

# Beanie Siegel, Beanie (Mack Bitch)

Beanie Siegel  
Miscellaneous  
Beanie (Mack Bitch)

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?

[Verse 1]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 2]

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

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

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

[Chorus - 2X]

[Thanks to [outkastlayzie@aol.com](mailto:outkastlayzie@aol.com) for these lyrics]