

# I Did It My Way

Jay-Z

Now the end is near  
(Can you believe this shit guru?)  
So I face  
(I'm from the hood man)  
The final curtain

(No the real hood, the hood, not the rap hood)  
(The real hood like three pair of pants)  
My friends I'll say it clear  
(Pair of sneakers)  
(My mom's bustin' her ass)

State my case  
(Nigga I'm goin' to Japan tomorrow)  
Which I'm certain  
(You understand what I'm sayin'? Can you believe that?)

I lived a life that's full  
(They have people waitin')  
(At the airport like five days like I'm a Beetle or somethin')  
(That's really somethin')

And I traveled each and every highway  
(Seen the best of the best, the worst of the worst)  
And more, much more than this  
(Still here)

I did it my way  
(Let's try this one)

Yeah gangsta nigga  
Put my hustle down tore the game up nigga  
Took your high score down put my name up nigga  
Tore the doors down till the hall of fame is jigga

I did it my way  
(And more, much more than this)  
That's right, it's a beautiful thing man  
(I did it my way)  
I did it my way, Hovi baby

Mommas youngest and strongest, survived summers like saunas  
Mastered a corner like Deion in his uniform  
Pop hurtin' assertive flirted with death  
Damn near murdered before my first album hit the shelf

Grandma's favorite she could not understand  
How this people in the world who wouldn't want me as a neighbor  
Has to explain to her you think these folks want me in the penthouse  
As a reminder that I make top paper

Black entrepreneur nobody did us no favors  
Nobody gave us shit, we made us  
The Rap Pack, I'm Sinatra, dame's Sam Davis  
Bigs the smart one on the low like Dean Martin

We came in this game not beggin' niggaz pardon

Demandin' y'all respect, hand over a check  
And while y'all at it hand over the jet  
We the reason they ain't hand over Def Jam so quick

They knew every year I was droppin' new product  
I was raisin' the stock up, while buildin' the roc up  
But that's alright 'cause they knew they had to see us  
When it was time for us to re up, make us multi-millionaires

Je je yeah  
(And more, much more than this, I did it my way)

Yeah, in my lifetime I caught smaller cases but I had capital  
Hypocritic system let me right back at you  
You better hope a rich rapper never attacks you  
Not even that scratches you 'specially if you black dude

They don't give a shit unless the accused just happen to rap  
And they can look good by paintin' him as bad news  
'Cause in my past I seen dudes get half of they views  
Exposed to the curb and nobody said a word

So imagine how disturbed I was  
When I seen how big they made my fight scene at the club  
Let me explain you exactly how this shit was  
This nigga un yo I scratched him he went home without an aspirin'

But it's cool 'cause he's back friends and half inning is over  
It's in the past and I'm glad now I'm back to been Hova  
Me back with the chauffeur laid back  
Helicopter seat feat inclined shit feelin' like a sofa

Helicopter meet me Teta Vero takes me over  
Somewhere peaceful for the weekend now  
It's back to speakin' of vultures  
So the next time that page six approaches us

Here's a quote from Jay, nigga I did it my way  
(And more, much more than this I did it my way)