

Jay-Z "In My Lifetime"

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This song here is dedicated to Danny Dan and may he rest in peace
Who at his funeral left us with the words that
He did it his way
(Uh huh, uh huh)
So I have no other choice but to do it my way
Uh huh, uh huh

Uhh, while niggaz are shootin' stupid I'm carefully plottin' ways to make it rotten Well, planned hits until you're long forgotten Y'all niggaz that utilize my style don't hurt me

'Cause on the low half of these rappin' ass niggaz wanna work for me

Now picture me standin' on somebody block tryin' to rock

I drop bombs and niggaz see me with that dough by eight o'clock

My feet never touch the concrete, just street sweep awards

While you're starin' on my dick nigga, gimme yours I don't hassle with capsules, 'cause that'll make the grass grow

And get a project nigga paid up the asshole

If I'ma risk a frisk, gettin' my wrists wrapped up in steel

I'm out here tryin' to make a mill', my shit is real for real

While others worship guns I worship tons of money Tons of fun, laughin' at shit that ain't even funny So I ain't pressed to make a CD, I took it slow

Eighty percent of these niggaz with deals Can't see me with the dough, uh

In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough I need a whole lot of dough (For real)
In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash I need a whole lot of cash

(Stay real)

In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough I need a whole lot of dough In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash I need a whole lot of cash

(For real) (True) (True)

More ice than winter ninety-four
I toured the fifty states with a trunk of raw
Recrutin', I'm hittin' shorties with consignment but don't
play me
Oh, you gon' pay me, y'all niggaz ain't crazy

I'm laid back in the five thousand Italian leather seat recliner

Under some vagina, discussin' the finer, things My crib is mean, watchin' a hundred inch screen Lettin' the shorties slide by once in a while and let 'em dream

They think I've mastered the game, 'cause dames scream my name

With passion, I tell 'em stop flashin' and start stashin' And we'll all get off the corner, the only heat you'll feel Is from a sauna, lettin' bubbles shoot up your ass if you wanna

And fuck that weed, it keeps you broke, invest in Pounds of herbs and profit if niggaz wanna smoke dope

But keep your nuts, 'cause this is a man's game And we'll all pop champagne till it's a damn shame

In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough I need a whole lot of dough (For real)
In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash

In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash I need a whole lot of cash (Stay real)

In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough I need a whole lot of dough In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash I need a whole lot of cash

I'm shootin' to Vegas, gamblin' green-o at the casino Schoolin' the dice like Vinny Barberino Welcome back, the ninety-four version of the mack As soon as these ladies see me they don't know how to act

'Cause like that, nigga, never twist the cap of malt liquor
Only pop and droppin' Cristal's down my throat, take a swigga
My style, ladies intoxicated by my profile
Your rollin' with a pro with, money to blow child

You need to feel how sweet the skills be To come and slide down Sugar Hill with me The high roller, rolled up on your dice game Unfold a pack of bills, grab my balls then bet it all

I never slept, 'cause sleepin' keeps you deep in debt On the block you lucky if you see my silhouette I'm ghost, envied by most So I keep a crew of crazy tenants that's sling toast, fucker

In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough I need a whole lot of dough (For real)
In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash I need a whole lot of cash (Stay real)

In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough I need a whole lot of dough In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash I need a whole lot of cash

Haha, f'real, Jay-Z lives Ski, Roc-a-Blok Productions, uh-huh, uh-huh Dame Dash, ha-ha Roc-a-fella Records, uh huh

Everybody from Brooklyn
Sauce Money, Big Sarge, B Hah
DJ Clark Kent, everybody Uptown
[Unverified] my V-A click running thick
D'Shawn definitely in the house
Roughness y'all, this how we do

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