

Mac & Brad

Beanie Sigel

Beanie, what's up, baby?
What's happening?
(Face)
Sigel, what 'bout to get off, baby?
We fittin' to get off
Aiyo, what we goin' to do on this shit man?
Let's wreck this motherfucker, baby', what's happenin'?
What you want to do nigga?
I, I wanna, I wanna smash it
(Smash)
Back and forth, back and forth
Let's do it, what you wanna hear?
I wanna hear some of that ol' that, ol' dear diary
(Dear diary)
Mr, Mr. Scarface, some of that old shit, you ready?
Yeah, I'm ready
I locks and load, cock and spray
Hit you niggas from a block away
SK to the Stock away
'Cause I know how to hold that shit
Empty the can with one hand and reload that shit
Give 'em the full clip, these niggas is bullshit
Been talkin' big six but scared as fuck when I pulled it
Now eat this motherfuckin' bullet
These niggas got some pussy in 'em
See I got them pissin' in they denim
Man you fuckin' with a stash raper, duct taper
Fuck you police and fuck neighbors
Move to smooth, don't duck or try to shake us
2 P 8 9 ruge, so don't tuck paper
You heard what the man said? Bitch now un ask it
I got to have it
When hitin' licks I'm a savage, you hoes is plastic
I got a semi automatic pointed at your ass
Slowin' me down gets you blasted
For your chunk, I'll trunk your folks
It ain't shit for mac to grip the gat and put the pump to work
Call your bluff run in your spot with a detective suit
Got you cuffed bout to show you what this tech will do

You must of thought that we was friendly
When we told you we was rappers, we Jackers
We want the money, that's what we after
We want the package under the god damn mattress
And if the brain splatters, don't matter, that's what we practice
Blast the rocket, knock off your leg
Tear through your forearm
Sit you in a chair, make your niggas call you short arm
Pelets in your hand, you'll never put shorts on
Ain't shit fair when you got to get your war on
So why don't you come out and play?
Make my mother fuckin' day
Y'all niggas cotton, potatoes like augrotten
We niggas plottin' to hit your stash and leave you rotten
I done bust slugs from all types of shit
I have your ass plugged up to all types of shit
And I show you, dog, how your life can get
And every thing all real fuck what you might can get
'Cause nothin' needs to be said something needs to be done
B give me a cigarette, I think I need one
'Cause in 'bout 15 seconds I'm a set the motherfuckin' alarm off
And shoot this motherfuckers arm off
You niggas better smartin' up
Act like Mac won't come through and spark shit up
Where the fuck you get heart from?
Little bitch ass nigga started commin' out the fuckin' dark from
I done told you, I'm the only nigga pushin' weight
And for another nigga to try to take my place is in the wake
It's time I retaliate
I'll make you mother fuckers pay
Now point me to the motherfuckin', yay
You lookin' at a sick bastard
This stick up shit, I got it mastered
Glove and ski mask it, any body move a lick gettin' blasted
When I'm in the crib for your shit and a thick plastic
I got this duck tape stuck in my pocket for one reason
You can stop screamin', stop squermin' or stop breathin'
'Cause I didn't come here to stay or play your babysitter
I came here to split your mother fuckin' wig, nigga
If your block gettin' money nigga, I want in
Run it in before I run in
Your spot 200 glocks and 100 men
Droppin' More shells than run and 'em
Actin' bad, smash a nigga stash and mash
Snatch the bag, bust him in his ass and dash

Un cock the mag
Kill him I don't need no mask
We Identify each other nigga Mac and Brad
Who you know but Mac and Brad?
Come through all black, no mask and crash your pad
8 clips, 4 hammers, desert eagle the place
Nobody but Sigel and Face, you feel that?
Yeah nigga that's what I'm talkin' about I know you not tired
I'm through, I'm tired and I'm out this motherfucker
Yo, I spit so real so my boys can eat
You got the nerve to have a deal and just noise on beats
Little suburb nigga never saw the streets
Silver spoon ass nigga never drewed your heat
I keep it the truth, what's all the fakin' for?
God damn, every week I got to break a jaw
And you wonder why I smack up niggas?
Shit, it's either that or Mac's gonna clap up niggas
What ya'll want me to do hun? Soften up?
So my raps can start to soften up?
Shit never that, dog, forever my baretta cat
Hittin' niggas in they fitted cap where the letters at
I told ya'll that the truth in here
Recognize hottest thing in a booth in here
The Gooch in here, aiyo, it's over in here
God damn, somebody bring me some juice in here
I used to be a drug dealer
Hangin in the cut sellin' dime rocks
Gettin' cash to eat with
Punchin' a time clock
In the ghetto makin' small change
Slingin' till the sun up
Got to pay my phone bill focusing on the come up
Got 6 shots numbers strait
Crank 'bout 38
Big boys trippin' on me tryin' to nigga hate
This 17 year old Tony Montana type
Ain't never did the killin' but still I'm lovin' the drama right
Under covers pass by thinkin' I don't know the truth
Makin' niggas these offers they know these niggas can't refuse

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