

Beanie Sigel F/ Amil, Jay-Z

"Sunroof Top"

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[Pacewon]

Ahhh.. yes.. one life.. and what a life it is
The new millenium.. everything's beautiful
everything's bright -- EXCEPT in the underground
Hu-hu-huh, yo, yo, yo, EXCEPT in the underground
Anti-theft devices.. stolen cars.. mad drugs
Chancellor Avenue! (Yo yo yo YO! Pace! Whattup
nigga?)
(Yo yo yo!) HUH!

Sunroof top, built-in stash spot
Chillin on the scene with a gangsta lean, OOH
Uh, yea-yea-yea-yea-YEAH
Yea-yea-yea, yo-yo-yo, UH!
Some do clock like neighborhood watch
Jealous of the team that's makin the cream, OOH
Yea-yea-yea-yea-yeah
And it go like this

I don't be battlin average men, I rip your establishment
Semi check they're after us - 260 Madison
Avenue, New York, New York
My crew walk through y'all like MOVE IT, MOVE IT
Don't make me holla holla that your raps need
improvement
Your best track get left back like stupid students!
And while I show you new kids how to do this
let me break down how I be movin units, yo
I talk about stealin you and how your label beatin you
Exploit the weakness that I see in you
Crack on your Mom Duke and talk about your vehicle
Big time FAG, not doin what you need to do, YO
I'm the unbeatable, non-stop eager to
step up to the plate nigga like a major leaguer do
See jail, get a R.O.R.
Come back home like a hardcore star!
Take over the streets, move that cardboard car
Doin two hour shows, no encores y'all!
Gat blow, rap pro, style is supernatural
Have hoes packed 'til they can't move 'em back - YO!
Who been imitatin? Who wanna be like me?

Rap all day, fuck all night WE..
.. are the debonnaire, never scared
Push it 160, mad tipsy off of Everclear
Got guns and Knicks like Marcus Camby
I hide 'em in the darkest alley
If a snitch drop dime on my crimes I'ma have to park at
Rally
Run up and spark his family; sing the hook!

Sunroof top, built-in stash spot
Chillin on the scene with a gangsta lean, OOH
Yeah, yeah, huh, yo
Yo-yo-yo-yo-YO, uh!
Some do clock like neighborhood watch
Jealous of the team that's makin the cream, OOH

Huh, yeah yeah yeah
I'm the man at the show that the women come see
Strippers say, "Fuck it - we all fuck free!"
Mr. Intangible, can't touch me
Roll up on you hungry, only one deep
Slug three fools in the leg and the tummy
Y'all can't take nuttin from me, DUNNY
Silly-ass niggaz like Cole on "Martin"
I go to jail, either get paroled or get pardoned
See who the snitch get the fifth then I spark him
Next time you see him, he on a milk carton
Listen, how we Detroit like the Pistons
BURIED SIX FEET SOMEWHERE
I raise my glass in the air, drink about five beers
Come up with all these ideas, TO SPARK IT
Open up a market, rentin out apartments
Give it to a nigga when he act like he want it
Any situation, my crew down to solve it
Nine to sixteen ex-convicts
Better save comments for bullshit crews that need
polish
This one here got the phonics, bitch!

Sunroof top, built-in stash spot
Chillin on the scene with a gangsta lean, OOH
Yea-yea-yea-yea-YEAH
Y'all can't fuck with Da Bricks, UHH!
Some do clock like neighborhood watch
Jealous of the team that's makin the cream, OOH
Yea-yea-yea-yea-YEAH
Pace.. WON!

