

# Jay-Z

## "Watch The Throne"

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(Kanye West)

Hello, can I speak to, uh  
Uh, yeah, you know who you are

You have no idea what you're dealin' with  
Somethin' on some of this realest shit  
Pop some nines, so I give you the Fifth  
Somethin', somethin', yeah

That's my bitch  
That's my bitch  
Sh-shorty right there? That's my bitch  
That's my bitch

I been waitin' for a long, long time  
Just to get off and throw my hands up high  
And live my life, and live my life  
Just to get off and throw my hands up high

I paid for them titties, get your own  
It ain't safe in the city, watch the throne  
She say I care more about them "Basquiones"  
Basquiats, she learnin' a new word, it's yacht  
Blew the world up soon as I hit the club wit' her  
Too Short called, told me "I fell in love wit' her"  
Seen by actors, ballplayers, and drug dealers  
And some lesbians that never loved niggas  
Twisted love story, true romance  
Mary Magdalene, from a pole dance  
I'm a freak, huh? Rockstar life  
The second girl wit' us? That's our wife  
Hey, boys and girls, I got a new riddle  
Who's the new old perm just tryn' play second fiddle?  
No disrespect, I'm not tryna belittle  
But my dick worth money, I put moanie in the middle  
Where she at, in the middle

(Elly Jackson)

I been waitin' for a long, long time  
Just to get off and throw my hands up high

And live my life, and live my life  
Just to get off and throw my hands up high (High, high,  
high)

(Silly little vixen, mixes 'til mornin')

(Not swervin', ohh, yeah)  
(Swore you never strolled on a bottle of that potion)  
(Stop motion, ooh, yeah)

(Jay-Z)

Go harder than a nigga for a nigga, go figure  
Told me "Keep my own money" if we ever did split up  
How could somethin' so gangsta be so pretty in  
pictures?  
With jeans and a blazer and some Louboutin slippers  
Uh, Picasso was alive, he woulda made her  
That's right, nigga, Mona Lisa can't fade her  
I mean Marilyn Monroe, she's quite nice  
But why all the pretty icons always all white?  
Back to my Beyonces  
You deserve three stacks for the Andre  
Call Larry Gagosian, you belong in mo-seums  
You belong in binges, clothes, rushin' the whole  
building  
You belong with niggas who used to be known for  
dope-dealin'  
You too dope for any of those civilians  
Now, shoo, Trigger, stop lookin' at 'er tense  
Getcha own dog, ya heard? That's my bitch

I been waitin' for a long, long time  
Just to get off and throw my hands up high  
And live my life, and live my life  
Just to get off and throw my hands up high

(Silly little vixen, mixes 'til modern)  
(Not swervin', ohh, yeah)  
(Swore you never strolled on a bottle of that potion)  
(Stop motion, ooh, yeah)

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