

Jay-Z "Success"

Visit "[Success](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Your success took a shot at you
What are you gonna do now? Are you gonna kill it?
You gonna become unsuccessful?
Frank, you can be successful and have enemies
Or be unsuccessful too and you can have friends

I got these niggas Breezy, don't worry about it
Let that bitch breathe

I use to give a fuck, now I give a fuck less
What do I think of success? It sucks
Too much stress I guess I blew up quick
'Cause friends I grew up with
See me as a pre'me but I'm not and my nuts big

I don't know what the fuss is, my career is illustrious
My rep is impeccable, I'm not to be fucked with
With, shit, let that bitch breathe

I'm way to important to be talking about extorting
Asking me for a portion is like asking for a coffin
Broad daylight I'll off your on switch
You're not to bright, goodnight long kiss
Bye bye my reply, blah, blah

Blast burner then pass burner to Tye-Tye
Finish my breakfast, why?
I got an appetite for destruction and you're a small fry
Now where was I? Let that bitch breathe

I use to give a shit, now I don't give a shit more
Truth be told I had more fun when I was piss poor
I'm pissed off and this success song is about
A bunch a niggas acting like bitches with big mouths

All this stress, all I got is this big house
Couple of cars, I don't bring half of them shits out
All of this ace of spade, I drank just to piss out
I mean I like the taste coulda saved myself 6 hours

How many times can I go to Mr. Childs, Taos Mobu?
Hold up, lemme move my bowls

I'll shit on y'all niggas, OG tell these boys
Ya ain't about to shit on my nigga

I got watches I ain't seen in months
Apartment at the Trump, I only slept in once
Niggas said Hova was ova, such dummies
Even if I fell I'll land on a bunch of money
You ain't got nothing for me, Nas, let that bitch
breathe"

Success, McLaren, women staring
My villain appearance sacred blood of a king
And my vein ain't spilling
Ghetto Othello, Sugar Hill Romello

Camaro driven, I climax from paper
And ask why is life worth living
Is it to hunt for the shit that you want?
To receive's great but I lust giving

The best jewelers wanna make my things
I make Jacob shit on Lorraine just to make me a chain
Niggas mention the one love came home with the
paper in hand
They gotta brag about the Feds young man

Old cribs I sold, y'all drive by like monuments
Google Earth Nas, I got flats in other continents
Worst enemies wanna be my best friends
Best friends wanna be enemies like Daz was in

But I don't give a fuck, walk inside the lion's den
Take everybody's chips, about to cash them in
Up your catalog dawg, mine's worth to much
Like Mike Jacks ATV part, Mottola can't touch
Let this bitch breathe

Let this bitch breathe

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