S. Carter

Jay-z

Lets rock to
S-dot-Carter y'all must try harder, competition is, nada
Ladies scream, papa, niggas can't stop ya, competition is, no, no, no
S-dot-Carter y'all must try harder, competition is, nada
Ladies scream, papa, niggas can't stop ya, competition is, no, 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 in pedium
It's the undisputed champ, being
For clique, dough sick, no medicine for us
Competition like I said in the chorus, let me spell it out for ya
Jay to the Amil, A to the Y stay real fuck how they feel, aha aha
That's how we put it down, aha aha y'all gonna get it now
Chip off the old block resemble my old pops
Accept 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? Okay
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I'm a 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'll 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, motherfuckers
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Competition is none I remain at the top like the sun
And I burn whoever come in my chambers of torture
The flame gonna spark ya
Blood stain the tarp, but remains they chalk ya
Don't try to smooth talk us, you 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 gonna steam up the place
Amil-lion, Jigga man, flawless, here we go
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