

# 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