

# Jay-Z, Family Feud (ft. Beyoncé)

super Bowl goals  
My wife in the crib feeding the kids liquid feuds  
we in a hole different mode  
kid that used to pitch bricks can't be pigeonholed  
I cooked up more chicken when the kitchen closed  
we gon' reach a billi first  
I told my wife the spiritual shit really work  
Alamdullilah, IO run through them all  
hovi's home  
all these phonies come to a halt  
all this old talk left me confused  
you'd rather be old rich me or new you?  
and old niggas  
y'all stop acting brand new  
like 2 Pack ain't have a nose ring too

Nobody wins when the family feuds  
but my stash can't fit into Steve Harvey's suit  
I'm clear why I'm here  
how about you  
ain;t no such thing as an ugly billionaire  
I'm cute  
retty much  
if nobody getting handsome checks  
it should be us  
fuck rap  
crack cocaine  
we did that  
Black-owned things

hundred percent  
Black-owne champagne  
and we merrily merrily eating off these streams  
y'all still drinking Perrier-jouet,  
But we ai't get through to you yet  
What's better than billionaire  
two  
specially oif they're from the same hue as you  
y'all stop me when I stop tellin the truth

I would say I'm the realest nigga rappin  
but that ain't even a statement  
that's like sayin I'm the tallet midget  
wait, that ain;t politically correct  
forget it  
can I get amen from the congregation?  
amen, amen  
amen, amen