

# Parking Lot Pimpin'

Jay-z

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 cedes 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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