

# Jay-Z, Justify My Thug

Uhh, this feel right right here Quik  
It's like it's 'sposed to happen this one right here  
Young! God damn..  
.. let me justify my thug on this one right here

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

It goes one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock rock  
Five six seven o'clock, eight o'clock rock  
Eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, the party bout to pop  
Then - Roc-A-Fella y'all, it's your boy S. Dot  
And I ain't never been to jail; I ain't never pay a nigga  
to do no dirt for me I was scared to do myself  
I will never tell even if it means sittin in a cell  
I ain't never ran, never will  
I ain't never been smacked; a nigga better keep his hands  
to himself or get clapped for what's under that man's belt  
I never asked for nothin I don't demand of myself  
Honesty, loyalty, friends and then wealth  
Death before dishonor and I tell you what else  
I tighten my belt 'fore I beg for help  
Foolish pride is what held me together through the years  
I wasn't felt which is why I ain't never played myself  
I just play the hand I'm dealt, I can't say I've never knelt  
before God and asked for better cards at times to no avail  
But I never sat back feelin sorry for myself  
If you don't give me heaven I'll raise hell  
'Til it's heaven

[Chorus - imitating Madonna]

Justify my thug!  
"For you!" - [Run-D.M.C.]  
My thug.. (hoping..)  
My thug.. (praying..) for you  
to justify my thug!  
My thug.. (hoping..)  
My thug.. (praying..) for you..  
"For you! Fresh" - [Run-D.M.C.]

[Verse Two: Jay-Z]

Now if you shoot my dog, I'ma kill yo' cat  
Just the unwritten laws in rap - know dat  
For every action there's a reaction, don't have me relapsin  
Relaxin's what I'm about, but about mine  
Don't be actin like you can't see street action  
Take me back to +Reasonable Doubt+ time  
You see my mind's on the finish line, facin the wreck  
I put my muh'fuckin faith in the tec, tell Satan not yet  
You understand I am chasin my breath  
I am narrowly escapin my death, oh yes  
I am the Michael Schumacher of the Roc roster  
Travellin Mach 5, barrelin, my power can stop God  
God forgive me but I can't let them deliver me to you  
Until, I won this race, then eventually  
My engine gon' burn out, I get whatever is meant for me  
However it turns out fine - red line!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Jay-Z]

They say an eye for an eye, we both lose our sight  
And two wrongs don't make a right  
But when you been wrong and you know all along that it's just one life  
At what point does one fight? (Good question right!)  
'Fore you knock the war, try to put your dogs in it

Ten-and-a-halvs, for a minute-and-a-half  
Bet that stops all the grinnin and the laughs  
When you play the game of life and the win ain't in the bag  
When your options is none and the pen is all you have  
or the block, niggaz standin tight, there's limits on the ave  
Tryin to cop or shot-call theyself cleansin in the cash  
But can't put they name on paper cause, then you on blast  
Mr. President, there's drugs in our residence  
Tell me what you want me to do, come break bread with us  
Mr. Governor, I swear there's a cover up  
Every other corner there's a liquor store - fuck is up?

[Chorus]