

Jay-Z

"Hova Interlude"

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Well, I'm the ghetto's answer to Trump
I'm cancer to the Hamptons
20 million a wop, brand sac and mansions
Increase the noise pollution, as soon as I land in

Don't even trust uppity white folks
Keep the cannon tuck
Niggas trying to lean on Jay, shots gonna stand you up
Glocks gonna pop, ya not understandin' much

I hustle for the thuggest
Well, now I hustle for the rust, like fuck it baby
I just love it
Chicks now say they like the way I thug it

Since my album dropped, my stock grows like I went
public
Ladies, I love ya
But I love my freedom more
I love my niggas, love to see them ball

I love Bean's and Bleek
Them niggas like my Peter and Paul
My disciples, and that's right, we coming for the title
Do you believe, it's Hova, the God

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