Roc The Mic

Beanie Sigel

Ho, ho
Bounce
Holla
Bounce, bounce, bounce
It's B. Sig in the place with Young Free
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right
Still watch what you say out your mouth
'Cause 50 shots still will burn the club out
I miss the hood when I'm travelin', get neck when I'm travelin'
Chicks peck wood when I'm travelin'
Fuck a Lex 'cause the click fit good in the Caravan
Slide through your hood like an avalanche
Take a flick if you get a chance get that close
Fuck an advance, 'cause I get that dough
Beef with me, enemies come sleep with me for breakfast
Guaranteed to eat this toast
I'm reckless, fire starter, heat your folks
A starvin' artist that a eat y'all tracks, so don't bring 'em around
I be around 'Ricans Vida loca
They all got the toasters, don't need no gats
I got six stashed leave 'em around
So I don't get left around haters around when I leave
In the winter, rock short sleeves reason the pound
With the heat blastin', keep actin' the heat blastin'
Tech no Marine shinin', Marine fashion back 'em down
Niggas gonna keep hatin' and my click gon' keep grindin'
Keep movin', lockin' the town
It's Freeway in the place with B. Sig
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah
Still watch what you say to me prick
'Cause I got what it takes to dump the AK clip
It's B. Sig in the place with Young Free
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah
Still watch what you say out your mouth
'Cause 50 shot still will turn the club out, ho
It's Mack, daddy, young, scrappy
No he ain't the OG gangsta
Yes I is, come on don't test I kid
I firebomb cribs like Left Eye did

Notorious like that Bed-Stuy kid, B.I.G. or small you can get it
Dead wrong, like tryin' to brawl a strong armored midget
I pull the nine out my pocket I'm lyin'
I pull the Mac out the closet, start firin'
For you cats outta pocket, stop tryin'
Take that, get back, clap iron
You know, stay low, keep firin', uh
I put the led in the gat, the metal go clap
I lay cats flat on they back, stop fuckin' with this radical cat
You fuck around and need a medical cat
The led will go clap, your head will go back, uh
It's B. Sig in the place to be
With two heater on the waist of me, man who's facin' me
It's Freeway in the place with B. Sig
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah
Still watch what you say to me prick
'Cause I got what it takes to dump the AK clip
Big nickels down your way don't trip
Get folded down your way, got soldiers down your way
Keep quiet down your way no lip
All of y'all need to run yo'self
Go get the burna nigga, bang yo'self
Or I come through with the hammer make you lose yo' health
Fast, roll with dashes, move like Cassius Clay
Move ya like caskets, there's a will there's a way
Obey my thirst, move ya through traffic
Without Sprite, without Nike's
I just do it bar break your basket
Yeah, you damn right, without ice
I pull up to your honey car and stuff her basket
International post player, circle the atlas
You don't wanna be ho playas, circle the hood
Bend over backwards, without searchin' for backwoods
It's Freeway in the place with B. Sig
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Go get the burna nigga bang yo'self
All of y'all need to run yo'self
Go get the burna nigga bang yo'self

Shit, shit, it's the, it's the Roc nigga, whoo, whoo, whoo
And another one, and another one

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