

Vixen

"Justify My Thug"

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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-halves, 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]

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