

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]