

# 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 heats  
Word 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-five  
That'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 park  
By 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, spray  
No 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 bullshit  
y'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 heats  
Yo, 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 harder  
Or 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 dream  
Of 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 puddles  
Snakes, 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' it  
y'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  
No y'all don't want that  
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Songwriters

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