

# Jay-Z

## "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 something  
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 runnin', got my 7th album droppin'  
And my 8th album comin', feedin' a thousand growlin'  
stomachs, Free  
6 miles and runnin', 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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