

Beach Chair

Jay-Z

[Verse One]

Life is but a dream to me
I don't wanna wake up
Thirty odd years without having my cake up
So I'm about my paper
24/7, 365,366 in a leap year
I don't know why we here
Since we gotta be here
Life is but a beach chair
Went from having shabby clothes
Crossing over Abbey Roads
Hear my angels singing to me
Are you happy HOV?
I just hope I'm hearing right
Karma's got me fearing life
Colleek are you praying for me
See I got demons in my past
So I got daughters on the way
If the prophecy's correct
Then the child should have to pay
For the sins of a father
So I barter my tomorrows
Against my yesterdays
In hopes that she'll be OK
And when I'm no longer here
To shade her face from the glare
I'll give her my share of Carol's Daughter
and a new beach chair

[Verse Two]

Life is but a dream to me
Gun shots sing to these
Other guys but lullabies
Don't mean a thing to me
I'm not afraid of dying
I'm afraid of not trying
Everyday hit every wave
Like I'm Hawaiian
I don't surf the net
No I never been on myspace
Too busy letting my voice vibrate
Carving out my space
In this world of fly girls
Cutthroats & diamond cut ropes I twirls
Benzs round corners
Where the sun don't shine
I let the wheels give a glimpse
Of hope of one's grind
Some said HOV, how you get so fly
I said from not being afraid to fall out the sky
My physical's a shell
So when I say farewell
My soul will find an even
Higher plane to dwell
So fly you shall
So have no fear, just know that
Life is but a beach chair

[Verse Three]
Life is but a dream Can't mimic my life
I'm the thinnest cut slice
Intercut, the winner's cup
With winters rough enough
TO interrupt life
That's why I'm both
The saint & the sinner
Nice
This is Jay everyday
No compromise
No compass comes with this life
Just eyes
So to map it out
You must look inside
Sure books can guide you
But your heart defines you
Chica
You corason is what brought us home
In great shape like Heidi Klum
Maricon, I am on
Permanent Vaca
Life is but a beach chair
This song is like a Hallmark card
Until you read each here
So till she's here
And she declared
The aire
I will prepare
A blueprint for you to print
A map for you to get back
A guide for your eyes
And so you won't lose scent
I'll make a stink for you to think
I ink these verses full of prose
So you won't get conned out of 2 cent
My last will and testament I leave my heir
My share of Roc-AFella Records and a new beach chair