

# Jay-Z, Can't Knock The Hustle (Fool's Paradise R

Intro: □(Singing) Whoooh, Paradise  
you better think twice, 'cause you're not living the life  
Jay-Z: Jay-Z, Roc-A-Fella y'all, it don't stop

Verse One:

We about to change this game here  
Check my pockets there's nothing but game there  
I remain without fear  
Keep the lanes clear, and the cats that's all about threats remain here  
On top of this Metropolis  
My name is like a square  
Dropped off every tier  
Now y'all can swear to Jay  
Heard it the other day  
Through the mystery, we get it swiftly  
We got to hit you every night before we hit the lights it's type addictive  
Need cats to live with, the heat goes on  
Everyday is a hustle, the beat goes on  
Funny thing happen, in the midst of chasing money and foes  
And the worst thing worst then getting old is not getting old  
Niggaz stay low, like six bowls of shit and gold  
And watch the hoes when they bump into your clothes  
And I hope they shine  
Seen a lot of things and enough memories to last me two lifetimes  
Can't knock the hustle

Chorus #1: (Singing)

I'm taking out this time  
To give you a piece of my mind  
Who do you think you are  
Baby one day you'll be a star

Verse Two

Check this  
In a mans world need a girl to tough something  
Pull an 80 out her Anne Klein purse and bust something  
If you skating through the night to the light, then trust something  
When I get home  
Then it's on  
Girl just crack those shaped legs like Grade A eggs  
Love the way you behave and beg  
Moan, turn those hollers to screams as we zone like a college team  
Then they can hear you from Hollis, Queens (226)  
Life with me, consists of a lot of things  
Chips in your ear hit the dirt 'cause you got hotter things  
But you know how to scream, friends talking dizziness  
Remind them freak chicks to stay out my business  
You know they can't love it, trips to LA with no luggage  
Came back with six bags struggling  
In first class if my ass should crash, champagne spilled on me  
Bank still off on me

Chorus #2: (Singing)

But until the last day, I'm the one who's crazy  
'Cause that's the way you making me feel (can't knock the hustle)  
I don't want no romance, I just want the chance  
Can't knock the hustle for real

Verse Three

Ever since you retired, working alongside those live wires  
Been in this rap biz with fake nigs you know liars  
I guess I'm biased, what I talk about I live  
These rap dudes can flip, but some of them ain't even rhyming for chips  
WHAT PART OF THE GAME IS THIS  
Seems brainless, on tours with whores that's what I'm saying I miss  
Cats that go all out for their gold plaques  
Starting out with four jacks, ended up with Gold Ac's  
Bet your love collapses if my funds get trapped  
On the weight of me through you, screw you  
Gun blew you, I didn't want to choose you  
Run through you like UH, EXCUSE YOU!  
But that's my cash, I understand you hustle  
That's my cash, you don't understand  
Let my dough flash, you can show it love  
Like a rap star in front of the club  
But don't knock the hustle

Chorus 1 & 2 to fade