

Jay-Z, "Picasso Baby," Magna Carta Holy Grail

[Verse 1]

I just want a Picasso in my casa, no, my castle
I'm a hassa, no, I'm an asshole
I'm never satisfied, can't knock my hustle
I wanna Rothko, no, I want a brothel
No, I want a wife that fuck me like a prostitute
Let's make love on a million
In a dirty hotel with the fan on the ceiling
All for the love of drug dealing
Marble floors, gold ceilings
Oh, what a feeling, fuck it, I want a billion
Jeff Koons balloons, I just wanna blow up
Condos in my condos, I wanna row of
Christie's with my missy, live at the MoMA
Bacon and turkey bacon, smell the aroma

[Hook]

Oh, what a feeling
Picasso baby

[Verse 2]

It ain't hard to tell, I'm the new Jean Michel
Surrounded by Warhols, my whole team ball
Twin Bugattis outside the Art Basel
I just wanna live life colossal
Leonardo Da Vinci flows
Riccardo Tisci Givenchy clothes
See me throning at the Met
Vogueing on these niggas, champagne on my
breath, yes
House like the Louvre or the Tate Modern
Cause I be going ape at the auction
Oh what a feeling, aw, fuck it, I want a trillion
Sleeping every night next to Mona Lisa
The modern day version with better features
Yellow Basquiat in my kitchen corner
Go 'head, lean on that shit Blue, you own it

[Hook]

[Break]

"Et là je t'ai tout donné, montré, rien à cacher,
tu es là Ivy, comme le nombre d'or. Jay,
comment tu dis nombre d'or?"
"The golden number."
"Touché."

[Verse 3]

I never stuck my cock in the fox's box but
Damned if I ain't open Pandora's box
They try to slander your man on CNN and Fox
My Mirandas don't stand a chance with cops
Even my old fans like "old man just stop"
I could if I would but I can't, I'm hot
And you blow, I'm still the man to watch
Hublot on my left hand or not
Soon I step out the booth, the cameras pops
Niggas is cool with it 'til the canons pop
Now my hand on the Bible on the stand
Got your man in a jam again, got my hands in
cuff
I'm like goddamn enough
I put down the cans and they ran amok
My hairpin pierce skin, ruptures spleens
Cracks ribs, go through cribs, and other things
No sympathy for the king, huh?
Niggas even talk about your baby crazy
Eventually the pendulum swings
Don't forget America this how you made me
Come through with the 'Ye mask on
Spray everything like SAMO, I won't scratch the
Lambo
What's it gon take for me to go
For you to see, I'm the modern day Pablo,
Picasso baby

Watch Jay Z's 'Picasso Baby' performance-art piece

By David Ng; 11:59 AM PDT, August 7, 2013

Was it really a performance-art event, or just a glorified plug for his new album?

Probably some of both. In July, hip-hop artist Jay Z took over New York's Pace Gallery for several hours to stage a marathon version of "Picasso Baby," a single from his album "Magna Carta... Holy Grail," which was released last month.

The singer billed the gallery event as a performance-art piece, and the crowd included artist Marina Abramovic, director Judd Apatow and actors Alan Cumming, Rosie Perez and Taraji P. Henson.

Mark Romanek, a music-video veteran, fashioned a short documentary of the event, which ran on HBO last week. For art scene-sters who don't subscribe to the premium cable channel, Jay Z has uploaded the [short movie](#) to YouTube. (The documentary contains adult language.)

"Picasso Baby" riffs on the performer's appetite for collecting art, including his desire for works by Jeff Koons, Mark Rothko and others.

ALSO:

[Jay-Z's 'Picasso Baby' documentary debuts Friday on HBO](#)

[Marina Abramovic's silent heads from MOCA gala speak out](#)

[American tourist breaks finger off statue in Florence museum](#)

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Jay Z's gallery performance reunites hip-hop and art



Jay Z has unveiled the full version of Picasso Baby. (Photo by Jim Ross/Invision/AP)

Jay-Z has found a home for hip-hop in the upper class through the art world.

Upon the release of Jay-Z's "Magna Carta... Holy Grail" that has had mixed reviews mainly critiquing the length of the album, Jay-Z released "Jay Z 'Picasso Baby: A Performance Art Film'" to give his naysayers and fans something more to take in.

The video opens up with Jay-z explaining his views on performing art and how it is an experience for both the **audience and artist**.

Hip-hop being one of the purest forms of self expression, he sees that it should be done in a place where art is appreciated.

His performance was done at the [Pace Gallery in Manhattan](#), New York with the attendance of high-profiled people in the art world. The rapper didn't use a microphone to project his voice for his new song from the late album, "Picasso Baby"

The guest took turns in sitting down face to face with Jay-Z as he performed. the bench set up in front of the stage made the entire set up have a Mark Rothkoo feel. Hence Jay-Z quoting "...I want a Rothko.."

Among the many artist and directors Judd Apatow and Jim Jarmusch, the one artist the stuck out the most was Serbian performance artist, Marina Abramovic.

This performance is something to praise, showing the hip-hop world making it's way into the art world.

Hip-hop being acknowledged in this light is long overdue. whether the messages of certain songs maybe explicit and demeaning, this is the exhibition of a culture and its struggles.

Another hip-hop artist that has done a merging with another form of the art world is Kanye West with fashion. Cosigning with Louis Vuitton first and now his A.P.C collection which sold out immediately after its release.

The director of the video, Mark Romanek, did a fine job showing Jay Z "fitting in", better yet setting, high society.

Jay- Z "Picasso Baby: A Performance Art Film"

Jay-Z's 'Picasso Baby' Video Shoot: Where's My Cameo?

NEW YORK — Growing up in Brooklyn, it was hard not to be a fan of Jay-Z. Even when the Notorious B.I.G. reigned atop the borough's food chain, there was something magnetic about Shawn Carter and his early records that only seemed to get played on Stretch & Bobbito's overnight Columbia University-based college radio show. So when Hov put the call out to purchase his independently released debut album *Reasonable Doubt* in 1996, I answered and hit BK's famed Fulton Mall after school and bought the eventual hip-hop classic.

Seventeen years later, I'm still answering the call. However the most recent one was more direct. "Jay is doing something cool, I can't say what, but you should come and be a part of it," one of those industry connects, who eventually turn to great friends, told me over the phone on Tuesday evening.

I arrived at the address I was given, 510 West 25th Street, shortly after noon on Wednesday (July 10) but didn't realize that I'd be taking part in Jay-Z's "Picasso Baby" video shoot until after I was asked to sign a waiver inside of the Pace Gallery. In my head I joked that I signed my life away to the illuminati, but in reality, I simply consented to having my image used and agreed not to sue if I turned up in the video. (Why would I do that?)

There were a few familiar faces; music executive Michael Kyser, Roc A&R Lenny S. and performance artist Marina Abramović. The crowd for the most part was largely unfamiliar to me. There was a sampling of rap fans, art types and cool looking people from all walks of life; black, white, young and old. Then of course there was Jay-Z, the former "skinny n---a on the boat"-turned-conqueror of all that he surveys.

We were all ushered into a vast white room and asked to stand alongside the walls behind a roped partition. It didn't take long for the MC, who once fancied himself rap's Iceberg Slim to emerge wearing black pants, a white button down shirt and sparkling gold Roc-A-Fella chain. He greeted us with a wide grin, salutes, hugs and handshakes. "Hey big guy, how you been," Jay asked me, leaning in for the customary pound and hug.



I congratulated him on the release of *Magna Carta... Holy Grail*, told him I thought it was dope — no really, I think it's dope and stepped back as he worked the rest of the room.

Once the beat to the Timbaland-produced "Picasso Baby" began to blare from the house speakers, Jay immediately sprang into action, performing for the camera. It was interesting that he didn't lip-sync to a full backing track, instead Brooklyn's Finest recited the song aloud with each and every take. It was amusing to watch Hov two-step and twirl with an elderly white lady with silver hair, as he bragged about his Leonardo Da Vinci flow. I'm not quite sure if she picked up on the song's seedy Foxy Brown reference though.

Originally, the plan wasn't to document any of today's events, I was merely supposed to attend as a fan — that same 16-year-old fan who purchased Jay's first CD back when he stylized his rap moniker with the umlaut above the Y. So I could've kept this all to myself, but the 16-year-old me just wouldn't allow that, so instead I went ham, taking video, pics and jotted down my thoughts.