

# Jay-Z, Politics As Usual

You know how we do, Roc-a-Fella... forever... You can catch me  
skatin through your town puttin it down y'all relatin  
No waitin I'll make your block infrared hot I'm like Satan  
Y'all feel a nigga's struggle, y'all think a nigga love to  
hustle behind the wheel, tryin to escape my trouble  
kids stop they greetin me, I'm talkin sweet to keys  
Cursin the very God, that bought this wreath to be  
My life is, based on sacrifices, jewels like ices  
and fools that think I slip, you fuck around  
you get your guys hit, they built me to be filthy  
on some I-do-or-die shit, for real  
The price of leather's got me, deeper than ever and  
just think, with this here, I'm tryin to feel made nig-ga

Politics as us-ual... I took my  
Frito to Tito in the district, blessed me with some  
VS somethins I can live with, stop frontin  
And for the dough I raise, gotta get shit appraised  
No disrespect to you, make sure you word is true  
I'm takin wages down in Vegas just in case Tyson  
have a major night off, that's clean money, the tax write-off  
You ain't seen money in your life, when it  
comes to this cheese y'all like Three Blind Mice  
A smokin bro, who pump Willie Ike spokes  
The furthest you Chiles been is the Pocanos  
My portfolio reads: leads to Don Corleone, nigga please  
Ten year feleon, heavy on the wrist, our face used  
with the diamond blooded Jesus and blind your face  
youse for life... sharight, Jigga, I keep it tight nig-ga

Politics as us-ual...  
You feel my triumph never, feel my pain I'm lyin  
Low in the leather Zion, the best that's ever came  
The game changes like, my mind just ain't right  
We 'gwan get this dough, I guess it ain't your night  
Suckin me in like a vacuum, I remember  
tellin my family I'll be back soon, that was December  
Eighty-five and, Jay-Z rise ten years later  
got me wise still can't break my underworld ties  
I wear black a lot, in the Ac', act a lot  
Got matchin VCR's, a huge Magnavox  
to nitch, green like spinach pop wines that's vintage  
It's a lot of big money in my sentence  
Hittin towards a mil', lip a, written I kill like that  
chick faked me one-two cat, yeah, I do dat  
Ain't no stoppin the champagne from poppin  
the drawers from droppin, the law from watchin, I hate em

Politics as us-ual