

# Jay-Z

## "Intro / A Million And One Questions / Rhyme No More"

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*[somebody whispering]*

Somebody's pulling me closer to the ground  
I ain't panicked, I been here before  
Seems like only yesterday when I got up on that stage  
In front of that crowd  
And showed them who was who, and what was what  
Man look at these suckers  
I ain't no rapper, I'm a hustler  
It just so happens that I know how to rap  
Okay, I'm reloaded!  
(music drops in)

*[Jay-Z]*

I did it again niggaz  
Fucked up, right? I know  
I know what y'all niggaz asking yourself  
Is he gonna ever fall off?  
No...

...a lot of speculation  
on the monies I've made, honeys I've slayed  
How is he for real? Is that nigga really paid?  
Hustlers I've met or, dealt with direct  
Is it true he slay the beef and slept with a tech?  
What's the position you hold? Can you really match  
a triple platinum artist buck by buck by only a single  
goin gold?  
Roc-A-Fella ship fold, and you're left out in the cold  
Is it back to charging motherfuckers 11 for an O  
For the millionth time askin me  
Questions like Wendy Williams, harrassin me  
then get upset when I catch feelings  
Can I get a minute to breathe? And in that minute you  
leave  
While I'm looking at my Rol' ice spinnin on my sleeve  
Uh, nice watch, do you really have a spot?  
Like you said in Friend or Foe and if so, what block?  
What you doin in L.A., with phillipinos and ese's  
Latinos and Cheve's, down by Pico withh Frederico

I answer all your questions but then y'all got to go

Now the question I ask you is how bad you want to know? BLAOW!

Roc-A-Fella y'all, uhh, uh  
Know my style

Motherfuckers can't rhyme no more, bout crime no more

Til I'm no more, cause I'm so raw

My flow expose holes that they find in yours

Wasn't for me, niggaz still be dying for whores

But I hate when a nigga sit back, admirin yours

Young blood you better get that, we frying baccars

Niggaz don't want to be confined to riding the iron horse

And don't listen to the rappers, they dying to floss

I used to be O.T., applyin the force

Shoot up the whole block, then the iron I toss

Come back with the click playing Diana Ross

I'm the boss and this is how it's gonna be

Burnt the turnpike, wild miles on the V

I got mouths to feed till they put flowers on me

And kiss my cold cheek, chicks crying like I was

Cochise

Tombstone read 'He Was Holdin No Leaks'

Started from the crack game and then so sweet

Freaked it to the rap game, Jigga the old-G

On MTV, telling em how I sold D

And used to back work up out of apartment 4-B

Me and my homie, started out coldies

Picked the mailbox lock cause I ain't have no key

Had the cable with the anchor when Jaz made 'Sophie'

Then I went low key, but now I'm back it's on

Motherfuckers

Jigga, uh-huh, yeah

Roc-A-Fella y'all

Uhh, feel this

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