Beanie (mack Bitch)

Beanie Sigel

You know my name, bitch, hold up
The streets gave me heat
And the eagle was the thing that they gave me
It's the rap guerilla that still clap, fucka
Yeah, guess who's back?
Mack, bitch, I move blocks and pounds
I move out with small blocks from towns
Move out with small glocks and pounds
And I take everything to the table bag and rock it down
Fuck who watchin' now, the neighbors, they in pocket now
Fuck you haters cops some pocket now
When it come to coke you can't outwit me, mine cheap
'Bout to take over the city of Philly like John Street
Nigga ask all y'all fiends, they call me Chef Boyar-Beans
Beanie Crocker, cook coke proper
Right amount of flour siffin' it up
Coke spots runnin' by the hour, shiftin' it up
Graveyard shifts, move packs in bundles
Braveheart kids, use gats, don't rumble
Gorilla niggaz goin' ape in this concrete jungle
Banana clips'll make them monkeys humble
Beanie Sigel was the name that they gave me
Beanie Sigel was the name that they gave me
Beanie, Beanie Sigel was the name that they gave me
Beanie, but guess who back
It's Mack, bitch, back in the mix or the scuffle
I'm in the hood with them chips like Ruffles
Boxman, Frito Lay, for that free dough boxin'
You will lay, nigga I'm not playin'
Listen, whether I make cash or take cash
I'm in the hood eatin' with my dog like when we break-fast
B's on the hood and the wheel and the brake pad
Shit when I skate past, bitches shake ass
I sit four-thirty deep in wheels
You 'bout, four-thirty cheap in wheels, small Benz
Look at your small rims, small wheel, small grill

Big Beans, sittin' in Bentley my heart peels
Zero to sixty so quickly, how you want it? You can have it

Drop top, stick shift, automatic
Back wheels still smokin'
Sixty-four still rolling, three wheel motion, it's ferocious
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Mack, aiyyo, on the low doe, the whole city is mine
I'm trying to flood the whole city with dimes
I'm in the kitchen yeah, with that vision wear
Get them digits clear, you can come and get them pigeons here
Niggaz talk about the crack game slowed up, bullshit
You switch to hustle when the rap game showed up
While you wastin' your time spittin' the rhymes
I'm gettin' mine spittin' them rhymes, but still pitchin' them dimes
And the spot still sick with da grime
Glock twenty-six nigga but I'm sicker than nine
I'm live with the pound, small silencer calmin' the sound
Stick with the seven, strickly smith with the seven, shit
When I drop back and cock back
And pop that, I'm poppin' for keeps
I'm not gettin' stopped in the streets
Imagine that a nigga tryin' to rock Mack
Only nigga did it was Jay and he did it when I signed the contract
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