

JAY- Z Featuring Freeway "8 Miles And Runnin'"

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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 somethin'
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

8 miles and running, got my 7th album droppin'
And my 8th album comin', feedin' a thousand growlin'
stomachs, Free
6 miles and running, got my fist strip poppin'
And my first album comin', feedin' twenty growlin'
stomachs

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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

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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 illest, Free is the future Bean's
And Bleek is right now, we can see our 8 miles nigga

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