We run everything We run the streets, the radio, and the club All of the above Yes, yes! (All the above) Uhh (ohh-oh-ohh, all the above) Uhh, uhh (ohh-oh-ohh) Yeah, Mr. Him F'Real is here Curbside by Atlanta, got a mill' out there Billionaires Boys Club, can't chill in here Gold bottles of that bubb', y'all spillin beer The boy only pour on that ace of spades Forbes Magazine homes - soon to grace the page I pull 7 digits clean - soon as I grace the stage I done caught up with the paper; y'all chasin change Man I'm runnin up Broad Street, in and out of lanes With the top down screamin out - you niggaz know the sayin C'mon, you niggaz know my name It's the bully with the bucks, ain't a damn thing changed I'm hood, I'm street Still standin in the middle of the beat (Mac!) I'm a mack, I'm a thug I'm a pimp I does all the above On the low I'm in the fastest whip And in the spot I'm with the baddest chick - all the above Up in the club got these niggaz pissed We got bottles and a pound of twist - all the above WE BUY OUT THE BAR~! And all night puff on cigars We get so much love, and all of the above Yeah, Mr. Beat The Case is back Got acquitted, stitch fitted in that gangster hat Now I'm back, sick with it with this gangster rap Let's get it, where my gangsters at? Make noise And I ain't never been no fraud, no nah that's not in my rapport Never fronted on my boys for no whore I ain't never been no bitch, nor never lied on my dick Y'all niggaz still dyin for these whores I ain't never been no - snitch, never been no - rat Never shot a nigga in his back I always put the drama to his face I ain't never pull my strap and ain't clap Got my case, did my time, now I'm BACK~! Up in the club still poppin the Cris' Still back it up whenever I talk shit Man I'm worth about a billion but I'm still hood rich Still hoppin out the whip with a hot-ass chick Still rockin the chain, they still knowin my name It's Kels, that's right bitch, I'm still in the game Still walk through the hood like I'm holdin that thang Still limp through the club like I'm holdin that cane It's two fingers for a rock star, middle for a bitch

Come in by self and leave out with cha chick Beanie Sigel got my back if we run into a snitch And Kels got his back if he ever need a hit From the tour, to the block
We keep risin, to the top
From the club to the parking lot
We 'bout to show the haters what we go so LET'S GO!

"Sigel was the name that they gave me" "Allow me to reintroduce myself"

It's the Broad Street Bully I'm number one
Five-oh said FREEZE when I had the gun
But I don't stop for the law, pushed the pedal to the floor
Rock star nigga, heavy metal on the drawer
Because my life is, how I mic this
Police wan' see my license
Run my social, check my gov', search my glove
Keep they hand on they toast when they approach this thug
Cause I'm a hoodlum, a monster, Bad Boy, a goodfella
Gangster and a thug - yes I'm all the above!