Jay-Z, Family Feud (ft. Beyoncé)

super Bowl goals
My wife in the crib feeding the kids liquid feuds
we in a hole different mode
kid that used to pitch bricks can’t be pigeonholed
I cooked up more chicken when the kitchen closed
we gon’ reach a billi first
I told my wife the spiritual shit really work
Alamdullilah, IO run through them all
hovi’s home
all these phonies come to a halt
all this old talk left me confused
you’d rather be old rich me or new you?
and old niggas
y’all stop acting brand new
like 2 Pack ain’t have a nose ring too

Nobody wins when the family feuds
but my stash can’t fit into Steve Harvey’s suit
I’m clear why I’m here
how about you
ain;t no such thing as an ugly billionaire
I’m cute
retty much
if nobody getting handsome checks
it should be us
fuck rap
crack cocaine
we did that
Black-owned things

hundred percent
Black-owned champagne
and we merrily merrily eating off these streams
y’all still drinking Perrier-jouet,
But we ai’t get through to you yet
What’s better than billionaire
two
specially oif they’re from the same hue as you
y’all stop me when I stop tellin the truth

I would say I’m the realest nigga rappin
but that ain’t even a statement
that’s like sayin I’m the tallet midget
wait, that ain;t politically correct
forget it
can I get amen from the congregation?
amen, amen
amen, amen