Beef (Album)

Pete Rock

Y'all don't want, beef
No y'all don't want, that
Get caught up in these streets
Get shot up by them heatsy'all don't want, beef
No y'all don't want, that
Get caught up in these streets
Get shot up by them heatsWord to my cousin, the truth and no lie
Me and my dawg was in his brand new Land, puffin' on lye
Tameka came by, glossy-eyed as she cried
Lil' Jay got sprayed with a chrome four-fiveThat's my motherfuckin' man, get in the Land
Head to the rest, grab vests, switch whips to the Caravan
I heard an ambulance right up the block
Plus more shots, the shit's gettin' hot, pull up and parkBy the back, pass the gat, hit the lights and lay back
Hold up, now roll up, yo where them niggaz at?
I know one of them cats from the projects with Jay
The first nigga move, I'ma pull this gun, sprayNo delay, we stay night to fuckin' dawn
It's on, my head spinnin', feelin' my cheeks get warm
Tears drip as I stepped out the whip
Slipped a clip, had to get hit, uh-uh that's that bullshity'all don't want beef
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No y'all don't want that
Get caught up in these streets
Get shot up by them heatsYo, I can't believe my man since 3rd grade got sprayed
Bullet laced as he laid, chokin' up blood with no aid
Made money for the purpose of his daughter
Victim of an unmerciful slaughter, explain harderOr don't bother, I'ma heat yo' ass like lava
Identified was that tinted gray Chevy Impala
Fleein' the scene, as the back tires screamed
Now for them my man [Incomprehensible], ruined his whole dreamOf playin' ball pro, bitch that's how it go
You let me know, I'll hit your whole fuckin' team with the metal
Mental struggle got my hand under the bubble
Tryin' to blow steam and leave the scene blood puddlesSnakes, whattup nigga? These niggaz ain't explainin'
Well, fuck it then, it's time for some gestratin'
Hit him in the worthless shell he came in
Murder is a sin, but it's worse him dyin' on revenge and I ain't havin' ity'all don't want beef
No y'all don't want that
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Get shot up by them heatsy'all don't want beef
No y'all don't want that
Get caught up in these streets
Get shot up by them heatsI ain't havin' it, reached in the bubble and grabbed it
Automatic cocked back and squeezed through his Polo fabric
Nigga duckin' and runnin', irrationally gunnin'
Thinkin' to myself, do I gotta hit someoneThen I heard shots from a back route
Fired back out, got shot, dropped and blacked out
Put in a clap out, didn't map out or act out the plans
Now I'm consciously layin' while bullets is sprayin' the CaravanWe can't lose, I hear shotguns then 22's
Left arm booze, or blood soaked through my Adidas shoes
Heavy breathin', a lot of bleedin'
Bitches screamin', put over on my good shoulder, started squeezin'Out the back window, she gave the wrong info
Suddenly crashed into a Pinto
Hopped out, flew through the back yard, word to God
It's on and I felt the gat slip through my palmKept runnin', hopped the fence, hopin' that I didn't leave prints
Spotted a black Ac' parked with dark tints
Broke the passenger's side, hotwired the wide and slide
Another unsolved homicidey'all don't want beef
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