

S. Carter

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
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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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