

Jay

"Politics as Usual"

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You know how we do, Roc-a-Fella... forever... You can catch me

skatin through your town puttin it down y'all relatin

No waitin I'll make your block infrared hot I'm like Satan

Y'all feel a nigga's struggle, y'all think a nigga love to

hustle behind the wheel, tryin to escape my trouble

kids stop they greetin me, I'm talkin sweet to keys

Cursin the very God, that bought this wreath to be

My life is, based on sacrifices, jewels like ices

and fools that think I slip, you fuck around

you get your guys hit, they built me to be filthy

on some I-do-or-die shit, for real

The price of leather's got me, deeper than ever and

just think, with this here, I'm tryin to feel made nig-ga

Politics as us-ual... I took my

Frito to Tito in the district, blessed me with some

VS somethins I can live with, stop frontin

And for the dough I raise, gotta get shit appraised

No disrespect to you, make sure you word is true

I'm takin wages down in Vegas just in case Tyson

have a major night off, that's clean money, the tax write-off

You ain't seen money in your life, when it
comes to this cheese y'all like Three Blind Mice
A smokin bro, who pump Willie Ike spokes
The furthest you Chiles been is the Pocanos
My portfolio reads: leads to Don Corleone, nigga
please
Ten year feleon, heavy on the wrist, our face used
with the diamond blooded Jesus and blind your face
youse for life... sharight, Jigga, I keep it tight nig-ga
Politics as us-ual...
You feel my triumph never, feel my pain I'm lyin
Low in the leather Zion, the best that's ever came
The game changes like, my mind just ain't right
We 'gwan get this dough, I guess it ain't your night
Suckin me in like a vacuum, I remember
tellin my family I'll be back soon, that was December
Eighty-five and, Jay-Z rise ten years later
got me wise still can't break my underworld ties
I wear black a lot, in the Ac', act a lot
Got matchin VCR's, a huge Magnavox
to nitch, green like spinach pop wines that's vintage
It's a lot of big money in my sentence
Hittin towards a mil', lip a, written I kill like that
chick faked me one-two cat, yeah, I do dat
Ain't no stoppin the champagne from poppin
the drawers from droppin, the law from watchin, I hate

em

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