

Jay Z - Family Feud (feat. Beyoncé)

Tom: **G**
 Intro: **Ebm**
 (Ha-ya) My nigga got on
Abm
 (Ha-ya) My nigga got on all white, no socks
Gb
 (Ha-ya, ha-ya)
Abm
 My nigga got that cocaina on today
Gb
 That's how he feel, turn my vocal up (Ha-ya)
Abm
 That's how you feel, Emory? (Ha-ya)
Abm
 Turn my vocal up some more
 Turn my vocal up, Guru! (Ha-ya)
E
 Turn the music up too (Ha-ya-ya-ya)

Abm
 Super Bowl goals
 My wife in the crib feedin' the kids liquid gold
 We in a whole different mode
B
 Kid that used to pitch bricks can't be pigeonholed
Abm
 I cooked up more chicken when the kitchen closed
Abm
 Uh, we gon' reach a billi' first
Abm
 I told my wife the spiritual shit really work
B
 Alhamdulillah, I run through 'em all
 Hovi's home, all these phonies come to a halt
B
 All this old talk left me confused
Abm
 You'd rather be old rich me or new you?
Eb
 And old niggas, y'all stop actin' brand new
B
 Like 2Pac ain't have a nose ring too, huh
Abm
 Nobody wins when the family feuds
Abm **Eb**
 But my stash can't fit into Steve Harvey's suit
Abm **Eb**
 I'm clear why I'm here, how about you?
Abm **Eb**
 Ain't no such thing as an ugly billionaire, I'm cute
Abm **Eb**
 (Mmmmm) Pretty much
Abm
 If anybody gettin' handsome checks, it should be us
B
 Fuck rap, crack cocaine
 Nah, we did that, Black-owned things
Abm
 Hundred percent, Black-owned champagne
Eb
 And we merrily merrily eatin' off these streams
B **Eb**
 Y'all still drinkin' Perrier-Jouët, hah
Abm
 But we ain't get through to you yet, uh
B **Eb**
 What's better than one billionaire? Two (two)
Abm
 'Specially if they're from the same hue as you
 Y'all stop me when I stop tellin' the truth

Ebm
 Hahahaha (Ha-ya)
Abm
 I would say I'm the realest nigga rappin' (Ha-ya)
Gb

But that ain't even a statement (Ha-ya)
 That's like sayin' I'm the tallest midget (Ha-ya)
Abm **Gb**
 Wait, that ain't politically correct , forget it (Ha-ya)
 Can I get "Amen" from the congregation?
Abm
 Amen, amen (Ha-ya)
 Can I get a "Amen" from the congregation?
 Amen, amen (Ha-ya)
E
 Ha-ya-ya-ya

Abm
 Yeah, I'll fuck up a good thing if you let me
 Let me alone, Becky
B
 A man that don't take care his family can't be rich
Abm
 I'll watch Godfather, I miss that whole shit
 My consciousness was Michael's common sense
B
 I missed the karma that came as a consequence
Abm **B**
 Niggas bustin' off through the curtains 'cause she hurtin'
 Kay losin' the babies 'cause their future's uncertain
 Nobody wins when the family feuds
B
 We all screwed 'cause we never had the tools
Abm
 I'm tryna fix you
Abm
 I'm tryna get these niggas with no stripes to be official
 Y'all think small, I think Biggie
Abm
 Y'all whole pass is in danger, ten Mississippi
 Al Sharpton in the mirror takin' selfies
Abm
 How is him or Pill Cosby s'posed to help me?
 Old niggas never accepted me
B
 New niggas is the reason I stopped drinkin' Dos Equis
Abm
 We all lose when the family feuds
Ebm
 What's better than one billionaire? Two

Abm
 Hahahah
Gb
 I'll be damned if I drink some Belvedere while Puff got CÎROC
Abm
 Y'all need to stop

Gb
 (Ha-ya) Ha-ya, ha-ya, ha-ya, ha-ya
 (Ha-ya) Ha-ya, ha-ya, ha-ya
Abm
 (Ha-ya) Ha-ya, ha-ya, ha-ya
Gb
 Ha-ya-ya-ya
E
 Ha-ya, ha-ya
Abm
 Love me like, love
B **Ebm**
 Yeah yeah yeah
B **Ebm**
 Like... yeah, yeah, yeah
B **Ebm**
 Like... yeah, yeah, yeah
B **Ebm**
 Like... yeah, yeah, yeah
B **Ebm**
 Like... yeah, yeah, yeah
B **Ebm**
 Like... yeah, yeah, yeah
B **Ebm**
 Like... yeah, yeah, yeah

Acordes

