

Jay-Z

"Ain't I"

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Yeah man, it's the world famous, DJ Clue Desert Storm
Jigga-man's in the building...

It's ya boy H-O,
World's number one DJ,
DJ Clue, Tear down the world and the radio
Jigga-man, ya heard me?

Ain't I?

I'mma... I'mma... I'mma
I'mma hustlers hustler
A gangsters gangster
I'mma rappers rapper
Your favorite, ain't I
Ain't I, Ain't I, Ain't I

I'mma hustlers hustler
A gangsters gangster
I'mma rappers rapper
Your favorite, ain't I
Ain't I, Ain't I, Ain't I

I'm still winnin' and I'm no where near finished,
It's just the first inning, and I'm gunning for the
pennant,
And I been this, God made me, ya'll hate me, ya'll A-
the-ist,
Ya'll safety is at risk
It's the return of the messiah,
One and only Hov,
Nah I ain't God, but I've been made in his mold,
So when the story is told let it be said I refuse to fold,
I only fold bread, I stood for the best, I owed no debt,
I represent the hood 'til my dying breathe,
I took a pay cut to become an exec,
So the next muh-fucka can earn his paycheck.
And even though these niggas talk greasy 'bout me,
Ask these niggas how they 'gon eat without me.
Ask these niggas if they want stets involved,
And even if they don't like me, they respect the God...

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I'm Hustlers poster child, I'm 'posed to style,
I ain't got nothin' to prove I'm 'posed to smile,
I ain't insecure, I'm 'vested in a piece of Carol's
Daughter
I'm in Sephora,
Bricks are insignificant to him,
He's a grown man, you're an infant to him,
Take your baby money and burn, T-Ha,
I spent that on furniture
I got warhols on my halls walls!
I got Basquiats in the lobby of my spot!

I'm so sophisticatedly hood, S.Carter cashmere
premium goods,
Thousand dollars for the sneaks,
Timbo on the track,
Two-Fifty for the beat, G4 back and forth 'til my flow
seats,
I spent a couple mil just to lose to the heat...

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Anything you aspire, to acquire I got
Any gun you say, you fired, I shot Any type of
paraphenalia, I am the seller
I guess you're sayin' that's how I started Roc-A-Fella,
Feds all fed up,
DEA can't tell the dirty money from a Roc-A-Wear
sweater.

And I'm never ever going back, back,
Oh never that, never that
And I'm never ever going back, back
Oh never that, oh never that
And I'm never ever going back, back
Oh never that, oh never that
And I'm never ever going back, back
Oh never that, oh never that
And I'm never ever going back, back
Oh never that, oh never that
And I'm never ever going back, back
Oh never that, oh never that
And I'm never ever going back, back
Oh never that, oh never that
And I'm never ever going back, back
Oh never that
Whoever rap, you be doin' that for practice nigga,
I'm in a twelve step program,
I ain't touched drugs in so long, I'mma sober man,
I'm clean as a whistle, official gotta way,
I'm the king of all kings, it's official

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Well ain't I?

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