

# Beach Chair

Jay-Z

[Verse One]

Life is but a dream to me  
I don't wanna wake up  
Thirty odd years without having my cake up  
So I'm about my paper  
24/7, 365,366 in a leap year  
I don't know why we here  
Since we gotta be here  
Life is but a beach chair  
Went from having shabby clothes  
Crossing over Abbey Roads  
Hear my angels singing to me  
Are you happy HOV?  
I just hope I'm hearing right  
Karma's got me fearing life  
Colleek are you praying for me  
See I got demons in my past  
So I got daughters on the way  
If the prophecy's correct  
Then the child should have to pay  
For the sins of a father  
So I barter my tomorrows  
Against my yesterdays  
In hopes that she'll be OK  
And when I'm no longer here  
To shade her face from the glare  
I'll give her my share of Carol's Daughter  
and a new beach chair

[Verse Two]

Life is but a dream to me  
Gun shots sing to these  
Other guys but lullabies  
Don't mean a thing to me  
I'm not afraid of dying  
I'm afraid of not trying  
Everyday hit every wave  
Like I'm Hawaiian  
I don't surf the net  
No I never been on myspace  
Too busy letting my voice vibrate  
Carving out my space  
In this world of fly girls  
Cutthroats & diamond cut ropes I twirls  
Benzs round corners  
Where the sun don't shine  
I let the wheels give a glimpse  
Of hope of one's grind  
Some said HOV, how you get so fly  
I said from not being afraid to fall out the sky  
My physical's a shell  
So when I say farewell  
My soul will find an even  
Higher plane to dwell  
So fly you shall  
So have no fear, just know that  
Life is but a beach chair

[Verse Three]

Life is but a dream Can't mimic my life  
I'm the thinnest cut slice  
Intercut, the winner's cup  
With winters rough enough  
TO interrupt life  
That's why I'm both  
The saint & the sinner  
Nice  
This is Jay everyday  
No compromise  
No compass comes with this life  
Just eyes  
So to map it out  
You must look inside  
Sure books can guide you  
But your heart defines you  
Chica  
You corason is what brought us home  
In great shape like Heidi Klum  
Maricon, I am on  
Permanent Vaca  
Life is but a beach chair  
This song is like a Hallmark card  
Until you read each here  
So till she's here  
And she declared  
The aire  
I will prepare  
A blueprint for you to print  
A map for you to get back  
A guide for your eyes  
And so you won't lose scent  
I'll make a stink for you to think  
I ink these verses full of prose  
So you won't get conned out of 2 cent  
My last will and testament I leave my heir  
My share of Roc-AFella Records and a new beach chair