

December 4Th

JAY-Z

[Intro: Gloria Carter]

Shawn Carter was born December 4th
Weighing in at ten pounds, eight ounces
He was the last of my four children
The only one who didn't give me any pain, when I gave birth to him
And that's how I knew, that he was a special child"Hi baby, what's wrong? You look like,
you've lost your best friend
Tell me, is it something that I've done again?
You look like, you've lost your best friend
Tell me."

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

They say they never really miss you 'til you dead or you gone
So on that note I'm leavin after this song
See you ain't gotta feel no way about Jay so long
At least let me tell you why I'm this way, hold on
I was conceived by Gloria Carter and Adnus Reeves
Who made love under the sycamore tree
Which makes me, a more sicker MC and my momma would claim
At ten pounds when I was born I didn't give her no pain
Although through the years I gave her her fair share
I gave her her first real scare, I made up for birth when I got here
She knows my purpose was on purpose, I ain't perfect, I care
But I feel worthless cause my shirts wasn't matchin my gear
Now I'm just scratchin the surface cause what's buried under there
Was a kid torn apart once his pop disappeared
I went to school, got good grades, could behave when I wanted
But I had demons deep inside that would raise when confronted
Hold on

[Interlude: Gloria Carter]

Shawn was a very shy child growing up
He was into sports, and a funny story is
At four, he taught himself how to ride a bike
A two-wheel at that, isn't that special?
But, I noticed a change in him. when me and my husband, broke up[Verse Two: Jay-Z]
Now all the teachers couldn't reach me and my momma couldn't beat me
Hard enough to match the pain of my pop not seein me SO!
With disdain in my membrane
Got on my pimp game, fuck the world, my defense came
Then the Haven introduced me to the game
Spanish Jose introduced me to 'caine; I'm a hustler now
My gear is in, and I'm in the in-crowd
And all the wavy light-skinned girls is lovin me now

My self-esteem went through the roof, man I got my swag'
Got a Volvo from this girl when her man got bagged
Plus I hit my momma with cash from a show that I had
supposedly - knowin nobody paid Jaz wack ass
I'm gettin ahead of myself, by the way, I could rap
That came second to me movin this crack
Give me a second I swear, I would say about my rap career
'til ninety-six came, niggaz I'm here - goodbye! [Interlude: Gloria Carter]
Shawn used to be in the kitchen, beating on the table and rapping
And umm, into the wee hours of the morning
And then I brought him a boombox
And his sisters and brothers said that he would drive them nuts
But, that was my way to keep him close to me, and out of trouble [Verse Three: Jay-Z]
Goodbye to the game all the spoils, the adrenaline rush
Your blood boils, you in a spot, knowin cops could rush
at you in the drop, you so easy to touch
No two days are alike, except the 1st and 15th pretty much
And trust, is a word you seldom hear from us
Hustlers, we don't sleep, we rest one eye up
And a drought could define a man when the well dries up
You learn the worth of water
Without work you thirst 'til you die - YUP!
And niggaz get tied up for product
And little brothers ring fingers get cut up
to show mothers they really got 'em
And this is the stress I lived with
'til I decided to try this rap shit for a livin
I pray I'm forgiven - for every bad decision I made
Every sister I played - cause I'm still paranoid to this day
And it's nobody fault, I made the decisions I've made
This is the life I chose, or rather the life that chose me [Outro: Fades out]
If you can't respect that, your whole perspective is whack
Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black
If you can't respect that, your whole perspective is whack
Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black
Now if you can't respect that, your whole perspective is whack
Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black
If you can't respect that, your whole perspective is whack
Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black.

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