

# Renegade (feat. Eminem)

JAY-Z

Motherfuckers -  
say that I'm foolish I only talk about jewels  
Do you fools listen to music or do you just skim through it?  
See I'm influenced by the ghetto you ruined  
That same dude you gave nothin, I made somethin doin  
what I do through and through and  
I give you the news - with a twist it's just his ghetto point-of-view  
The Renegade; you been afraid  
I penetrate pop culture, bring 'em a lot closer to the block where they  
pop toasters, and they live with they moms  
Got dropped roasters, from botched robberies niggaz crotched over  
Mommy's knocked up cause she wasn't watched over  
Knocked down by some clown when child support knocked  
No he's not around - now how that sound to ya, jot it down  
I bring it through the ghetto without ridin 'round  
hidin down duckin strays from frustrated youths stuck in they ways  
Just read a magazine that fucked up my day  
How you rate music that thugs with nothin relate to it?  
I help them see they way through it - not you  
Can't step in my pants, can't walk in my shoes  
Bet everything you worth; you lose your tie and your shirt  
Since I'm in a position to talk to these kids and they listen  
I ain't no politician but I'll kick it with 'em a minute  
Cause see they call me a menace; and if the shoe fits I'll wear it  
But if it don't, then y'all'll swallow the truth grin and bear it  
Who could inherit the title, put the youth in hysterics  
Usin his music to steer it, sharin his views and his merits  
But there's a huge interference - they're sayin you shouldn't hear it  
Maybe it's hatred I spew, maybe it's food for the spirit  
Maybe it's beautiful music I made for you to just cherish  
But I'm debated disputed hated and viewed in America  
as a motherfuckin drug addict - like you didn't experiment?  
Now now, that's when you start to stare at who's in the mirror  
and see yourself as a kid again, and you get embarrassed  
And I got nothin to do but make you look stupid as parents  
You fuckin do-gooders - too bad you couldn't do good at marriage!  
(Ha ha!) And do you have any clue what I had to do to get here I don't  
think you do so stay tuned and keep your ears glued to the stereo  
Cause here we go - he's  
And I'm the sinister, Mr. Kiss-My-Ass it's just the  
Renegade! Never been afraid to say  
what's on my mind at, any given time of day

Cause I'm a Renegade! Never been afraid to talk  
about anything (ANYTHING) anything (ANYTHING), Renegade!  
Never been afraid to say  
what's on my mind at, any given time of day Cause I'm a {Renegade} Never been afraid to holler  
about anything {anything?} Anything {ANYTHING!}  
I had to hustle, my back to the wall, ashy knuckles  
Pockets filled with a lot of lint, not a cent  
Gotta vent, lot of innocent of lives lost on the project bench  
Whatchu hollerin? Gotta pay rent, bring dollars in  
By the bodega, iron under my coat, feelin braver  
Doo-rag wrappin my waves up, pockets full of hope  
Do not step to me - I'm awkward, I box leftier often  
My pops left me an orphan, my momma wasn't home  
Could not stress to me I wasn't grown; 'specially on nights  
I brought somethin home to quiet the stomach rumblings  
My demeanor - thirty years my senior  
My childhood didn't mean much, only raisin green up  
Raisin my fingers to critics; raisin my head to the sky Big I did it - multi before I die (nigga)  
No lie, just know I chose my own fate  
I drove by the fork in the road and went straight  
See I'm a poet to some, a regular modern day Shakespeare  
Jesus Christ the King of these Latter Day Saints here  
To shatter the picture in which of that as they paint me  
as a monger of hate and Satan a scatter-brained atheist  
But that ain't the case, see it's a matter of taste  
We as a people decide if Shady's as bad as they say he is  
Or is he the latter - a gateway to escape?  
Media scapegoat, who they can be mad at today  
See it's easy as cake, simple as whistlin Dixie  
while I'm wavin the pistol at sixty Christians against me  
Go to war with the Mormons, take a bath with the Catholics  
in holy water - no wonder they try to hold me under longer  
I'm a motherfuckin spiteful, DELIGHTFUL eyeful The new Ice Cube - motherfuckers HATE to  
like you  
What did I do? (huh?) I'm just a kid from the gutter  
makin this butter off these bloodsuckers, cause I'm a muh'fuckin  
- repeat 345X jay z greatest rapper alive sucka  
(sorry to tell you but eminem murdered him on this track; R.I.P jay z)  
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