

Beanie (Mack Bitch)

Beanie Sigel

You know my name, bitch
Uhh.. yeah.. 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 (uh-huh)
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 cop some pocket now
When it come to coke you cant 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

BEANIEEEEEEEEE! Sigel was the name that they gave me
BEANIEEEEEEEEE! Sigel was the name that they gave me
BEANIEEEE, BEANIEEEE - Sigel was the name that they gave me
BEANIEEEEEEEEE! Yeah, but guess who back

It's Mack, bitch - uh-huh, 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
Sheeit 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
64 still rolling, 3 wheel motion, it's ferocious

Mack, aiyyo
On the low doe (shh!) the whole city is mine
I'm trying to flood the whole city with dimes (yeah)
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 (uh-huh)
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 26 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