

Blue Magic

Jay-Z

Roc-a-fella records
The imperial Skateboard P
Great Hova
Y'all already know what it is (Oh Shit!)

C'mon!

[Verse 1]

Yeah

So what if you flip a couple words
I could triple that in birds
open your mind you see the circus in the sky
I'm Ringling brothers Barnum and Bailey with the pies
No matter how you slice it I'm your motherfucking guy
Just like a B-Boy with 360 waves
Do the same with the pot, still come back beige.
Whether right or south paw, whether powder the jar
Whip it around, it still comes back hard.
So easily do I w-h-i-p
My repetition with wrists will bring you kilo biggers.
I got creole C.O. bitches for my niggas who slipped, became prisoners
Trees taped to the visitors
You already know what the business is
Unnecessary commissary, boy we live this shit
Niggas wanna bring the 80s back
It's OK with me, that's where they made me at
Except I don't write on the wall
I write my name in the history books, hustling in the hall (hustling in the hall)
Nah, I don't spin on my head
I spin work in the pots so I can spend my bread

[Chorus (Pharrell):]

And I'm getting it, I'm getting it
I ain't talking about it, I'm living it
I'm getting it, straight getting it
Ge-ge-ge-get get get it boy
(Don't waste you time, fighting the life stay your course, and you'll understand)
Get it boy

[Verse]

It's '87 state of mind that I'm in (mind that I'm in)
In my prime, so for that time, I'm Rakim (I'm Rakim)
If it wasn't for the crime that I was in
But I wouldn't be the guy whose rhymes it is that I'm in (that I'm in)
No pain, no profit, P I repeat if you show me where the pot is (pot is)
Cherry M3's with the top back (top back)
Red and green G's all on my hat
North beach leathers, matching Gucci sweater
Gucci sneaks on to keep my outfit together
Whatever, hundred for the diamond chain
Can't you tell that I came from the dope game
Blame Reagan for making me into a monster
Blame Oliver North and Iran-Contra
I ran contraband that they sponsored
Before this rhyming stuff we was in concert

[Chorus (Pharrell)]

[Verse 3]

Push (push) money over broads, you got it, fuck Bush
Chef (chef), guess what I cooked
Baked a lot of bread and kept it off the books
Rockstar, look, way before the bars my picture was getting took
Feds, they like wack rappers, tried as they may, couldn't get me on the hook
D.A. wanna indict me
Cause fish scales in my veins like a pisces
The Pyrex pot, rolled up my sleeves
Turn one into two like a Siamese
Twin when it end, I'm a stand as a man never dying on my knees
Last of a dying breed, so let the champagne pop
I partied for a while now I'm back to the block

[Chorus (Pharrell)]