

## Encore

Jay-Z

Thank you, thank you, thank you, you're far too kind

[Chorus]

Now can I get an encore, do you want more  
Cookin raw with the Brooklyn boy  
So for one last time I need y'all to roar

Now what the hell are you waitin for  
After me, there shall be no more  
So for one last time, nigga make some noise

[Verse One]

Who you know fresher than Hov'? Riddle me that  
The rest of y'all know where I'm lyrically at  
Can't none of y'all mirror me back  
Yeah hearin me rap is like hearin G. Rap in his prime  
I'm, young H.O., rap's Grateful Dead  
Back to take over the globe, now break bread  
I'm in, Boeing jets, Global Express  
Out the country but the blueberry still connect  
On the low but the yacht got a triple deck  
But when you Young, what the fuck you expect? Yep, yep  
Grand openin, grand closin  
God damn your man Hov' cracked the can open again  
Who you gon' find doper than him with no pen  
just draw off inspiration  
Soon you gon' see you can't replace him  
with cheap imitations for DESE GENERATIONS

[Chorus - 1/2]

{What the hell are you waiting forrrrr?}

[Verse Two]

[sighs] Look what you made me do, look what I made for you  
Knew if I paid my dues, how will they pay you  
When you first come in the game, they try to play you  
Then you drop a couple of hits, look how they wave to you  
From Marcy to Madison Square  
To the only thing that matters in just a matter of years (yea)  
As fate would have it, Jay's status appears  
to be at an all-time high, perfect time to say goodbye  
When I come back like Jordan, wearin the 4-5  
It ain't to play games witchu  
It's to aim at you, probably maim you  
If I owe you I'm blowin you to smithereens  
Cocksucker take one for your team  
And I need you to remember one thing (one thing)  
I came, I saw, I conquered  
From record sales, to sold out concerts  
So muh'fucker if you want this encore  
I need you to scream, 'til your lungs get sore

[Interlude]

OWWWW! It's star time  
This man is MADE! He's KILLIN all y'all jive turkeys  
Do y'all want more of the Jigga man?

Well if y'all want more of the Jigga man  
Then I need y'all to help me, bring him back to stage  
Say Hova, c'mon say it!  
HO-VA! HO-VA! Are y'all out there? [crowd chants "HO-VA! HO-VA!"]  
Are y'all out there? C'mon, louder!  
Yeah, now see that's what I'm talkin bout  
They love you Jigga - they love you Jigga!

[Jay-Z]  
I like the way this one feel  
It's so muh'fuckin soulful man!  
(Whoaaaaaaahhhh, whoahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, whoahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh)  
Yeah [crowd still chanting] okay

[Verse Three]  
So this here is the victory lap  
Then I'm lea-vin, that's how you get me back  
After a year of them 16's, it's one point two  
And that's two point four, and I'm only doin two  
You wanted to gain attention new dudes  
I can get you BET and TRL too  
You wanna be in the public, send your budget  
Well fuck it, I ain't budgin!  
Young did it to death, you gotta love it  
Record companies told me I couldn't cut it  
Now look at me, all star-studded  
Golfer above par like I putted  
All cause the shit I uttered, was utterly ridiculous  
How sick is this?  
You want to bang, send Kanye change, send Just some dust  
Send Hip a grip, then you got' spit  
A little somethin like this, WOO!

{What the hell are you waiting forrrrr?}  
[piano plays out as crowd cheers loudly]