

# Jay-Z, 30 Something

You ain't got enough stamps in your passport to fuck with young H-O  
International ... uugh ...  
show ya young boys how to do this thing

the maturation of Jay-Z Z  
check me out

30's the new 20 nigga I'm so hot still  
better broad better au-to-mo-bile  
bet a yard, nah bet a hundred mill  
then by the songs end I probably start another trend  
I know everything you wan do  
I did all that by the age of 21  
by 22 I had that brand new Ack Coupe  
I guess you can say that my legend just begun  
I'm, young enough to know the right car to buy yet grown enough not to put rims on it  
I got that six-duce with curtains so you can't see me and I didn't even have to put tints on it  
I don't got the bright watch I got the right watch  
I don't buy out the bar, I bought the night spot  
I got the right stock  
I ... got ... stockbrokers that's movin' it like white tops  
I know you like fuck, this is child abuse  
call diapers, I might just be gettin' nicer  
them young boys ain't ready for real  
30's the new 20 nigga I'm so hot still

[Chorus]

I use to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck  
bae boy, now I'm all grown up  
I use to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the truck  
bae boy, now I'm all grown up  
I use to play the block like that (like that)  
I use to carry knots like that (like that)  
now I got black cards, good credit and such  
bae boy, cuz I'm all grown up

30's the new 20 nigga, I'm on fire still  
these young boys is like a fire drills (uugh)  
false alarms (uugh)  
next don? (naah)  
heen got- (on)  
to the next one (Young)  
I'm still here (yeah)  
still here, like Mike gotta stop playin' with these childrens (yeah)  
I'm a bully with the bucks  
don't let the patten leather shoes fool you young'n, I got the fully in the tux  
that was my past now I'm so grown up  
I don't got one gun army, got a slum army  
to hire a gun army, get you spun like laundry  
and I'll be somewhere under palm trees calmly  
listen to R&B when we get the call he's  
no longer wit' us fire your babysitters  
you lil' fucks fall back for real  
30's the new 20 nigga, I'm so hot still

[Chorus]

I use to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck  
bae boy, now I'm all grown up  
I use to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the truck  
bae boy, now I'm all grown up  
I use to wear my hoodie like that (like that)  
pile deep in the hoopty like that (like that)  
now I got black cards, good credit and such  
bae boy, cuz I'm all grown up

Yall roll blunts, I smoke Cubans all day  
yall young'ns chase, I'm Patron and it's Grey  
I like South Beach but I'm in San Tropez  
yall drink Dom but not Rose' (hey)  
your chick shop in the mall  
my chick burnin' down Berdolph's  
comin' back with Birken Bags  
your chick is like what type of purse is that?  
I'm from the era where niggas don't snitch  
you from the era where snitchin' is the shit  
I'm afraid of the future (why?)  
yall respect the one who got shot  
I respect the shooter  
yall go to parties to ice grill  
I go to parties to party with nice girls  
you young boys gotta chill  
30's the new 20 nigga, I'm so hot still

[Chorus]

I use to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck  
bae boy, now I'm all grown up  
I use to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the truck  
bae boy, now I'm all grown up  
yeah we use to ball like that (like that)  
now we on the ball team, halla back (holla back)  
now I got black cards, good credit and such  
bae boy, cuz I'm all grown up