

Mac And Brad (ft. Scarface)

Beanie Sigel

Beanie what's up Babywhat's Happening (Face)
SigelWhat 'bout to get off baby
We fittin' to get offH4y yo what we goin to do on this shit manLets wreck this motherfucker baby what's
happenin'
What You want to do nigga?I, I wanna, I want to Smash it (Smash)
Back and forth
Back and forthLets do it
What you want to hear?I want to hear some of that ol' that ol' Dear Diary (Dear Diary) Mr. Mr.
Scarface
Some of that old shitYou readyYeah I'm readyI locks and load
Cock and spray
Hit you niggas from a block away
SK to the Stockaway
Cause I know how to hold that shit
Empty the can with one hand and reload that shitGive '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 denimMan 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
2P89 Ruge so don't tuck paperYou heard what the man said
Bitch now un ask it
I got to have it
When hittin' licks I'm a savage
You hoes is plastic
I got a semi automatic pointed at your ass
Slowin me down gets you blastedFor 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 doYou 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
Pellets 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 nothi'n 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

(Spoken)

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 dam every week I got to break a jaw

And you wonder why I smack up niggas

Shit it's either that or Macs gonna clap up niggas

What y'all want me to do hun soften up

so my raps can start to soften up

Shit never that

Dog forever my Beretta cat

Hittin' niggas in they fitted cap where the letters at

I told y'all that the truth in here

Recognize hottest thing in a booth in here

The Gooch in here

H4y yo 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

Undercovers pass by thinkin I don't know the truth

Makin niggas these offers they know these niggas can't refuse

Songwriters

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