

Parking Lot Pimpin'

AZ

Yea standin' knock right here
You fuck around not have the right speakers in your system
Your shit be soundin' like this
Big things, thick chains, ain't shit changed
Get brain in the four dot six range
Shit mayn, switch slanes every town I hit you
Switch slames bitch flip big caine
I givin' 'em whiplash when I'm whippin' the whip fast
Which one pick one nigga I gotta six stashed
Continental T's no tense like I got a thick stab
Big cigar, old money, when I drop it is so funny
Six-four switches, slam doors on sixes
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'm a 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 is 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, Benzes and Jaguarses
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 twenties they get nauseous
Standin' in the azure with white air forces
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 things
Tryin' to find out where dem dollars at
So when I holla at you, holla back
Everyday we be off the chains
Ain't nuttin' different, parkin' lot pimpin'
You can catch mac in the parkin' lot, pimpin' crazy
S Five navy cedex sittin' on eighty
That's four dubs not S Four dub
Stash box, push hot wheel like matchbox

Bitches wanna push my world, they flash box
One sixty push my wheel, mash cops
One sixty took my wheel to cash drop
Run sixty you big will, match cop
Lookin' through the rearview and Mac was wylin'
New driver, screwdriver, cracked steering column
Pushin' somethin' stolen, blastin', picture me rollin'
Baghdad couldn't picture me rollin'
Now the truth different Mac come through coupe roof missin'
I'm the truth till my fuckin' roof missin'
Mac stay stuck in the coupe to school pigeons
Feathers gettin' plucked in the truck from loose chickens, listen
You can catch me in the parkin' lot
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Yo ayyo I 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
You can catch me in the parkin' lot
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