

MKG**"Parking Lot Pimpin'"**

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[Jay-Z]

Yeh, it's that knock right here
You fuck around not have the right speakers in your
system
your shit be soundin like this {*funny sounds*}

Big thangs, thick chains, ain't shit changed
Get brain in the four-dot-six Range
Shit mayn, switch lanes
Every town I hit you switch lames, bitch flip big 'caine

I givin 'em whiplash when I'm whippin the whip fast
Which one? Pick one nigga, I got a six stashed
Continental T's, no tense like I got a thick stab
Big cigar, old money, when I drop it it's so funny
Six-four switches, slam doors on 6's
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'ma 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 mackin this gorgeous; 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, Benz's and Jaguars-es
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 20's they get nauseous
Standin in the Azure with white Air Forces

[Chorus: Lil' Mo]

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 them thangs
Tryin to find out where dem dollars at (dollars at)
So when I holla at you, holla back (holla back)

Everyday we be off the chains
Ain't nuttin different, parkin lot pimpin'

[Beanie Sigel]
Holla at me mami! Sigel..

You can catch Mac in the parkin lot, pimpin crazy
S-5, Navy 'Cedes, sittin on 80
That's four dubs, not S-4 dub
Stash box, push +Hot Wheel+ like +Matchbox+
Bitches wanna push my world, they flash box
160, push my wheel, mash cops
Cause 160 took my wheel to cash drop
Run 60, you Big Will, match cop
Lookin through the rearview and Mac was wylin
New driver, screwdriver, the cracked steering column
Pushin somethin stolen, blastin, picture me rollin
Baghdad, couldn't picture me ??
Now the truth different, Mac come through Coupe roof
missin
I'm the truth til my fuckin roof missin
Mac stay stuck in the Coupe to school pigeons
Feathers gettin plucked in the truck from loose
chickens, listen

[Chorus]

[Memphis Bleek]
Yo, aiyyo I dip 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!

[Chorus 2X]

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