

What We Talkin' About

Jay-Z

[Jay-Z Talking]
Blueprint trios

[Verse 1]

Yeah Yeah What we talkin' bout real shit?
Or we talkin' bout rymes
You talkin' bout millions Or you talking' bout mine
What we talkin' bout Cuz I ain't got time
For what people be talkin' bout all the time
What we talkin' bout fiction Or we talkin' bout fact
You talkin' bout fiction? Hold up pardon my back
I'm talkin' bout life And all I hear is
Oh yeah he keeps talkin' bout crack
I ain't talkin' bout profit I'm talkin' bout pain
I'm talkin' bout despair I'm talkin' bout shame
I ain't talkin' bout gossip I ain't talkin' bout Game
I ain't talkin' bout Jimmy I ain't talkin' bout Dame
I'm talkin' bout real shit Dem people playin'
What is you talkin' bout I don't know what y'all sayin'
People keep talkin' bout Hov take it back
I'm doin' better than before Why would I do that?
Ain't nothing cool bout carryin' a strap
Bout worryin' your moms And buryin' your best cat
Talkin' bout revenge While carryin' his casket
All teary-eyed Bout to take it to a mattress
I'm talkin' bout music I ain't talkin' bout rap
You talkin' bout who's hot I ain't talkin' bout that
The conversation is changed Lets yap about that
I don't run rap no more I run the map

[Hook]

They Talk, We Live, We see what They say, They say, They say
They Talk, We Did, Who cares what They say, They say, They say

[Verse 2]

Still they can't' focus on them They be talkin' bout me
Talkin' bout what I wear Talkin' bout where I be
Check out my hair These ain't curls these is peas
Peasey head still get paid I'm combin' through G's
Please, We ain't focused on naps
Cuz I don't run rap no more I run the map
A small part of the reason the President is black
I told him I got him when he hit me on the jack
Talkin' bout progress I ain't lookin' back
You know I run track Try not to get lapped
People keep talkin' bout Hov left em flat
Try to re-write history Lets talk about facts
Dame made millions Even Jaz made some scraps
He could've made more But he didn't sign his contract
As far as street guys We was dealin' crack
That's just how the game goes I don't owe nobody jack
Grown men want me to sit em on my lap
But I don't have a beard and Santa Claus ain't black
I repeat, You can't sit on my lap
I don't have a beard Now get off my sack
Scream at me

[Repeat Hook]

[Verse 3]

Blueprint 3

And now that that's that Lets talk about the future
We have just seen the dream as predicted by Martin Luther
Now you could choose ta Sit in front of your computa
Posin' with guns Shootin YouTube up
Or you could come with me to the White House get your suit up
You stuck on being hardcore I chuck the duece up
Peace out Medusa
Welcome to the Blue-ah-Print-ah Tre piece Jay-Z your tutor
Toota of my own horn Beep beep move-ya
Ras clot when rude boy come through with the roof up
So I could see the sky
Cause everybody talkin' Hov I think we know why

[Repeat Hook]