



## Droppin the Needle July 8, 2004

I'm like a Russian mobster, drinkin distilled vodka  
'Til I'm under the field with Hoffa, it's real  
Pillow-top him like a toupee  
Mix the water, with the soda  
Turn the pot up make a soufflee  
All of y'all can get it like group-ays in your 2-way  
I'm livin proof that crime do pay  
Say hooray to the bad guy, and all the broads  
puttin cars in they name for the stars of the game  
Puttin 'caine in they bras and their tomorrows on the train  
All in the name of love  
Just to see that love locked in chains and the family came  
over the house to take back, everything that they claimed  
Or even the worst pain is the distress  
Learnin you're the mistress only after that love gets slain  
And the anger and the sorrow mixed up leads to mistrust  
Now it gets tough to ever love a-gain  
But the allure of the game, keeps callin your name  
To all the Lauras of the world, I feel your pain  
To all the Christies in every cities and Tiffany Lanes  
We all hustlers, in love with the same thang

Jay-Z, "Allure", The Black Album