One Shot Deal (Album Version (Explicit))

Beanie Sigel

One shot deal, one shot one kill
Hit you with the one shot skill
Bullets lift you up like you poppin' on the wheel
Feel I can't die when I'm poppin' on the pill
So real that it feel, keep Cochran on my heels
Who rock the black and back out
Now the MAC back out, just bout to blackout
Got the ROC on my back, SP on my chain
Shooters on the block slinging P last name
Outta hot pink things like Camron Range
The cocaine cowboy at work
I put ya niggas in the dirt for one like Dirt
Concealed hammer won't jam or won't chirp
Catch you on my second merk
Fresh outta jail, ice grill gat to smirk
Bitches on the waste can't serve 'em
ROC without Jay won't work?
Shit like we ain't here
Actin' like SP ain't here
How y'all niggas can't see that clear? Clear?
Yeah, slow all the way down young scrapper
Pump ya brakes real fast, before ya crash
Crack ya head on the dash
I put ya body in a cast, keep my shotty on blast
Hard heads don't get the picture until they see the flash
You ain't ballin', you pump faking
Till you found in ya trunk naked
Four pound to ya crown like, "Where the paper?"
B. Sig, cold crook, I trap paper like notebook
When the hot water disappear like when coke cook
Then resurface, its Sig. Berk-owitz, bitch I'm sick
Leave that ass like Dama
Sig. heat that ass like sauna
Stretch ya body out like recliner
Stretch my middle finger to your honor
like, "Fuck the world", that's my persona, love drama
Drop a building like Osama, you vagina
I know you wish you never met me like Carl Thomas
Try to forget me like all silence

Fuckin' with a vet be, all problems
I'm not about the threats B, I'm all promise
Before "The Truth", position in the booth
As a young scrap, I was vicious as a youth
Kept a gat moving pigeons in the Coupe
You was strapped, then positioned on the stoop
Stay strapped, put my pistol on shoot
Mac take ya "Juice" like Bishop on the roof
I had ya pissing in ya trunk like a roof
Bullets hit ya chest like a blunt rolled loose
I'm that corn liquor nigga, 100 proof
I bring the storm, all you niggas lace ya boots
Better yet, pull out ya strings, make a noose
Hang yaself, here's a deuce deuce, bang yaself like Cheddar Bob
I'm in the hood like S-T-tall cat-Crooked Letter-I
S-P-C-O, nigga yes IYes I
Matta fact
Yeah, Yeah
Bring it backBring it back, me, Doc, America's blunted
Not from there, but I'm Philly Most Wanted
Drop and roll, when my biscuit boil
Talk is greasy, tongue with Crisco oil
Streets is mine, check my flow online
At ww.cutanigga.com
Bricks, two on the hip, reach for the sky
You and ya Burberry suit is buried alive
On top of the Empire, dare me to dive
Wee there I go, no parachute
Jackass like Knoxville, hot as Cancun
Chest hair is baboon, Redman rip the show
I be the raw in ya bitches nose
She be goin' to the bathroom, sniffing blow
Like, "Oh Docta shit, my man a joke"
I know, I be strapped with a double 4-4
And a Slim Jim to open ya Cadillac door
In the Bricks you hear them guns
Rat-a-tat-bo!m
Any nigga get X'ed out like Tic-Tac-Toe
Any bitch that know, Redman goin' the distance
We ain't tryin' to get fucked for instance
When you bust baby, goin' light the incense
Pass me the rag, hop back in the Jag
I stole out the showroom with the price tag
I wrote this rhyme off 25 blunt drags
Hear that sound (whoosh), leave a block hunchback

Killa House, understand prick
We ain't gon stop till we "rich bitch"
Holla back, Redman, Beanie Sigel
Killa House

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