

Jay-Z**"You're Only A Customer"**

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Intro:Ha ha, ha ha, roc-a-fella y'allFuturistic shit
beeotchUh, what the fuck? how we do. how we do. uh
haVerse 1:Triple platnum nigga with the solid gold
fadeAll that nickle and dime shit, don't hold no
weightFortune 5, top 5 in the forbes (you'll see) as
youThumb through the source I read the ride
reportClass c, cold me down with the plasticThat's all I
ask of you, like raphael saadiqAt the hotel, nico,
robbin' the val suiteMy people's eyes through the
peep holeI'm lovin' you down freak as iShoot
through the city like a rumorNot soon enough, to stop
'em from spreadin' the newsPaper headin' read
jay-z breaths, 80 degreesThe only thing to cool them
off is a malibu day breezeCan't sop for the feds, say
cheeseYou know they wanna take a nigga picturePray
for the day to get ya, but I'm a parlay and stay richer
for nowJigga hasn't done dirt in a whileYou know my
stomach getin' weak from livin' on the streets for
realTryin' to oversee it from suites, orderin' eatsAt
the top where the criminal minds meetThat's where
the cream is (right) , that's where your dream is (well
ain't it?)Hook:You're only a customer (uh)Walkin' in
the presence of hustlersYou spend money all night
longAll night long - mary j. bligeVerse 2:A-yo my youth
had a nigga too aggressivel use to speed excessive,
both eyes closedNo thought infestedHittin' pot holes,
cop-o's will snatch your weightBut your game most
preciousHad to rethink things, is pinky ring worthLife
on the run and time served in sing singI don't know to
tell the truthIf I'm pressed for doe, I got to consoul irv
gotti y'allIrv gotti:Heads got to rollJay-z:I was raised to
live, lord I pray you forgivelf not, I just handle it like
jason kiddWhat you're facin' is official (it's
official)Most cases when I'm blazin' won't miss you
(won't miss you)Case and point mad bullshitted issuel
see it to the end, my writting is so personalMy heart
bleedin' out my pen, make no mistake aobut melt's
only one nigga livin', I got a half a cake about mel got
love, to make a nigga die bleedin' is nothin'You
make a motherfucker die breathin' then you sayin'
somthing, beeotchHook (x3)More flavor than y'all can

image havin' Graphic like sega, saturn, traffic like the
bodegalt just so happens, you caught me at the the tail
end of my diveMy brain ain't right from inhaling the
work of my lifeFuck it, 3's in ya, had to holdD.c. high
pissy off cristle3 g's high seasoned bacardy,
uv's Blesses my body, we be fresh at the partyPlay
yourself go head if you don't no the ledgelt's like
spittin' to godGet it in your face fuckin' with niggas
over your headTake your time with me, shifteeUse to
make coke stretch like the samplin' a 950Shit with
that, while I'm o a kawasoki bikeAt the light, doin' a
pike, with a bitch on the backAnd take flight, my life like
it was directed by hypeIn 35 slow-mo, with the
rockafella logoAccapoco to arruba, bay breezes and
caviar balugaVery little loot, a loserIn the grashish
blueish, les coup it's the root of evil in these
peopleHook (x3)

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