

Jay-Z

"Power"

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[Jay-Z]Is this thing on?
Oh, I thought they silenced us, Ye
Power to the people

We livin' in that 31st century, futuristic fly shit
The penthouse is the projects and everybody flies
private
New watch, know what time it is, watch us (You see us)
They can't stop us, prophets, beyotches

[Kanye West]No one man should have all that power
(Yeah)
The clock's tickin', I just count the hours (Yeah)
Stop trippin', I'm trippin' off the power
(No one man should have all that power)

[Jay-Z]Rumble, young man, rumble
Life is a trip, so sometimes, we gon' stumble
You gotta go through pain in order to become you
But once the world numbs you, you'll feel like it's only
one you
Now you got the power to do anything you want to
Until you ask yourself, "Is this what it's all come to?"
Lookin' at life through sunglasses and a sunroof
But do you have the power to get out from up under
you
F-ck Rollies, labels, f-ck what everybody wants from
you
They tryna Axl Rose you, welcome to the jungle
To be continued, we on that Norman Mailer shit
In search of the truth, even if it goes through Taylor
Swift
Tell her this

No one man should have all that power
(Power-power-power-power-power)
And then they
And then they
And then they
And then they

[Kanye West]Now when I walk in, everybody do the
"Power" clap
Clap, clap, clap
Fresh for the club, I just took a half an hour nap
Clap, clap, clap
I seen people go crazy on the whole world, an hour lap
Clap, clap, clap
My socket was out the plug, now it's time to get the
power back
Clap, clap
I seen people abuse power, use power, misuse and
then lose power
Power to the people at last, it's a new hour
Now we all ain't gon' be American Idols
But you can least grab a camera, shoot a viral
Huh? Take the power in your own hands
I'm a grown man, doin' my grown dance
I don't stop until I see the end, my vision clear, bitch
I'm on my Van Gogh, I don't hear shit

[Chorus]No one man should have all that power
The clock's tickin', I just count the hours
Stop trippin', I'm trippin' off the power
'Til then, f-ck that, the world's ours

And then they say
And then they say
And then they say
And then they say

And then they say
And then they say

Now everything I'm rhymin' on cause a Ramadan
Been a don, prayin' for the families lost in the storm
Bring our troops back from Iraq, keep our troops out of
Iran
So the next couple bars, I'ma drop them in Islam
They say assalamu alaikum, say wa alaikum asalaam
That's no Oscar Mayer bacon, you should run and tell
your moms
Now the question is, how we gon' stop the next
Vietnam?
Keep Flex out of Korea, 'cause you know he drop
bombs

[Swizz Beatz]Showtime!
Hey, yo, Yeezy, stop playin' with these people, man
They want see you act all crazy in this muf-cka, man
Take that jacket off and go crazy on them niggas, man
You know what I'm talkin' 'bout?

[Kanye West]What do it mean to be the boss?
It mean second place is the first one who lost
The crucifixion, the being nailed to the cross
Truth or fiction, it's a hell of a cost, do the dishes
I'm 'bout to hit that Jeff Gordon
Michael Jordan, the only one more important
But I be feelin' like Jordan when I'm recordin'
'Cause every time I record, I duck to slap the boards
I don't know what these rappers gon' do after wars
Prolly spaz like I might do at the awards
Huh, I got the whole crowd goin' crazy
Homie, I should be rewarded
Gettin' money, Yeezy, Yeezy, how you do it, huh?
Eatin' Wheaties, drinkin' Fiji, bein' greedy, huh?
Don't even think you can allude to the rumors
I'm immune to the booze, I'm a prude to you losers
It's all in time, my nigga
See, I dreamed my whole life that I could rhyme with
Jigga
Now Jay my big brother and Bey my lil sister
And excuse me, but, you can't see my lil sister
Number one sound across the board, hey
Number one now and forevermore, hey
Number one rule is n-ggas don't hate

Maybe I'll drop the album, nah, all y'all gotta wait
And on the 'Net they showin' pictures of my Cali place
My Maybach in NY, but it still got the Cali plates
All my old girls know that I'm the one that got away
I think about at Christmas, and play some Donny
Hathaway
And keep my bulletproof hater coat on
Lookin' at some photos that I'm lookin' crazy dope on
Hand up, talkin' sh-t, yeah, I get my Pope on
And go home wit something to poke on
That's what Dre said, but this what 'Ye said
How 'Ye doin'? Who 'Ye screwin'?
That's for my dick to know, before you get to know em
She ain't give you ass? That pussy fictional
I gotta give her the eviction note
'Tis "Get yo' ass out, bitch, vamonos"
Five seconds to the song, and we gettin' close
I got the power, muf-cka, if you didn't know

[Swizz]Chill, chill, chill, chill, man
Chill, 'Ye, chill
Sh-t's burnt up already
It's over

