

In My Lifetime

Jay-Z

This song here..

.. is dedicated to Danny Dan, and may he rest in peace
Who at his funeral left us with the words that
he did it his way (uh-huh, uh-huh)
So, I have no other choice but to do it my way
Uh-huh, uh-huh

Uhh! While niggaz are shootin stupid
I'm carefully plottin, ways to make it rotten
Well planned hits until you're long forgotten
Y'all niggaz that utilize my style don't hurt me, cause on the low
half of these rappin-ass niggaz wanna work for me
Now picture me standin on somebody block tryin to rock
I drop bombs and niggaz see me with that dough by eight o'clock
My feet never touch the concrete, just street sweep awards
While you're starin on my dick nigga, gimme yours!
I don't hassle with capsules cause that'll make the grass grow
and get a project nigga paid up the asshole
if I'ma risk a frisk, gettin my wrists wrapped up in steel
I'm out here tryin to make a mill', my shit is real for real
While others worship guns I worship tons of money
tons of fun, laughin at shit that ain't even funny
So I ain't pressed to make a CD, I took it slow
Eighty percent of these niggaz with deals
can't see me with the dough, uhh!

In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough
I need a whole lot of dough (for real!)
In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash
I need a whole lot of cash (stay real!)
In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of dough
I need a whole lot of dough *
In my lifetime, I need to see a whole lot of stash
I need a whole lot of cash

*1: (for real!)

*2: (true!)

*3: (true!)

More ice than winter ninety-four
I toured the fifty states with a trunk of raw
Recrutin, I'm hittin shortieess with consignment, but don't play me
Ohh you gon' pay me, y'all niggaz ain't crazy!
I'm laid back in the five thousand Italian leather seat recliner
under some vagina, discussin the finer, things
My crib is mean, watchin a hundred inch screen
Lettin the shorties slide by once in a while and let em dream
They think I've mastered the game cause dames scream my name
with passion, I tell em stop flashin and start stashin
And we'll all get off the corner, the only heat you'll feel
is from a sauna, lettin bubbles shoot up your ass if you wanna
And fuck that weed, it keeps you broke, invest in
pounds of herbs and profit if niggaz wanna smoke dope
But keep your nuts cause this is a man's game
And we'll all pop champagne til it's a damn shame

I'm shootin to Vegas gamblin green-o at the casino

Schoolin the dice like Vinny Barberino
Welcome back, the ninety-four version of the mack
As soon as these ladies see me they don't know how to act
Cause like that, nigga, never twist the cap of malt liquor
Only pop and droppin Cristal's down my throat, take a swigga
My style, ladies intoxicated by my profile
Your rollin with a pro with, money to blow child
You need to feel how sweet the skills be
to come and slide down Sugar Hill with me
The high roller, rolled up on your dice game
Unfold a pack of bills, grab my balls then bet it all
I never slept, cause sleepin keeps you deep in debt
On the block you lucky if you see my silhouette
I'm ghost, envied by most
So I keep a crew of crazy tenants that's sling toast, fucker

Haha, f'real! Jay-Z lives
Ski, Roc-a-Blok Productions, uh-huh, uh-huh
Dame Dash.. ha-ha
Roc-a-fella Records.. uh-huh
Everybody from Brooklyn
Sauce Money, Big Sarge, B Hah
DJ Clark Kent, everybody Uptown
?, my V-A click running thick
D'Shawn definitely in the house
Roughness y'all, this how we do