

Jay-Z

"1995 DJ Self"

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Check it
The nerve with you herbs
Y'all know we swerve from the curb in the lex the best
observe
F-ck what you heard: splashing, splurging
Dashing, that's my word, you know?
Champagne glasses crashing, can't ration
Used to having a whole lot, so dough, I blow a lot
Had a buck fifty while you was still taking skippy to
school
Ran with one of them niggas that heists tiffany's for
them jewels
Back when duke was jumping outta cap'n crunch food
I was scheming and plotting
Mostly dreaming a lot but look what it got me
4 cars and 400 thousand shots later, f-cked up in
gators
You scared to look, niggas is shook
F-ck it, you're vibrators
Bullets rang off the hook when niggas try to violate us
Fbi spies hate us, all they gotta check is my
Latest cut then follow my moves: I'm the greatest
F-ck how haters been paying dues
I cheated, committed felonies when needed
While you niggas starve, what's this you're making
If you was hustling like you said
We would've bumped heads, so I know you niggas is
faking
Word up, huh huh, '95 and forever yo

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