

Let Go

Beanie Sigel

B. Mac, yeah I'm back in town
State Property boys, R.O.C. boys back you down
Let's Go! Let's Go!
Uh, Go!
Them Gunners, yeah they back in town
Uh, Peedi Crakk, yeah he back in town
State Property boys, R.O.C. boys back you down
Let's Go!
Go!
Uh huh, Go!
Omilio Sparks yea he back in town

I'm from the mean streets of P {illy where niggas tryin to kill me
Ain't no real homies left, I can see it clearly (I can see it clearly)
Feds wanna nigga down half a century
If I get booked the whole Prop better mention me (whole Prop better mention me)
Independently my name in parenthesis after every sentence and a parrot comes eventually (a parrot comes eventually)
When your time stop, Fuck a com spot
It's better than a pine box, show me no sympathy
When they imprison me
Just have my books straight, commissary stack, tell Jay he better visit me (Jay better visit me)
As you can see, can't switch my games
The knife in it (knife in it)
I got three strikes pending (Uh)
Crackers in the mountains got me cutting my braids (braids), all off no fade (no fade) but can't cut my ways (my ways)
Cutthroat niggas jealous (jealous)
Green like relish
Cause I'm getting the mustard, fuck it catch up (fuck it catch up)
You Broke (You broke)
But that ain't what they tell us, if you rope bank tellers, niggas where's your notes? (Nope)
I Can't see 'em, B. Sig strapped, can't be him, commissary stacked, visits every weekend (Uh huh)
I make power moves, [?] shower shoes (shower shoes), you still rock the State skimpies in the shower room (Shower Room)
All I got is fucking time to zone
They got me Bin Laden status, Rec and cell alone
Must I remind you niggas what a thug about? (thug about)
Red light'll find you and shine through your mother house (mother house)
Four lethal weapons, strapped Danny Glover route
Baby Wap, Mac hunting, whack Trey snub him out (Trey snub him out)
Yea, rub him out, O.J. Glove him out
Wop wasn't even loud, bullets just coming out
Cops yell "Move the crowd! ", dead body coming out
Rock him and his kids, if the near run his mouth
I was raised at the block where my name at
Ghetto where the sun don't shine, and where it rain black
If you don't hit who you aim at, that bloodstained pavement will tell them stories on how them niggas came back (stories on how them niggas came back)
Everybody name strapped, cops get flamed at
The block where they pop pills (pills), pop the purple rain at (rain at)
I can take you through a tour of the Ave, where bad bitches lose they ass from the raw and the glass (raw and the glass)

Most niggas get rich off a four and a half (four and a half), then go broke,
fall victim to the straw and the bag (straw and the bag)
Where niggas lose their life over dice (uh huh)
They'll stop in the bank, shoot for the six, get shot with the eight (Blaka)
Where they keep the dope in the rice, the Dro in the Jar
The coke in the ice, blow in the bar ([*sniff*] uh)
The gangsters is locked, the haters is home
Rats on the block, feds on the phone
Walk with me, come on!
The county is packed, receiving room crowded
Real niggas keep a [?] and wear they boots in the shower
Faggot niggas play in they hut and never come to the yard
Nigga scream "Allahu Akbar! ", hit up the guard
Where we live for today cause we ain't promised tomorrow
Where I'm from, all we know is go hard and go harder!

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