

# Bring Da Beef

## Chingy

Bring da beef to the streets

(Y'all don't really want it)

Keep the heat with me

(So don't run up on me)

All my people see

(Y'all don't really want it)

Betta not fuck wit me

('Cuz our hood is on it)

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I'm a bad block crook out hurr runnin' wild

'Bout to run up on your ass Tommy gun style

Call me One-eyed Willy since I sleep with my clothes

Make money with my partners as I murder my foes

In all black clothes like the Grim Reaper

It's G.I.B. and I'm my brother's keeper

Richie Rich will chop his fingers with the axe

These trick-ass cowards should be wearin' tampax

What ya think this is, huh, a lifetime story

Man, I'm knockin' cowards off of my riders before me

Lay it down, muthafucka and quit bumpin' your gums

Ain't no peace in the slums just bums and crumbs

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Police say G.I.B. is a game  
But we just hooded up doin' our family thing  
Straight hang and swang in the city of Kang  
Increasin' my change to an impeccable range  
That you can't reach, if you listen I'll teach  
Of course I'm a beast on them tracks I release  
Whether East or West, I'll envision a check  
That my show pay, I'm a predator, hey  
So where's my prey 'cuz it's possible for me to be poppin' today  
I'll keep rockin' the [Incomprehensible] in the home of your place  
Bet you won't wanna stay  
Keep the chrome in your face, betta watch what you say, hey  
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I'm [Incomprehensible] disturbin' the streets  
Money's my mission but the way I live ain't no guarantees  
Just visions of casualties sworn to municipalities  
Got 'em after me 'cuz a coward chose to speak on how I'll eat  
But I don't play when it comes to my meat  
Like The Isley Brothers leave 'em layin' between the sheets  
See we Get It Boyz and know we roll with the heat  
If money got a problem, tell him he gon' get beat  
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I'll put you lames in the place where you're eternally restin'  
And for that player-hatin' testin', you gon' meet the Smith and Wesson  
'Cuz these bad block niggas take no prisoners at war times  
Respect mine, I'll have Guerrillas kickin' in your door time  
We're deep with the artillery, impose on your spot  
Plenty G's, plus, a silly G, I'll get your ass knocked  
Ridin' in a minivan, contraband in my hand  
Find these buzzards, split their wig that is my master plan  
I don't start it but I finish it a true gun blazer  
OGM and H-man, them some true hell raisers  
From the WMPG, Northside [Incomprehensible] street  
Stay equipped with the heat  
So we can take it to the street, yo, bitch niggas  
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