

Success

Jay-Z

[Jay-Z:]

I got these niggas breezy, don't worry about it
Let that bitch breathe!
I used to give a fuck, now I give a fuck less
What do I think of success
It sucks too much to stress
I guess I blew up quick, cause friends I grew up with
See me as a primi, but I'm not and my nut's big
I don't know what the fuss is
My career is illustrious
My rep is impeccable
I'm not to be fucked with, with shit
Let that bitch breathe!
I'm way too important to be talking extorting
Asking me for a portion is like asking me for a coffin
Broad daylight I off ya on switch
Ya not too bright, goodnight, long kiss,
Bye-bye, my reply, blah-blah
Blast burner then pass burner, to TyTy
Finish my breakfast, why?
I got an appetite for destruction and you're a small fry
Now where was I
Let that bitch breathe!
I used to give a shit, now I don't give a shit more
Truth be told, I had more fun when I was piss poor
I'm pissed off, is this what success all about
A bunch of niggas acting like bitches with big mouths
All this stress, all I got is this big house
Couple cars, I don't bring half of them shits out
All this ace of spade I drank, just to piss out
I mean I like the taste, could have saved myself six hours
How many times can I go to Mr. Chow's, Tao's, Nobu
Hold up, let me move my bowels
I'll shit on y'all niggas, OG tell these boys

[Juan:]

Y'all ain't got shit on my nigga

[Jay-Z:]

I got watches I ain't seen in months
Apartment at the Trump I only slept in it once
Nigga said Hova was over, such dummies
Even if I fell I land on a bunch of money
Y'all ain't got nothing for me
Nas, let that bitch breathe!

[Nas:]

Success, McLaren, women starin'
My villain appearance
Sacred blood of a king
In my vein ain't spillin'
Ghetto Othello, Sugar Hill, Romero
Camaro driven
I climax from paper then ask why is life worth livin'
Is it the hunt for the shit that you want
To receive is great but I lust giving
The best jewelers want to make my things

I make Jacob shit on Lorraine, just to make me a chain
Niggas mention of one love, came home to paper in hand
Ain't got to brag about the feds young man
Old cribs I sold, y'all drive by like monuments
Google Earth Nas, I got flats in other continents
Worst enemies want to be my best friends
Best friends want to be enemies, like that's what's in
But I don't give a fuck, walk inside the lion's den
Take everybody's chips, about to cash them in
Up your catalogue dog, mines worth too much
Like Mike Jack's ATV Pub, Mottola can't touch
Let this bitch breathe!

[Jay-Z & Nas:]

Let this bitch breathe!