

# Encore - Jay-Z Lyrics

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## "Encore"

Thank you, thank you, thank you

You're far too kind

Woo

Yeah, woo, woo, uh-huh

Can I get an encore, do you want more?

Cookin' raw with the Brooklyn boy

So for one last time I need y'all to roar

Now what the hell are you waitin for

After me, there shall be no more

So for one last time, nigga make some noise

Who you know fresher than Hov'? Riddle me that

The rest of y'all know where I'm lyrically at

Can't none of y'all mirror me back

Yeah, hearin' me rap is like hearin' G Rap in his prime

I'm, young H-O, rap's Grateful Dead

Back to take over the globe, now break bread

I'm in, Boeing jets, Global Express

Out the country but the blueberry still connect

On the low but the yacht got a triple deck

But when you Young, what the fuck you expect? Yep, yep

Grand openin', grand closin'

God your man Hov' cracked the can open again

Who you gon' find doper than him

With no pen just draw off inspiration

Soon you gon' see you can't replace him

With cheap imitations for these generations

Can I get an encore, do you want more?

Cookin' raw with the Brooklyn boy

So for one last time I need y'all to roar

What the hell are you waitin for

Look what you made me do, look what I made for you

Knew if I paid my dues, how will they pay you

When you first come in the game, they try to play you  
Then you drop a couple of hits, look how they wave to you

From Marcy to Madison Square

To the only thing that matters in just a matter of years (yeah)

As fate would have it, Jay's status appears

To be at an all-time high

Perfect time to say goodbye

When I come back like Jordan, wearin' the 4-5

It ain't to play games with you

It's to aim at you, probably maim you

If I owe you I'm blowin' you to smithereens

Cocksucker take one for your team

And I need you to remember one thing (one thing)

I came, I saw, I conquered

From record sales, to sold out concerts

So motherfucker if you want this encore

I need you to scream, 'til your lungs get sore

Oww, it's star time

This man is mean, he's killin' all y'all jive turkeys

Do y'all want more of the Jigga man?

Well, if y'all want more of the Jigga man

Then I need y'all to help me bring him back to stage

Say "HOVA", come on, say it

HOVA, HOVA, HOVA

Are y'all out there? Are y'all out there?

C'mon, louder

Yeah, now see that's what I'm talking about

They love you, Jigga! They love you, Jigga!

I like the way this one feel

It's so motherfuckin' soulful, man

Yeah, okay

So this here is the victory lap

Then I'm leavin', that's how you get me back

After a year of them 16's, it's one point two

And that's two point four, and I'm only doin' two

You wanted to gain attention new dudes

I can get you BET and TRL too

You wanna be in the public, send your budget

Well, fuck it, I ain't budgin'

Young did it to death, you gotta love it  
Record companies told me I couldn't cut it  
Now look at me, all star-studded  
Golfer above par like I putted

All 'cause the shit I uttered, was utterly ridiculous

How sick is this?

You want to bang, send Kanye change, send Just some ducks

Send Hip a grip, then you got' spit

A little somethin like this (woo, woo)

What the hell are you waiting for?

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