

Jay-Z f/ Drake, Timbaland

"Off That"

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[Intro: Jay-Z] + (Timbaland) Welcome (welcome) To the (to the) future, uhh (Blue-print, 3, ay-ay, oh, hey-hey) Hey, count me in (Blue-print, 3, ay, hey, hey-hey) Find me a nice soft place to land (I got you Hov', ay ay-ay) I'm so high (yeah, hey hey, hey, hey, c'mon) Find me a place to land (Fricky-fricky uhh, ahhhhh, c'mon now, c'mon now) Yeah, right there, yeah (fricky-fricky Hov') [Jay-Z] I'm so tomorrow the Audemar says yesterday Which means you on time than late So even if I slow it downnnnn My sound is fast forward - hold up I'm just a runway show But I wear that so my plane need my runway clothes Hehe, Cashmere sweats They come out next year but these my last year's sweats And my hoe's so sick Your new chick can't fuck with my old bitch And you know this shit I'm professional, they know this is I just may let you borrow this This the Blueprint, nigga follow this This what what tomorrow is Welcome to tomorrow BIIIIIIIIII.. [Chorus: Drake] + (Jay-Z) Whatever you about to discover we off that You about to tell her you love her we off that Always wanna fight in the club and we off that But you can't bring the future back, back Y'all are steady chasin the fame and we off that Oversized clothes and chains we off that Niggaz still makin it rain and we off that Cause you can't bring the future back, back Tell them haters get off me, the Cris' we off that Timb's we off that, rims we off that (Yeah we off that, is you still on that?) (And we still makin money cause we still on that) [Jay-Z] This ain't black vs. white, my nigga we off that Please tell Bill O'Reilly to fall back Tell Rush Limbaugh to get off my balls It's 2010, not 1864 Uhh, yeah we come so far So I drive around town, hard top and that's all Uhh, in my TriBeCa loft With my high brown ahh, and my high yellow broad Uhh, and my dark-skinned sis In my best white mink, say what's up to Chris Uhh, how's that for a mix? Got a black president, got green presidents "Blueprint's" in my white iPod Black diamonds in my JesÃ's piece, my God Uhh, we ain't trippin off that This a Benetton hat, nigga been up off that, uhh [Chorus] [Jay-Z] Uhh, uhh, uhh I don't give a fidduck abiddout the riddade you used to move, what you used to do And I don't give a

fidduck abiddout the bitches that you used to screw,
what your future do And we don't really care what you
used to say Unless that affects your future pay I'm on a
practice field runnin Two-A-Days So I don't drop the ball
when it's threw my way So I don't give a fidduck
abiddout the shit that you probably did, who you
probably is The only time I deal in past tense Cause I'm
past rims, and I'm past tints If you drivin it, I drove it
You got it, cause I sold it You copped it, I bought it back
And we don't give a fidduck, nigga we off that [Chorus]
[Outro: Timbaland] Hey, hey, hey, hey Hey, hey, hey,
hey Hey, hey, hey, hey Hey, hey, hey...

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