

Public Service Announcement

Jay-Z

This is a public service announcement
Sponsored by Just Blaze and the good folks at Roc-A-Fella records
Fellow Americans, it is with the utmost pride and sincerity
That I present this recording, as a living testament and recollection
Of history in the makin' durin' our generation

Allow me to re-introduce myself
My name is Hov', oh, H to the O V
I used to move snowflakes by the O Z
I guess even back then you can call me
C.E.O. of the ROC, Hov'
Fresh out the fryin' pan into the fire
I be the, music biz number one supplier
Flyer than a piece of paper bearin' my name
Got the hottest chick in the game wearin' my chain

That's right Hov', oh, not D.O.C.
But similar to them letters, "No one can do it better"
I check Cheddar like a food inspector
My homey strict told me, "Dude finish your breakfast"
So that's what I'ma do, take you back to the dude
With the Lexus, fast-forward the jewels and the necklace
Let me tell you dudes what I do to protect this
I shoot at you actors like movie directors
This ain't a movie dog

Now before I finish, let me just say
I did not come here to show out
Did not come here to impress you
Because to tell you the truth when I leave here I'm gone
And I don't care what you think about me, but just remember
When it hits the fan brother, whether it's next year, ten years
Twenty years from now, you're gonna be able to say
That these brothers lied to you Jack

Ving ain't lie
I done came through the block in everything that's fly
I'm like, Che Guevara with bling on, I'm complex
I never claimed to have wings on
Nigga I get mine, by any means on whenever there's a drought
Get your umbrellas out because, that's when I brainstorm
You can blame Shawn, but I ain't invent the game
I just rolled the dice, tryin' to get some change

And I do it twice, ain't no sense in me
Lyin' as if, I am a different man
And I could blame my environment but
There ain't no reason why I be buyin' expensive chains
Hope you don't think, you'se as hardy
Only a few-us niggaz, gettin' high within' the game
If you do then, how would you explain?
I'm ten years removed, still the vibe is in my veins

I got a hustler spirit, nigga period
Check out my hat yo, peep the way I wear it
Check out my swag' yo, I walk like a ballplayer
No matter where you go, you are what you are player

And you can try to change but that's just as hot player
Man, you was who you was 'fore you got here
Only God can judge me, so I'm gone
Either love me, or leave me alone