
Fuck perception
Go with what makes sense
Since
I know what i'm up against
We as rappers must decide what's most impor-tant
And i can't help the poor if i'm one of them
So i got rich and gave back
To me that's the win, win
The next time you see the homie and his rims spin
Just know my mind is workin just like them
(The rims that is)

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

My homie Sigel's on a tier
Where no tears should fall
Cause he was on the block where no squares get off
See in my inner circle all we do is ball
Til we all got triangles on our wall
He ain't just rappin for the platinum
Yall record
I recall
Cause i really been there before
Four scores and seven years ago
Prepared to flow
Prepare for war
I shall fear no man
You don't hear me though
These words ain't just paired to go
In one ear out the other ear
NO
YO
My balls and my word is alls i have
What you gonna do to me?
Nigga scars'll scab
What you gonna box me homie?
I can dodge and 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 BK nigga holla back

[Chorus]