

'Bout That (Let Me Know)

Beanie Sigel

How does it feel bein' next to you
I wanna know how, just let me know I got them diamonds on my neck, I'm so icy
I think they like Sig', in them white tees
Them SB jeans, sneaks is me
Dark green with the camouflage print Fake Willies wanna know what's the damage I spent
On that new V-Twizzy, grown man with no fence
Roughly the cost about three bricks off
Cooked up then bagged in trays, have a nice day I'm in my bag and I'm havin' it my way
Sick of the floss, sick of cars, you niggaz car-sick
Sick of seein' Sig' in them large whips
No plates and offended, temp plates in the window If you could see the garage I back in there
Niggaz grind all summer then be crack in the winter
I'm never cracked, one number I'm back in, yeah
It's always Mac, nigga the top spender Just check your boy out in all his splendor
How I grind in the winter, cop up in the spring
Wait for the summer to show off my new things
And in the fall, I do just that, I fall back And listen to the rumors on how I'm all that
You see this shit? Boy, I copped all that
Yes, I can cover the bet as you should
However do you want it just drop it's all good Money, cars, cash, clothes
Beans says if you bout that shit then let me know
If you bout that shit then let me know
If you bout that shit then let me know Money, cars, cash, clothes
Baby girl, if you bout that shit then let me know
If you bout that shit then let me know
If you bout that shit then let me know I show you how to do this, dude
I done turned more blocks into Rubik's Cube
You boy, let off shots from that newest tool
Then I skate on cops in that newest cruise I'm rich boy, ah, look at here
Blow up icy and rich but your jewels ain't lookin' clear
I show you lil' dudes how to cook a square
And how to grind it to the limit when you push it, yeah You don't want it with Sig', I pull your card out
You ain't got no bitches now bring them broads out
We can go chip for chip, I pull some large out
Or go whip for whip, I bring them cars out Bring the Benz out, bring the Aston-Mart' out
Porsche Box' or the drop top Ferrar' out
Bring the old school six-fours out, coops to the four doors out
Cool and Dre, bring the chorus out Money, cars, cash, clothes
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If you bout that shit then let me know Money, cars, cash, clothes
Baby girl, if you bout that shit then let me know
If you bout that shit then let me know
If you bout that shit then let me know However do you want it, bitch, I ain't stutter
You fuckin' with that dude
Man, I lay 'em gutted that nigga 'dere pop
And I done lost more work in a pot than y'all ever copped Right cat, wrong litter box and I don't window shop
And I don't lease, I just pick and cop
I got the title to the shit I got
You need that work, I'm on the boat by the river dock I put you niggaz in a triple threat soon as I hit The Roc
Niggaz claim they ballin' but can't hit the shot
Yeah, I'm flagrant, this ain't your game kid
Stay in your lane or get your shit blocked, how you want it? Money, cars, cash, clothes
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If you bout that shit then let me know Money, cars, cash, clothes
Baby girl, if you bout that shit then let me know
If you bout that shit then let me know
If you bout that shit then let me know However do you, however do you
Gangsters, pop that shit and let me know

Songwriters

Marcello Valenzano; Dwight Grant; Andre Lyon
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