

# JU\$T (feat. Pharrell Williams & Zack de la Rocha)

## Run The Jewels

Mastered economics 'cause you took yourself from squalor (Slave)  
Mastered academics 'cause your grades say you a scholar (Slave)  
Mastered Instagram 'cause you can instigate a follow (Shit)  
Look at all these slave masters posin' on yo' dollar (Get it, yeah)[Chorus: Killer Mike, Pharrell  
Williams, Zack de la Rocha & El-P]  
Look at all these slave masters (Ayy) posin' on yo' dollar (Get it, yeah)  
Look at all these slave masters (Ayy) posin' on yo' dollar (Get it)  
Look at all these slave masters (Ayy) posin' on yo' dollar (Get it, yeah)  
Look at all these slave masters  
Ayy  
Business time, I'm on mine, I be mindin' mine (Make money)  
Every time on my grind, I'm just tryna shine (Stay sunny)  
Make a dollar, government, they want a dozen dimes (No cap)  
The petty kind, might kill ya 'cause they see you shine (Stay strapped)  
I done had to have a talk with myself many times (For real)  
Am I a hypocrite 'cause I know I did plenty crimes? (Yes, I'm is)  
I get broke too many times, I might slang some dimes (Back to trappin')  
You believe corporations runnin' marijuana? (How that happen? Ooh)  
And your country gettin' ran by a casino owner (Ooh)  
Pedophiles sponsor all these fuckin' racist bastards (They do)  
And I told you once befo' that you should kill your master (It's true)  
Now that's the line that's probably gon' get my ass assassinated (Yeah-yeah, yeah)Master of  
these politics, you swear that you got options (Slave, yeah)  
Master of opinion 'cause you vote with the white collar (Slave)  
The Thirteenth Amendment says that slavery's abolished (Shit)  
Look at all these slave masters posin' on yo' dollar (Get it)  
[Chorus: Killer Mike, Pharrell Williams, Zack de la Rocha & El-P]  
Look at all these slave masters (Ayy) posin' on yo' dollar (Get it, yeah)  
Look at all these slave masters (Ayy) posin' on yo' dollar (Get it)  
Look at all these slave masters (Ayy) posin' on yo' dollar (Get it, yeah)  
Look at all these slave masters(Confucius said)  
Man, you better thug out, get the bag and then bug out (Uh)  
Try to run home, you might run your luck out  
'Cause just when your bases loaded  
They'll roll a grenade in the dugout (You're out)  
Earth folk, not a mellow bunch  
We got our thumbs in the air like hell or bust (Uh)  
Look at who we done blessed with our trust  
I dont think we'll be left with too much  
Hand on my heart and my mind on my drugs

Got a Vonnegut punch for your Atlas shrugs  
 They love to not love it's just that dumb  
 Lord, sweet Buddha please make me numb  
 Brain bounce off walls like a sentient Roomba  
 Just found out his creator's stupid  
 Lit by the supermoon, I'm too lucid  
 Plus got shrooms in the blood, I'm zoomin'  
 Beep beep, Richie, this is New York City  
 The X on the map where the pain keep hitting  
 Just us ducks here sitting  
 Where murderous chokehold cops still earnin' a livin'  
 Funny how some say money don't matter  
 That's rich now, isn't it, get it? Comedy  
 Try to sell a pack a smokes to get food  
 Get killed and it's not an anomaly  
 But hey, it's just money Mastered economics 'cause you took yourself from squalor (Slave, yeah)  
 Mastered academics 'cause your grades say you a scholar (Slave)  
 Mastered Instagram 'cause you can instigate a follow (Shit, yeah)  
 Look at all these slave masters (Yeah-yeah)  
 Let it sink in (Yeah) 2020, run the map  
 Raw, uncut, yeah my hourglass  
 Don't watch it spill to the bottom half  
 You see the piece, now run it fast  
 On the tarmac, in a starter jack  
 C4 when I run it back  
 Like a track star, run a record lap?  
 Nah, like when his needle catch (Yeah)  
 Clean look, poet pugilist  
 A shooters view, a Zapruder flick (Yeah)  
 Too rude for ya rudiments  
 Who convinced you you could move against the crew?  
 In this, comin' up through the fence  
 Off shore outta Port-au-Prince (Yeah)  
 Overture left his fingerprints  
 On our hearts at the gate and the world our residence  
 How can we be the peace?  
 When the beast gonna reach for the worst (Yeah)  
 Tear all the flesh off the Earth  
 Stage set for a deafening reckoning  
 Quick like the pace of a verse  
 So I'm questioning this quest for things  
 As a recipe for early death threatening (Yeah)  
 But the breath in me is weaponry  
 For you, it's just money

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>