

Somewhereinamerica

Jay-Z

Shout out to old Jews and old rules
New blacks with new stacks
I already been the king
Retro act, I'm just bringing it back like Jordan Packs
New money, they looking down on me
Blue bloods they trying to clown on me
You can turn up your nose high society
Never gone turn down the homie
Knock knock I'm at your neighbor house
Straight cash I bought ya neighbor out
You should come to the housewarming
Come and see what your new neighbor 'bout
Yellow Lambo in the driveway
A buck thirty-five, I'm on the highway
Frank Sinatra on my Sonos
Loud as fuck, I did it my way
A million sold before the album dropped
White Lexus before I had a deal
Ask Bun B about me
This ain't no snap back, a nigga been trill
By the way, fuck your math
You ain't gotta count it my nigga I can add
1 million, 2 million, 3 million, 20 million
Oh, I'm so good at math
Might crash ya Internet
And I ain't even into that
When I was talking Instagram
Last thing you wanted was your picture snapped
Feds still lurking
They see I'm still putting work in
Cause somewhere in America
Miley Cyrus is still twerkin'

Twerk, twerk, twerk, twerk
Twerk, Miley, Miley, twerk
Twerk,
Twerk, Miley, Miley, Miley, twerk
Twerk, yeah, ugh-huh
Twerk, Miley, Miley, Miley
Only in America