

## Jay-Z

### "30 Something Remix"

Visit "[30 Something Remix](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(ft Andre 3000 and Ice Cube)

Jay-Z: You ain't got enough stamps in your passport to fuck with Young H.O.

Ice Cube: Dada Dada

Jay-Z: International, uhâ€¦

Ice Cube: Papa dock?

Ice Cube: What up Jay

Jay-Z: Show young boys how to do this thing

Ice Cube: You know me, Ice Cube. I'm like a glock nigga, I always got a hot 16. Know what I mean

Verse 1 (Andre 3000)

I was a young lad of 17

My life had yet to show its ugly face

Only a pretty facade, hey god it's me

Remember 3 - thousand,

The one who used to pray to be a rapper

My child's in the third grade

His favorite rapper wasn't rapping till he heard me

I wasn't rapping till I heard something called Erik B.

And Rakim's Paid in Full

Rappers really getting paid in full,

So full that the kid's don't go to school in hopes of becoming one of us

The only requirement is your bus

Now college is looking slim

Product is hooking them

Before their brains fully develop they get enveloped by the the vision tele

The television tells them their vision

Now it's hard for them to make decisions with out feeling

Uncooled, unschooled, thumb rule

Rule of thumb, can't be dumb

I wish I would've studied abroad

Well I studied a broad and she studied me back

And my course was hard

That was that, this is this, listen up

Cause all them sayings is

If 30's the new 20

30's the new 20 for them wheels as well  
They looking for the mic or some pills to sell  
While the girls are steady graduating  
Nigga's standing on the corner hating, debating  
Well should I get the new J's or the Kobe's  
And they rollin so they wide awake for four days  
Ha, I'm a G-entleman, let's get re-aquainted  
I am Andre Benjamin

#### Chorus (Jay-Z)

I used to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck  
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up  
I used to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the  
truck  
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up  
I used to play the block like dat (like dat)  
I used to carry knots like dat (like dat)  
Now I got Black Cards, good credit and such  
Baby boy, cause I'm all grown up  
Ha!

#### Verse 2 (Jay-Z)

Ya'll roll blunts, I smoke Cubans all day  
Ya'll young'uns chase, I'm Patron' it straight  
I like South Beach but I'm in St. Tropez  
Ya'll drink Dom, but not Rose'  
Hey  
Ya chick shop at the mall  
My chick burning down Bergdorf's  
Coming back with Birkin bags  
Ya chick is like, "What type of purse is that?"  
I'm from the era when niggas don't snitch  
You from the era where snitching is the shit  
I'm afraid of the future  
Ya'll respect the one who got shot, I respect the shooter  
Ya'll go to parties to ice grill  
I go to parties to party with nice girls  
Young boys gotta chill  
30's the new 20, nigga I'm so hot still!

#### Chorus

#### Verse 3 (Ice Cube)

Jay-Z, what can a young moutherfucka tell me  
About the LAPD, about the air that we breathe  
Nothing, nada, zero, zilch  
I want tits for fun  
You want tits for milk

I'm all leather and silk  
Ya fucking t-shirt look like a quilt  
Playground, king crown, the monkey bars that I built  
30's the new 20  
Phantom's the new Bentley  
Nigga, dont tip me  
I'll bury you up in Tempe(West Side)  
And if I catch a ghost rida  
Tie him to a tree, gasoline like the lighter  
Burn  
You motherfuckin fighta  
Treat you like George Bush treat Al-Qaeda  
This is Guantanamo  
Think I'm a hoe, I made the honor roll  
Mixed with Geronimo  
Before this mic will pass, learn how to wipe your nose  
before you wipe your ass

Chorus

Visit [Jay-Z](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.