

## Hova Song

Jay-Z

Yeah, I know you just ripped the packaging off your CD  
If you like me, you readin' the credits right now  
If you in your car, I don't care if it's winter  
I want you to put all your windows down

Zone out, buckle up, let's go  
Hello it's Hova, that's right young'un, the wait is over  
The new millennium is upon us, the album is here  
Before we get into the shit, let's get a few things clear

Rappers with no relation  
There's 'Seven Degrees of Separation' and I'm Kevin Bacon  
This is the murderer's version  
Jigga the shit, even when he rhyme in third person

Hova the God, I should be rappin' with the turban  
Haters can't disturb him, waiters can't serve him  
Mike Jordan of rap, outside J workin'  
Now watch how quickly I drop 50

I don't like playin', niggaz can't stick me  
Niggaz cannot jam me, niggaz can't get me  
Slimmy at the Rucka wanna leave and spend with me  
I consistently take 'em out the park like Ken Griffey

Do you believe? It's Hova the God  
Makes you think about the people in your life  
Then I think about BIG, what'd he say if he was here  
He'd say, "Jay, what's it about? What's life about?"

If you don't go through as a man's a man"  
He'd say, "Suck it up, take the fall, do the time  
That's what makes you who you are, makes you what you are"  
How many years you been around this thing of ours?

Commission, 125 years  
What's it about?  
It's about rules, parameters  
You take the beatin' for the friend you don't lay down

You don't betray who you are, what you are  
You gotta remember guys like Taj, Chill, Ran, Emory  
They don't roar, they don't rap  
You know why? That's the rules, you don't break them

You was born to be somethin', I wasn't even supposed to be humble  
Okay, so you humble me now, what you got?  
You got a war, you got global war  
You got a worldwide crime syndicate now

There's no rules, there's no parameters, there's no feelings  
There's no feelings for this game  
So five, ten years from now  
You're gonna wish there was an American Commission

Five ten years from now  
They're gonna miss Jay-Z

Okay, I'm reloaded