

## Parking Lot Pimpin

Jay-Z

[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 Mac ?? God, the 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: sung]

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]