

## **Jay-Z F/ U.G.K.**

### **"You Can't Stop the Pras"**

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[Prakazrel "Pras"] - One Verse

Is this fuckin' mic on or what?

Yeah...

In a daze, I walk for miles like Isaac Hayes

Run relays where your team gets delayed

She keep a magnum by the ashtray

When Pras come to visit with John Forte' !

Dining out, in a five star cuisine

Stretch, double R invisible limousine

Riding down your block never to be seen

The supreme dream team is a money machine

You a fiend, I'm a king

Watch me, do my thing

Money like DeNiro

The squad's sub-zero

You chicken parmesan hero eatin' while I'm winning

I've been living, my team's stealing, you're still wishing

Still bitching, still fishing, still snitching!

Penny pinching, having meetings in your kitchen

Send my man shotty, clips to your body

Jewels from Liberace, partin like Dolly (Parton)

HA-AH! AH-HA! AH-HA! AH-HA!

Yo, Yo, Check it!

I dedicate this piece to my peeps who roam the streets

God bless their soul, may they each rest in peace

There's those who finance and those who choose to  
lease

Whatever suits you, whether on a term of your lease

Different strokes for different folks, GOD!

I refuse to going back to being broke, LORD!

He got struck with lightning he got hit, HARD!

Faces twenty like two maximum

His whole life was scarred!

The Preacher's Son and I, came off the Santa Maria

Ten case amount of, then caught the diarrhea

Whole load of Refugees on the aircraft carrier

Some say Dirty Cash? We never heard of ya

You never heard of me? Yeah, well check your

Billboard, yeah, you'll see!

From the heart of Kingston, to the streets of Brooklyn-  
Marcy

All the way to the highest peak of any frequency, unhh!  
Illegal aliens, them all run invasions  
Broadcasting all over your radio stations  
Mathematics, lead me to believe  
there's mysteries in numbers  
Lightning and thunder  
Enough, ribbons in the sky  
To make Stevie Wonder  
and man it works, to say I come from down under  
The wiz kid got no ride  
You frontin' at the bar  
You ain't a star  
You rolled up in somebody else's car  
You know the deal! BMW, Black Man Walking, came  
home your  
Timberland was talkin'!

[Pras - Outro]

What?! Ha Ha! Ha Ha Ha!!

Yo, Skribble man this is some bugged out freestyle! For  
the Nine-Seven!

This is Dirty Cash, Pras, and I'm out!

Yo, man thanks for lettin' me be on here yo, you know  
what I'm sayin'?

Pick up The Car---

Pick up The---

Pick up The---

Pick up The---

Pick up The Carnival y'all! Pick up The Carnival!

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