

# Jay-Z, Marcy To Hollywood

(feat. Memphis Bleek, Sauce Money)

[Jay-Z]

...back again & back again  
I went from Marcy to Hollywood  
& back again & back again

As a youth I used to hold the weed up  
old heads said I thought more like a soldier than a leader  
in order to succeed I had to slow my speed up  
didn't listen to stuff took another puff of the chieva  
they said believe us or not trust is somethin' you earn  
with every mistake you make back to us you return  
probably would go Hollywood I thought he was jokin'  
My first taste of fame I hit the first thing smokin'  
All engulfed into honeys the pussy was tight  
if she threw the pussy right I got mushy like  
Damn baby I love you take all my cash  
"You ain't got to lie Jay," you already gettin' the ass  
She loved that I was a thug it turned her on  
soon as I got soft it turned her off  
I got relaxed put my feet up start dissin' my friends  
& that's when the ceiling fell in

I went from Marcy to Hollywood  
& back again & back again  
I went from Marcy to Hollywood  
& back again & back again

I came through with the shines  
like the streets was blind  
didn't master my Algebra no caliber  
Stick me? I was thinkin' how & for what  
but reality bites like a thousand mutts  
Nothin' worse than the person that's foul with guts  
to stick you quicker...

[Bleek]

This brand new nigga  
yup this is the foulest this ain't Hollywood  
It's the Wild West whoever guns is the loudest  
that's who's the best now take ten steps & draw  
who dope can take ten steps & remain raw  
Who has no regards for the law?  
Me that's who now let me ask you  
Did you not know if we all don't eat  
some day that we all would beef?  
Did you know about the crabs in the barrow  
they would hear me creep  
it's a muthafuckin' war in these streets

I'm from the ghetto to the ghetto  
& I'm back again I'm back again  
I'm from the ghetto to the ghetto  
& I'm back again I'm back again

[Jay-Z]

...from Marcy to Hollywood  
& back again & back again  
...from Marcy to Hollywood  
& back again & back again

[Sauce]

As a youth I used to fold up  
old heads said I thought more like a leader than a soldier

Back in the days never no heat thought shit was cool  
good cat personified even went to school  
learned wild shit made me feel kinda live  
off of nothin' with this bullshit 9 to 5  
I stayed broke made me easier to provoke  
ready to yoke the first muthafucka that joked  
Same dude with the hard bottom  
went from laid back to locked out  
from talk it over to t...I shot him  
Ready to perish all the shit you cherish  
leave you the wettest I got a "You die first," fetish  
I can recall helpin' old chicks across the street  
now I help myself liftin' cats off they feet  
Can't give a fuck nigga I just lost my moms  
why I need to feel something steel in both my arms

I went from Marcy to Hollywood  
& back again & back again  
I went from Marcy to Hollywood  
& back again & back again

[Bleek]  
I'm from the ghetto to the ghetto  
& I'm back again I'm back again  
I'm from the ghetto to the ghetto  
& I'm back again I'm back again

[Jay-Z]  
I went from Marcy to Hollywood  
& back again back again  
...from Marcy to Hollywood  
& back again back again

Uh huh uh geah since y'all niggas don't like to think.  
I'ma make it real easy for y'all. You got three different  
types of nigga. First cat, as a youth is real wild &  
for whatever reason he hit the money or whatever,  
cooled out. You got one cat that's ghetto, grimy always  
remained ghetto. You know that type. Then, you got  
one cat very smart young man. E'rybody wanted him  
to be a lawyer doctor whatever. Pressure drove him crazy  
he wiled out. Ha geah...

...Marcy to Hollywood  
& back again & back again  
back again Biotch