

You know we came so far  
Young superstar  
(money in the bank)  
We want more, you know we want more  
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It's no stoppin' him, he's in the books like Pac and em  
From early, homey had hip-hop in him  
The era of the unlaced kicks, he was rockin' em  
Way before the sheepskin flicks, chicks been jockin' him  
Right down the block from Wop and em  
Niggas either dead or the feds is knockin em, he's still here  
Comparisons in these years is real rare  
It's embarrassing, the bars he spit, he still care  
Never let a bitch in his ear, it ain't worth it  
When alone, you gotta look in the mirror, what's the purpose?  
From the gutter, bad motherfucker  
From under that hustler's umbrella, none other  
Than he who speaks would need it  
Once said, then his dead homey won't repeat it, well bred  
Black with the solar facts, so exact  
I was told they want the old god back, I'm here

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A-Zah Malik Allah  
Repertoire like W.E.B. Du Bois, who ya'll?  
Fraus like I came from afar  
See bullet wounds, blood leak through the tar, baby pa  
I'm the homey Obi Wan Kanobe, no Soke  
Supposedly I'm potent with poetry, the almighty  
Most likely in the midst of the sheisty  
I know the D.A. got dreams to indict me, do the math  
I came, I saw, I smashed  
Seen niggas get millions, get murdered and bagged  
All I ask is those that respect the code  
Respect my mode, I'm a HBO episode  
Filmed in the streets of New York, it's real talk  
My whole life is sealed in the cork, it's rap's fault  
Coupes, cribs, chauffers and yachts, gimme props  
'Til I'm dead and my physical rots, I'm still hot

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Look, the rain is gone, the game  
Just like Ming and Sean, Dave and Kareem  
We the American dream, with 215 Vacheron Constantin  
The \$300, 000 Dan Nice and Alain Silberstein  
The Princess catalog from Vinny Carl's regime  
That's the most prestigious catalog in the world, man  
That's \$800, 000, 000 in diamonds, man, all precious cut  
The \$40, 000, 000 Gulf Stream  
The Enzo Ferrari, the F-1 McLaren  
The Pagani Zanda made my Hiroshime  
The mansion in Rome and island  
Any complainin's all in the dream  
I'm like Bo Bill with a twirl of king  
I'm like the count of Beijing with a mix of Ming  
I'm like, Lebron James holdin' down his team  
I'm like, Elijah Muhammad on top of his Din  
A wonder and a light you ain't never seen  
Y'all in trouble niggas, it's a new regime  
We on the screen, every magazine  
Call me at home in Athens, Rome, nigga's officially on  
Nigga I'm in that zone, we in full rotation and syndication  
Malik man, you still got a crush on Ananda?  
Me and AZ in the Pagani Zanda  
We in Germany on the auto-don  
And I'm the Don and he the Don  
The girls wrapped in our arms, seen accentuous charm  
Hate if you want but don't front!  
It's the billion dollar boys with the billion dollar toys  
With the billion dollar bitches  
With the maintenance on livin' about the minute a month