

For My Niggaz

Beanie Sigel

Ayo, light that shit the fuck up man
Y'all niggas get ready to get high
What we doin' in here y'all, huh?
Everybody partyin', smokin', bullshittin', drinkin', c'mon
This for my niggas on the East Coast rollin'
Tinted up Suburban, in the streets swervin'
All my niggas in the street wit caine
Muh'fucka which street you claim? Put your glock up
This is for my niggas on the West Coast bouncin'
Six-four rollin', three wheel motion
All my dogs on the block just loc'n
Nigga put your rag up, playa put your flag up
B Mack in the mix again, I'm startin' shit again
I'm in the club with the fifth again
West Coast niggas sippin' gin
East Coast niggas Belvedere, Cranberry nigga mix it in
I'm in the back where it's dark as hell
Shit you know me, VIP, nigga spark the L
And I come to roll a ounce or more, bounce wit whores
Shit all my niggas strapped what all the bouncers for
Whether deuce or Sig on Crenshaw Ave
I'ma, get them bitches, get that cash
I'ma, hit them switches, lift them spokes
I'ma, push that chicken, get that coke
I'ma, rock them dickies, Air Force Ones
Til the, feds come get me air out guns
From the, P H I L L Y, to the, L B C to C P T, uh
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Nigga put your rag up, playa put your flag up
I'm on the block til the pack get sold
Don't pack just roll, hit L.A. like Shaq and Kob'
Nigga please, got trees Aculpulco gold
Got connects with the heat got the gats on hold
All my niggas vatos locos holmes ese's
SA's with SK's a fuck if the cops come holmes
That's right fuck coppers holmes
We bust choppers holmes
We on the block sent them choppers on
Twenty niggas wit they khaki's creased
That'll clap police, that sling crack on the back of streets
Or twenty niggas on the back of blocks
That sling caps and rocks, who won't hesitate to clap the cops
Whether I, push the truck to pick up clucks
To get they feathers knocked off, then they get dropped off
From pickin' up bitches, hittin' switches

St. Ides to Ingbing I'ma do my thing, yo This for my niggas on the East Coast rollin'
 Tinted up Suburban, in the streets swervin'
 All my niggas in the street wit caine
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 Six-four rollin', three wheel motion
 All my dogs on the block just loc'n
 Nigga put your rag up, playa put your flag up All my playas who rock tan trees and chuck tails
 Say fuck they PD's and duck jail
 Rock wife beaters with the plaided shirts
 Only top button buttoned, ready to buck somethin' You fuckin' wit a gangsta rookie, don't gangsta lookie
 Shoot up your feet make you gangsta boogie
 Shoot up your jeep if you gangsta look me
 What you think this sweet?
 What you eat, nigga gangsta cookies? Call state to the Staples Center
 The four quake'll put staples in ya
 Nigga zip up your stomach
 Rip up your younguns, make you pay to get 'em
 That's how we play to get 'em, never pay for pigeons Whether I, push the truck to pick up clucks
 To get they feathers knocked off, then they get dropped off
 From pickin' up bitches, hittin' switches
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 All my dogs on the block just loc'n
 Nigga, put your rag up, playa put your flag up Yeah, Beanie Sigel and that nigga Daz Dillinger
 (I make 'em walk, and Kurupt)
 Dogg Pound Roc La Familia
 (Dogg Pound)
 For life, do it like that, put your hands up Make them switches bounce nigga
 California put your hands up nigga
 Jump over the moon
 I wanna hear the gate start to twitchin', nigga Don't play no games fool
 And walk on 'em, yeah and walk on 'em
 Uh and make 'em walk, yeah, my nigga Beans
 Bouncin', bouncin'

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