

Jay-Z

"What The Game Made Me"

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Yeah

I'm what the game made me
Not what the fame made me
No amount of money can change me
I'm what you lames can't be
Live nigga what? Live as fuck

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Check, live from the 7-1-8
Either respect the flow or learn your lesson from your weight
I'm wishin' arthritis on all writers who, knock my hustle
How can y'all understand the struggle?
It's hard to live, when you got greedy niggaz in the mix
Knowin' I outclass three-E niggaz in the six

So I outblast till it's empty clips
And I outlast niggaz, survival of the fit
One life, I gotta make sure it's done right
'Cause them yet to have a conversation
'Bout reincarnation ball out, until I fall out
Stick thick chicks, try to tear they wall out

Hard to think about your future with, nothin' to gain
Hard to concentrate on school with stomach pain
Life's harsh, I know y'all runnin' from 'caine

But it'll only catch you and track you down
With no deal, who you gonna rap to now?
Start your own record company, that's profound
Live niggaz gonna rumble when you back from the war
Jive niggaz gonna crumble and fall

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Aiyyo, whether in the Pinto, or rollin' in the six
I come through cocky, holdin' my dick
I never switch shit, 'cause that's some bitch shit
I get the Bisquick take it to the district

'Cause I could never get rich and switch my style
I just cop a little hurt to the mercantile
I'm tryin' to get it though, rhymin' with this six digit flow
Gettin' fly is the minimal, holdin' somethin' is the
principal

Respect this young nigga that's, holdin' the torch
Preachin' shit like the crack game, don't take shorts
Throw it down it's a bet, nigga roll hard
Till you got somethin' icy, round your neck

In this concrete jungle get rich or remain humble
Never speak the biz, at worst I might mumble
Niggaz test it I spit guns, angrily
Till all that remains is me

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I went from no dough to show dough to money to blow
From umm, hoe I don't know, to get deez
Never, 'Excuse me miss', bitch please, never try to
provoke
Same disrespectful cat I was when I was broke

Ain't nuttin' changed baby but the different faces I stop
Or maybe some of the places I shop
Now that I run through tracks like cleets with a Air
For some of the hottest beats, still catch me eatin' at
Pete's

Fuck the foul cat who screamed out and threatened my
life
It's all good, here I come kid, dead to the hood
Till I'm in the dirt, foul cats like termites
Come out of the woodworks, if they think you stack
paper

Dead niggaz react later while the cancer spread
Teach a team how to scheme before they answer lead

You know me, I used to shoot hoops in the park
Ain't nothin' changed except now I push Coupe's in the
dark

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