

# Intro - Hand It Down (feat. Memphis Bleek)

## JAY-Z

Sorry boys.  
but all the money in the world couldn't bring me back again  
Lay down, lay down  
Gonna stretch my mic out in Ponce Funeral Home on Marcy  
All those new niggaz stop there  
but a lot later than a whole gang of people thought  
The last of the real hustlers, well  
maybe not the last  
Bleek's gonna be a good rapper  
New, IMPROVED Jay-Z  
I quit  
I'm retirin  
Ain't enough money in THIS game, to keep me around  
Sorry Big, I tried  
Honest  
Can't go with me on this ride though  
I'm callin the shots  
The bar's closing  
Where we going to for breakfast?  
Roc-a-Fella y'all  
OKAY, I'M RELOADED!  
"Bringin the drama""Tryin to come up in the game"  
"Marcy"  
"Had a couple of dollar signs to my name"  
"Roc-a-Fella y'all"  
"One of the best!"  
"Waitin for my day to come"  
"Just give me the word"  
Nah this ain't Jigga it's your lil nigga Bleek  
Reportin to these motherfuckers live from the street  
Game I peeped those, my mind so advanced  
At nine I used to geese hoes for Easter clothes  
Peep the steez, I represent for all those  
with 28 grams, on a come-up tryin to creep the keys  
Large niggaz told me park the car, keep the keys  
Find a hoodrat and creep to Mickey D's  
First gun two bullets, niggaz know I do pull it  
Niggaz tryin to kill me dog, who wouldn't?  
Screw Gooden, I pitch in the PJ's  
Lit off the EJ, I split Dutchies with my ring finger  
You find a bitch that don't be cream, bring her  
Last seen with Bing, he got dropped between us

Shit is constant, that's why I pack the  
Johnson and Johnson for the nonsense who wants it?  
I go to sleep with a picture of a Porsche on my wall  
Man I'm tryin to come up on y'all  
Get one up on y'all, that's why I hustle in these streets  
from sundown to sunup on y'all  
Mama said keep bullshittin they'll kill you dead  
One week of this hustlin brought a living room set  
Went to? D's, niggaz mad, veins out  
Copped the Jordan's, two weeks before they came out  
Flashy, fly little nigga  
Nosy bitch from the third floor like "Why little nigga?"  
Bitch please, twist the trees  
Took a long pull, like bitch to breathe  
That's my answer, life's like cancer  
And I'm serious"Waitin for my day to come"  
"Just give me the word"

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