

Jay-Z Feat. Amil "S. Carter"

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S. Carter, y'all must try harder
Competition is nada
Ladies scream papa, niggas can't stop ya
Competition is, no, no, no

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Nope, you can't see 'em, though you got plans to be
him
Pay homage if by chance you meet him
In his pants pocket, your advance and per diem
It's the undisputed champion

For clique, dough sick, no medicine for us
Competition like I said in the chorus
Let me spell it out for ya, Jay to tha Amil
A to the Y stay real fuck how they feel

Aha aha, that's how we put it down
Aha aha, y'all gon' get it now
Chip off the old block, resemble my old pops
'Cept I tote glocks and open dope spots

And I shut down rap crews, smack them cats who flash
tools
Laugh at fake ballers with bad jewels
I'll tell you once, this is shit you should've of knew
Jigga what? Jigga, Jigga who? Okay

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I'ma Roc-a-fella soldier, I thought I told ya
Hustler, nigga move weight like Oprah
Drive wide body, twenty-inch big motor
No tints, make no mistake y'all it's Hova

I stay sportin' played Jordan's before Jordan
Verses tight, hooks harder than Ken Norton
Musically touching you
Truthfully, I abuse beats better call BCW

I make my mother move
So I have no problem comin' 'round the old way
Sluggin' you, that's what a thug'll do
Thuggin', bust techs, a suspect dangerous, and I love
rough sex

Yeah, that's what's up, even when I'm asleep the gats is
up
Paranoid like Sunny Drive backin' up
But I'm from Bed-Stuy, killa with the flow
Let lead fly from out the four-four, motherfuckers

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Competition is none I remain at the top like the sun
And I burn whoever come in my chambers of torture
The flame gon' spark ya
Blood stain the tarp but remains they chalk ya

Don't try to smooth talk us, you got nothin' to offer
But the baby nine and make ya fine offer
The chick is ill, even with four-inch heels
No panties on and Patricia Fields

I get down, just name the time, the place
We could take it back to Vaseline on our face
On a regular day we just gleam up your space
Rock our own line, got our whole team laced

RW with the torch on my jeans by the waist
Without heat we still gon' steam up the place
Amil-lion, Jigga man, flawless, here we go

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