

## 8 Mile "8 Miles And Runnin'"

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[Jay-Z]

Yeah, Renegades is back

Em the B the sick

It's Young, Freeway, 8 Miles, let's go

8 miles and running, got my 7th album droppin'

And my 8th album comin', feedin' a thousand growlin'  
stomachs

But I can rewind the calendar back, back when it was  
now or nothin'

People said I would amount to nothin', that I had talent  
for nothin'

Said I would succumb to violence or be silenced by  
your gunmen

I could just hear the folks now, "He got what he had  
coming"

Now that my eighth album's comin' everybody's smilin'  
Wantin' something, claimin' that they done something  
for him

Got their Jay-Z pom poms and their whole uniform  
Claimin' they been runnin' and tellin' everybody like  
Martin Lawrence

'Bout how hot my rap performance was before I was  
who I was

Claimin' that they threw it up before I threw it up

You what? Where was you before I blew this up?

I didn't see you in the courtroom when everybody was  
suin' us

I didn't see you in all black when everybody was suitin'  
up

Back on the block, gettin' it in, there wasn't no you with  
us

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

8 miles and running, got my 7th album droppin'

And my 8th album comin', feedin' a thousand growlin'  
stomachs, Free

[Freeway]

6 miles and running, got my fist strip poppin'

And my first album comin', feedin' twenty growlin'  
stomachs

[Jay-Z]

8 miles and running, got my 7th album droppin'  
And my 8th album comin', feedin' a thousand growlin'  
stomachs, Free

[Freeway]

6 miles and running, got my fist strip poppin'  
And my first album comin', feedin' twenty growlin'  
stomachs

[Freeway]

6 miles and running in the Pontiac  
Six thousand eighty six, trans might shift while the  
engine run  
Anyone tell ya rider give me one more chance  
Hear them smokers screamin' "One more gram"  
So I'ma bring 'em one  
Homie, son, and my pop, stick close to my MOMMA  
Keep toasters for DRAMA, mix a lot with my son  
My son growin' and he learnin' a lot  
That's when them toasters will the burners will pop,  
brain on ya own  
Well a nigga, tell 'em niggas  
That's like the biblical scripture  
Look back, turn assault like the sin is in  
Most of ya heartless and self-centered like "Me Shaq  
and me Shaq"  
Set up ya brother cuz you jealous nigga  
The heat back, like you never left  
I ever rep, cops watch every step  
Six miles and running dodgin' every trap  
The rap gingerbread man, cheer us up  
You precious breath, State P the second attack

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Back when nobody would found he had talent, nobody  
would sign me  
Nobody believed in me, nobody but mommy blindly  
But how can she deny me? Me being the youngest runt  
To come up outta her tummy, she got nothin' but love  
for me  
When niggas would want me, the industry shunned me  
That's why I'm takin' all the industry's money  
Revenge is sweet honey, we run this  
Young is the illsest, Free is the future  
Bean's and Bleek is right now, we can see our 8 miles  
nigga

[Chorus]

