

Beans Is Back

Beanie Sigel

Bang bang, Sigel Street gang (Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh)
Holla at ya boy Bean Sig, fresh out of Federal Building
Fuck you, your mom, and your children (What you thought it was gonna stop man?)
Oh, Disco what up? To 'em all, Sigel representin' all day (It ain't gonna stop man)
Pack up a roll nigga (Yeah I'm back, ya boy)
These chumps actin' like they hard, y'all ain't hard man (Public Enemy #1!)
Holla at ya boy man (C'mon, c'mon, let's go)

Court casin', third felony facin' no probation
My heart racin' like I'm blunt lacin'
Hennessy and malt liquor chasin'
My Gem Star scarrin' niggas faces

Four pound or trey eight'n
I throw bullets like Dallas, Troy Aikman
The callous on my index stay achin'
Nigga stay hatin', they got me late night pacin'

Tight boot lacin', mask on like I'm Jason
Shoot up shit like Larry Davis
You play the pulpit like Pastor Ma\$e'n
Turn cheek like Martin Luther

I'm like Oswald, sharpshoot'
Got my eyes on my mark in the dark shootin'
Beam illuminatin' the target movin'
Get your organs ruined

Move out like SWAT move in
Got the niggas on the back block rootin'
For the bad guy
Playground legend like Sad Eye or Pee Kirkland

My MP state workin'
Shootin' arm stay jerkin'
My Nextel stay chirpin'
I can't answer 'cause the feds lurkin' (Uh huh!)

It's like I'm catchin' cancer on purpose
Back to back chain smoking, nicotine fiendin'
Conversatin' with demons when I'm dreamin'
Manic-depressive

Like the man upstairs tryna pass me a lesson
But I can't catch it
The game under great depression
They miss my presence

Pack it up niggas
Yeah, I'm back man
Y'all niggas got 24 hours
Matter fact, I'ma give y'all 'bout 'til my album come out man
Y'all can do all y'all bullshit (The Prince!)
Y'all can step and run with all y'all hopes and all that dumb shit (The Prince!)

(Ay, ay, ay, yo)
I try tell 'em, look, look

I'm live in the flesh (Flesh!)
You can't beat me, I am the best (Best!)
Neck over my game, I'm ahead of the rest
They said I was blessed, I ain't believe

'Til the death you won't find a nigga liver than me
Gettin' chauffeured I guess it's just the rider in me
Eatin' Hors d'oeuvres as a nigga pirate the sea
Life is a gamble, so I just picked up the dice

I won't fail, but my point is I'm hitting it twice
If I lose, I'ma pick up the knife
Let the four bang, let the Lord pick up his life
Rob the whole game, lookin' like money

Smellin' like cocaine
Yeah, show you niggas I'm in here like Rogaine
Y'all freestyle lame, so plain
I'm fly, I party in the sky like Soul Plane

Guys know I'm high pro' with the ride low
Fly, so you need a radar to see where I go
Mojo, Moto where the logo was
Fo sho, throat hoe's give me low blow love

Gold digga's all around, I just show 'em up
Burnt CD is the only way I throw 'em dubs
Niggas mad 'cause, they ain't gettin' dough like us (Uh uh)
My money move like Flo-Jo in the GoGo Club

Ya gotta feel it kid
Nigga I still legit
Y'all couldn't win if you had the game nigga-rigged
Beatin' down Notorious for feelin' Big

Hate I throwed at Andrea Yates could kill a kid
I done been through enough beef to fill a fridge
So you ain't gotta beg for change
For me to fill your lid, nigga (Uh, yeah)

I tried to talk to 'em (Tried to tell 'em man)
They don't understand Bean (Wait 'til the album drop)
Niggas just don't... I don't know man (Prince said it's)
I don't even know (King of the yard!)
Talkin' shit (High priest of hip-hop!)
They assholes, I guess (Believe in me dog!)
Holla at ya boy
Tired of this rap shit
These other dudes just, deacons and shit
Not even reverends, just deacons man
They worshippers
Followers (Followers)