

The Ruler's Back

JAY-Z

[Jay-Z]
Uh-huh uhh, uhh, uh-uhh
Uh-huh uhh, uhh, uhh
Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!
I, am, back, niggaz
Ha ha ha ha ha. uh-oh, uh-oh - whoo!
Ladies and gentlemen. H, to the Izzo
I wanna thank everybody out there for they purchase
I surely appreciate it - whoo!
What you about to witness is my thoughts
Just my thoughts man - right or wrong
Just what I was feeling at the time, uhh
You ever felt like this, you vibe with me
Walk with a nigga man - just vibe with me
Yo, gather round hustlers that's if you still livin
And get on down, to that ol' Jig rhythm
Here's a couple of jewels to help you get through your bid in prison
A ribbon in the sky, keep your head high
I, Young 'Vito, voice of the young people
Mouthpiece for hustlers I'm back motherfuckers
Your reign on the top was shorter than leprechauns
Y'all can't fuck with Hov', what type of X y'all on?
I got great lawyers for cops so dress warm
Charges don't stick to dude he's teflon
I'm too sexy for jail like I'm Right Said Fred
I'm not guilty, now GIMME back my bread
Mr. District Attorney I'm not sure if they told you
I'm on TV every day, where the fuck could I go to
plus - Hov' don't run, Hov' stand and fight
Hov's a soldier, Hov' been fightin all his life so
What could you do to me? It's not new to me
Sue me; fuck you - what's a couple dollars to me?
But you will respect me, simple as that
Or I got no problem goin back
I'm representin for the seat where Rosa Parks sat
Where Malcolm X was shot, where Martin Luther was popped
So off we go, let the trumpets blow
And hold on, because the driver of the mission is a pro
The ruler's back
Uhh, uh-huh uhh uhh
I, am, BACK, niggaz - whoo! whoo! whoo! whoo!
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Turn the motherfuckin music up
The ruler's back
I, am, back, niggaz
Yeah, geah, yeah, geah, yeah, geah, yeah Well in these times, well at least to me
There's a lot of rappers out there tryin to sound like Jay-Z
I'll help you out, here's what you do
You gonna need a wide lens cause that's a VERR' big shoe
And you got a couple of +Beans+ and you don't have a +Clue+?
You situation is +Bleek+, I'ma keep it +Rell+ cause
Fuckin with me, you gotta drop +Amil+
Cause if you gonna cop somethin you gotta cop f'real
Don't only talk it, walk like it - from the Bricks to the booth
I can predict the future like Cleo the psychic
You can't date skee-os and wife it (uh-uh)
And you can't sell me bullshit, we know the prices
So what your life is? We gon' roll
'til the wheels fall off, y'all muh'fuckers check the tires
Off we go, let the trumpets blow
And hold on, because the driver of that Bentley is a pro
The ruler's back Uhh, uhh
I, am, back, niggaz
Feels good! Ha
Pah, holla at me!
The ruler's back
Yeah. whoo!
Yeah. yeah. yeah. Now bounce, c'mon, bounce
Uhh, whoo! Whoo!
Bounce, c'mon, bounce
Uhh, uhh, yeah, yeah
Bounce, c'mon, bounce
Uhh, yeah, just my thoughts ladies and gentlemen
Just what I'm feelin at the time, you know what I mean?
Knahmean? {*music fades w/ ad libs*}

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>