

# S. Carter (feat. Amil)

## Jay-Z

S-dot-Carter  
Y'all must try harder  
Competition isNada  
Ladies scream papa  
Niggas can't stop ya  
Competition isNo, no, no  
S-dot-Carter  
Y'all must try harder  
Competition isNada  
Ladies scream papa  
Niggas can't stop ya  
Competition isNo, no, no, nope  
You can't see 'em  
Though you got plans to be him  
Pay homage if by chance you meet him  
In his pants pocket, your advance and per diem  
It's the undisputed champion  
For clique, dough sick, no medicine for us  
Competition like I said in the chorus  
Let me spell it out for ya  
Jay to tha Amil  
(A to the Y stay real fuck how they feel, uh-huh, uh-huh)  
That's how we put it down  
(Uh-huh, uh-huh y'all gon get it now)  
Chip off the old block  
Resemble my old pops  
'Cept I tote glocks and open dope spots  
And I shut down rap crews  
Smack them cats who flash tools  
Laugh at fake ballers with bad jewels  
I'll tell you once  
This is shit you should've of knew  
(Jigga what?)  
Jigga  
(Jigga who?)  
OkayS-dot-Carter  
Y'all must try harder  
Competition isNada  
Ladies scream papa

Niggas can't stop ya  
Competition isNo, no, no  
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Competition isNo, no, no  
I'mma Roc-a-fella soldier  
I thought I told ya  
Hustler, nigga move weight like Oprah  
Drive wide body, twenty-inch big motor  
No tints, make no mistake y'all it's Hova  
I stay sportin' played Jordan's before Jordan  
Verses tight, hooks harder than Ken Norton  
Musically touching you  
Truthfully I abuse beats better call BCW  
I make my mother move  
So I have no problem coming around the old way  
Sluggin' you, that's what a thug will do  
(Thuggin', bust techs, a suspect dangerous, and I love rough sex)  
Yeah that's what's up  
Even when I'm asleep the gats is up  
Paranoid like Sunny drive backing up  
But I'm from Bed-Stuy, killa with the flow  
Let lead fly from out the four-four, motherfuckersS-dot-Carter  
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None I remain at the top like the sun  
And I burn whoever come in my chambers of torture  
The flame gon' spark ya  
Blood stain the tarp  
But remains they chalk ya  
Don't try to smooth talk usYou got nothing to offer  
But the baby nine  
And make ya fine offer

The chick is ill  
Even with four-inch heels  
No panties on and Patricia Fields  
I get down  
Just name the time, the place  
We could take it back to Vaseline on our face  
On a regular day we just gleam up your space  
Rock our own line, got our whole team laced  
RW with the torch on my jeans by the waist  
Without heat we still gon steam up the place  
(Amil-lion, Jigga man, flawless, here we go)S-dot-Carter  
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Songwriters

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