

Jay-Z, A Million And 1 Questions (Extended)

[Jay-Z:]

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

...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
Ugh, 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!

uh-huh uh uh uh uh-huh uh-huh, How we do? What?
uh-huh uh uh uh uh-huh uh-huh, How we do?

'98 Primo remix and ain't nothing different
I don't kow what the hell niggas been snifin'
Jiggas still dippin Chrome on the whips and
4 days out the week find me in the kitchen
Still in the game nigga, hooked like glue
Popie gave me one pie, but it cook like two
I'm a crook like you,
Cats around my way was buyin brand new whips and shit, what could I do?
Know when I'm supposed to style,
I'm the huster's poster child, Rock lizards and crock-a-dile
Live ironic and what-not
Put all that ice on the face of a watch just to make it hot
Now you see me on them stages
Rocks in the air lookin' like Blue Lasers, Never fool gazers
Act couragous, I smack 'em wit da two aces
Mack double one, nigga I'm troublesome
All I got for chicks hard dick and bubble gum
Flip bricks like Fred, Barney Rubble and thum
It's the Rock-A-Fella click, What's Fucked up wit' thum?
Not a damn thang nigga, we doin our damn thing.. BLAOW!!!
uh-huh uh uh uh uh-huh uh-huh, How we do? Come on....

[Radio Announcer:]

Sounds so beautiful, Don't you agree ladies and gentlemen??

[Music Changes]

[Jay-Z:]

HA! Well they call me Jay-hovah cause the flow is religious
Ever since I was 16 I been holding digits
I'm seeing this industry clearer
As if I had coke in the trunk and cops in the rear mirror
I slow flows all to death, So ya'll ho's know whos best, Jigga!!
The flow be ipendito, for the mama's I hable espanol nikito

O-et-te I got timing like a subway, now holla back ba-by
Uh-huh-huh Jay-Z, you motha fuckin right
in the darkest nights let off my gun for light
To guide ya'll through, show you how it's done
I'm the question and the answer like Iverson
Jets be private ones, no gate to lift
So when I take flight it's from Hanger 6
Bang wit this, Wake up wit one in your brain
and the cocaine flows straight, numbin your pain
This ain't your speed young man, run in your lane
So I can come through doin a hundred and change
I put one in your frame picture that, Who's runnin the game
Let's get to that I guess we one in the same, A Million and One
Once Again
Novacane flow, ho you ain't know
Like a balla in an Impalla Jigga remain Low
Then I pop up and tear your block up and kick off like soccer
In a range rove twist ho's like ankles, Till the next time Poppa
I hit ya'll with a million more