

Stop, Chill

Beanie Sigel

New shit

Wsup

Wsup

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Stop, chill, relax, and let this nigga sigel flow
I know you can't believe the flow, you can't cope I flow dope

Like a key ya blow

You like naw, beans, same nigga from 21st and sigel street

When it's beef people let them desert eagle speak

So whoever, wherever I don't care where we meet

Stop, chill, don't talk shit sideways outta your mouth

I will slap spit sideways outta your mouth

Bitch niggas talk indirect it don't matter

When you got snitch niggas right in your set

That's why I know where you niggas sling coke and pumped at

Same spot that you liable to see me at

Gun and a mask one in the stash where the seed at

Stop, all my young bucks huggin' the block

Stop puttin' drugs in your sock

You makin' it easy for the cops to catch you

They hooked to that stash and that trash and that bag of pretzels

You gotta hustle smarter than that

Cop coke harder than that, keep your dough apart from your crack

Keep a stash in the dark for the trap

Man you never know when the narks gon launch an attack

Stop, I know you cats livin' a lie

You niggas rats you ain't willin' to die

Chill, I spit it for my niggas keepin' it street

Keepin' they steel, all my niggas keepin' it real

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It's still vex in the game tryin' na earn respect

I got the best of out and y'all ain't heard shit yet

You can shuffle up the cards I'ma learn the deck

When I do the game is mine, man I'm aimin' high

Niggas talk about guns don't be carryin' none

Every two hammers I cock I'm buryin' one
I'ma dress in all stash this year, whenever I'm near
From the first junior, to Madison Square
Stop, chill, 'cuz I know y'all niggas like Mac fuckin' that track
Let me show you somethin' dog it ain't nothin' for Mac
It come all natural like I'm bustin' my gat
Or I'm stuck in a spot crushin' the crack
Got ice in a pot, fluffin' the crack
Takin' backs to the block so don't stuff in them packs
Doin' life on the roc ain't nothin' fuckin' with that
Me, jail, dog, you can put me under the ground
Where I'm from all my niggas they from under the ground
You can hear us when we come it's a thunderous sound
Trees, stompin', roc jeans and a bunch of white T troopers
Stay on post with they toast and they like to shoot you
Philly cats no rack, big guns and sumas
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