

Jay-Z

"Numb/Encore (A Cappella Explicit)"

Visit "[Numb/Encore \(A Cappella Explicit\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, thank you, thank you, thank you, you're far to kind

Now can I get an encore, do you want more
Cookin' raw with the Brooklyn boy
So for one last time, I need y'all to roar

Now what the hell are you waitin' for

After me, there shall be no more
So for one last time, make some noise

Get 'em Jay

Who you know fresher than Hov'? Riddle me that
The rest of y'all know where I'm lyrically at
Can't none of y'all mirror me back
Yeah hearin' me rap is like hearin' G. Rap in his prime

I'm, young H.O., rap's Grateful Dead
Back to take over the globe, now break bread
I'm in, Boeing jets, Global Express
Out the country but the Blueberry still connect

On the low but the yacht got a triple deck
But when you Young, what the fuck you expect? Yep,
yep
Grand openin', grand closin'
God damn your man Hov' cracked the can open again

Who you gon' find dooper than him with no pen
Just draw off inspiration
Soon you gon' see you can't replace him
With cheap imitations for these generation

Now can I get an encore, do you want more
Cookin' raw with the Brooklyn boy
So for one last time, I need y'all to roar

Now what the hell are you waitin' for

After me, there shall be no more

So for one last time, make some noise

What the hell are you waitin' for

Look what you made me do, look what I made for you
Knew if I paid my dues, how will they pay you
When you first come in the game, they try to play you
Then you drop a couple of hits, look how they wave to
you

From Marcy to Madison Square
To the only thing that matters in just a matter of years
As fate would have it, Jay's status appears
To be at an all-time high, perfect time to say goodbye

When I come back like Jordan, wearin the 4-5
It ain't to play games witchu, it's to aim at you, probably
maim you
If I owe you, I'm blowin' you to smithereens
Cocksucker take one for your team

And I need you to remember one thing, I came, I saw, I
conquered
From record sales, to sold out concerts
So muh'fuckers if you want this encore
I need you to scream, 'til your lungs get sore, come on

I'm tired of being what you want me to be
Feeling so faithless, lost under the surface
I don't know what you're expecting of me
Put under the pressure, of walking in your shoes

Caught in the undertow, just caught in the undertow
Every step that I take is another mistake to you
Caught in the undertow, just caught in the undertow
And every second I waste is more than I can take

I've become so numb, I can't feel you there
Become so tired, so much more aware
I'm becoming this, all I want to do
Is be more like me and be less like you

I've, become so numb
Can I get a encore? Do you want more
I've, become so numb
So for one last time I need y'all to roar
One last time I need y'all to roar

Visit [Jay-Z](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

