

## Jay

# "You're Only a Customer"

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Intro:

Ha ha, ha ha, Roc-a-Fella y'all  
Futuristic shit beotch  
Uh, what the fuck? How we do. How we do. Uh ha

Verse 1:

Triple platinum nigga with the solid gold fade  
All that nickle and dime shit, don't hold no weight  
Fortune 5, top 5 in the Forbes (you'll see) as you  
Thumb through the Source I read the Ride report  
Class C, cold me down with the plastic  
That's all I Ask Of You, like Raphael Saadiq  
At the hotel, Nico, robbin' the val suite  
My people's eyes through the peep hole  
I'm lovin' you down freak as I  
Shoot through the city like a rumor  
Not soon enough, to stop 'em from spreadin' the news  
Paper headin' read "Jay-Z breaths, 80 degrees"  
the only thing to cool them off is a Malibu day breeze  
Can't sop for the feds, say cheese  
You know they wanna take a nigga picture  
Pray for the day to get ya, but I'm a parlay and stay  
richer for now  
Jigga hasn't done dirt in a while  
YOU know my stomach getin' weak from livin' on the  
streets for real  
Tryin' to oversee it from suites, orderin' eats  
At the top where the criminal minds meet  
That's where the cream is (right) , that's where your  
dream is (well ain't  
it?)

Hook:

You're only a customer (uh)  
Walkin' in the presence of hustlers  
You spend money all night long  
"All night long" - Mary J. Blige

Verse 2:

A-yo my youth had a nigga too aggressive  
I use to speed excessive, both eyes closed

No thought infested  
Hittin' pot holes, cop-o's will snatch your weight  
But your game most precious  
Had to rethink things, is pinky ring worth  
Life on the run and time served in Sing Sing  
I don't know to tell the truth  
If I'm pressed for doe, I got to consoul Irv Gotti y'all

Irv Gotti:  
Heads got to roll

Jay-Z:  
I was raised to live, Lord I pray you forgive  
If not, I just handle it like Jason Kidd  
What you're facin' is official (it's official)  
Most cases when I'm blazin' won't miss you (won't miss  
you)  
Case and point mad bullshitted issue  
I see it to the end, my writting is so personal  
My heart bleedin' out my pen, make no mistake aobut  
me  
It's only one nigga livin', I got a half a cake about me  
I got love, to make a nigga die bleedin' is nothin'  
You make a motherfucker die breathin' then you sayin'  
somthing, beeotch

Hook (X3)

More flavor than y'all can image havin'  
Graphic like Sega, Saturn, traffic like the Bodega  
It just so happens, you caught me at the the tail end of  
my dive  
My brain ain't right from inhaling the work of my life  
Fuck it, 3's in ya, had to hold  
D.C. high pissy off Cristle  
3 G's high seasoned Bacardy, UV's  
Blesses my body, we be fresh at the party  
Play yourself go head if you don't no the ledge  
It's like spittin' to God  
Get it in your face fuckin' with niggas over your head  
Take your time with me, shiftee  
Use to make Coke stretch like the samplin' a 950  
Shit with that, while I'm o a Kawasoki bike  
At the light, doin' a pike, with a bitch on the back  
And take flight, my life like it was directed by Hype  
In 35 slow-mo, with the Rockafella logo  
Accapoco to Arruba, bay breezes and caviar baluga  
Very little loot, a loser  
In the grashish blueish, Les Coup it's the root of evil in  
these people

Hook (X3)

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