

Jay-Z, I Just Died

Chorus

Oh I, I just died in your arms tonight
It must've been something you said
I just died in your arms tonight (X3)

Verse 1

Pop died, didn't cry, didn't know him that well
Between him doin' heroin and me doin' crack sales
Put that in an egg shell, standin' at the tabaknaco
Rather the church, pretendin' to be hurt
Wouldn't work, so a smirk was all on my face
Like damn that mans face is just like my face
So Pop I forgive you for all the shit that I lived through
It wasn't all your fault hommie, you got caught
And to this pen game, a fault
That Uncle Ray Lost, My big brothers and so many others I saw
I'm just glad we got to see each other, Talk and remeet each other
Save a place in heaven to the next time we meet foreva-eva
CHORUS (X3)

Verse 2

(Feel my truth)

music business hate me 'cause the industry ain't make me
Hustlers and boozers embrace me in the music I be makin'
I dumbed down from a audience to double my dollas
They criticize me for all yet they all yell holla
The skillz hold truth be told
I probably be lyrically Talib Kweli
Truthfully I wanted to rhyme like common sense
(but I did 5 mil) I ain't been rhymin' like common since
When you sense got that much in common And you've been hustlin' since
Your in ception for what perception, go with what makes sense
Since I know what I'm up against

We as rappers must decide what's most Important
And I cant help the poor if I'm one of them
So I got rich and gave back, to me that's the win win
So next time you see the hommie and his rims spin
Just know that my mind is working just like them
CHORUS (X2)

Bridge

Whoo uh cheyeah uh cheyeah (young) cheyeah hahaha
I keep looking for something I can't get
Broken hearts are all around me
And I don't see an easy way to get out of this
(turn the music up turn the lights down I'm in my zone)

Verse 3

(Feel my truth)

Speakers on the tears when no tears should fall
'cause he was on the block when those squares get off
See in my inner circle all we do is ball
Till we all got triangles on our wall
He is just rappin' for the platinum y'all record
I recall 'cause I've really been there before
Four scores and 7 years ago the papers flow, paper war
I should fear no man, you don't hear me though
These words ain't just here to go
In the one ear, out the other ear, No
My balls and my words is alls I have
What'cha gonna do to me Nigga, scars or scab
What'cha gonna box me hommie, I can dodge your jab
Three shots couldn't touch me, thank god for that
I'm strong enough to carry Biggie Smalls on my back
And the whole B.K. nigga holla back
CHORUS (X4)

