Jay-Z "Parking Lot Pimpin'"

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Featuring: Beanie Sigel, Memphis Bleek

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 slames 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 aiyyo 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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