

Beanie Sigel

"Parking Lot Pimpin'"

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Yea standin' knock right here
You fuck around not have the right speakers in your
system
Your shit be soundin' like this

Big things, thick chains, ain't shit changed
Get brain in the four dot six range
Shit mayn, switch slanes every town I hit you
Switch slanes bitch flip big caine

I givin' 'em whiplash when I'm whippin' the whip fast
Which one pick one nigga I gotta six stashed
Continental T's no tense like I got a thick stab
Big cigar, old money, when I drop it is so funny

Six-four switches, slam doors on sixes
Big trucks when I wanna fuck and it's time to get ass
I turn automobiles to hotels on wheels
I got money for a room it's just the fact that I'm trill

Bitches love when I cruise up the boulevard
They have contests to guess which car I'm a pull out the
yard
They know I come for dolo and pull off with a broad
Spin away, spend a day tryin' to pull menage

Just Mac is God the sunlight hit the ice it's flawless
Run lights like I'm the king of New York I'm lawless
Bitches, they wanna hang like plaques in the office
'Cause I push Black Porsches, Benzes and Jaguarses

When the rag's off it gat on my lap I'm that cautious
Never trust grimy ass New Yorkers
'Specially when you're sittin' on twenties they get
nauseous
Standin' in the azure with white air forces

You can catch me in the parkin' lot
Hollerin' at bitches, parkin' lot pimpin'
Everyday we be off the chains
Workin' with grain, sittin' on things

Tryin' to find out where dem dollars at
So when I holla at you, holla back
Everyday we be off the chains
Ain't nuttin' different, parkin' lot pimpin'

You can catch mac in the parkin' lot, pimpin' crazy
S Five navy cedes sittin' on eighty
That's four dubs not S Four dub
Stash box, push hot wheel like matchbox

Bitches wanna push my world, they flash box
One sixty push my wheel, mash cops
One sixty took my wheel to cash drop
Run sixty you big will, match cop

Lookin' through the rearview and Mac was wylin'
New driver, screwdriver, cracked steering column
Pushin' somethin' stolen, blastin', picture me rollin'
Baghdad couldn't picture me rollin'

Now the truth different Mac come through coupe roof
missin'
I'm the truth till my fuckin' roof missin'
Mac stay stuck in the coupe to school pigeons
Feathers gettin' plucked in the truck from loose
chickens, listen

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Yo ayyo I dip, dive what can I say?
I can't fit 'em all inside the escalade
So I called up murder to further my parkin' lot pimpin'
Told 'em get the Impala so I can start dippin'

Lay back, seat recline, they notice the hand
Car movin' slow driven by the invisible man
Everything on the dash, digital and
I got a fast stashbox don't make me spit at you man

In the parkin' lot, where I spark a lot
I come to show my new feet, slide off with a few freaks
Bleek, turn up the beats, turn up the heat

Then we burn up the streets, bitch

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