

# Moment of Clarity

Jay-Z

(Woooooo)

(Yeah)

(Turn the music up turn the lights down I'm in my zone)

[Chorus:]

Thank God for granting me this moment of clarity  
This moment of honesty  
The world'll feel my truths  
Through my Hard Knock Life time  
My Gift and The Curse  
I gave you volume after volume of my work  
So you can feel my truths  
I built the Dynasty by being one of the realest niggas out  
Way beyond a Reasonable Doubt  
(You all can't fill my shoes)  
From my Blueprint beginnings  
To that Black Album ending  
Listen close you hear what I'm about  
Nigga feel my truths

[Verse One]

When Pop died  
Didn't cry  
Didn't know him that well  
Between him doing Heroine  
And me doing Crack sales  
With that in the egg shell  
Standing at the tabernacle  
Rather the church  
Pretending to be hurt  
Wouldn't work  
So a smirk was all on my face  
Like damn that mans face was just like my face  
So pop I forgive you  
For all the shit that I live through  
It wasn't all your fault  
Homie you got caught  
And to the same game I fault  
That Uncle Ray lost  
My big brothers and so many others I saw  
I'm just glad we got to see each other  
Talk and re-meet each other  
Save a place in Heaven  
'til the next time we meet forever

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

The music business hate me  
'cause the industry ain't make me  
Hustlers and boosters embrace me  
And the music I be making  
I dumb down for my audience  
And double my dollars  
They criticize me for it  
Yet they all yell "Holla"  
If skills sold

Truth be told  
I'd probably be  
Lyrically  
Talib Kweli  
Truthfully  
I wanna rhyme like Common Sense  
(But I did five Mil)  
I ain't been rhyming like Common since  
When your sense got that much in common  
And you been hosteling since  
Your inception  
Fuck perception  
Go with what makes sense  
Since  
I know what I'm up against  
We as rappers must decide what's most important  
And I can't help the poor if I'm one of them  
So I got rich and gave back  
To me that's the win, win  
The next time you see the homie and his rims spin  
Just know my mind is working just like them  
(The rims that is)

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

My homie Sigel's on a tier  
Where no tears should fall  
'cause he was on the block where no squares get off  
See in my inner circle all we do is ball  
Til we all got triangles on our wall  
He ain't just rappin for the platinum  
You all record  
I recall  
'cause I really been there before  
Four scores and seven years ago  
Prepared to flow  
Prepare for war  
I shall fear no man  
You don't hear me though  
These words ain't just paired to go  
In one ear out the other ear  
NO  
YO  
My balls and my word is all I have  
What you gonna do to me?  
Nigga scars'll scab  
What you gonna box me homie?  
I can dodge and jab  
Three shots couldn't touch me  
Thank God for that  
I'm strong enough to carry Biggie Smalls on my back  
And the whole BK nigga holla back

[Chorus]