

Beanie Siegel, So What You Saying

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Miscellaneous

So What You Saying

(feat. Memphis Bleek)

[Chorus - Scratching w/ Background voice]

[Beanie Sigel]

Aiyyo Memph what's wrong with these niggas man?

These niggas ain't sayin shit man

These niggas on mute man

I'ma make you blind motherfuckers feel some real

Aiyyo the guc is here dog I'm back to work

I took time off a couple niggas had to get hurt

Due to the fact they wack and wasn't strapped

Packin they gat, now they layin' flat

In six in green (you know wut i mean?)

Man I need a new gat for that

Yo, I'm the coke copper plus the rock chopper

Down wit M. Bleek, the Marcy prock clocker

One wreck, the other destroy

And with that bullshit vest on, I'm killin' your boys

I don't play when it come to yae

I cop cook and collect my dough in one day

Book rock and collect my dough at one show

False looks, Memph let one go from the floor

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo, yo

Well I'm known to be the master in the M.C. field

Oh-oh got respect, oh-one I still

Tote guns to the show and then I jet wit a hoe

Bitch niggas want to front and get clapped

Get on the floor, clap a second time

And make sure I flat-line you

Let a whole round go, hit niggas behind you

See the gleam on the glock, know the beam on top

Get shot, popped, and drop, yo the team is the Roc

As I glance at Mack, a-k-a B-Siegel

Know we comin' with the macks and the extra Eagles

I'm not playin, you dudes know what I'm sayin'

I make a call to my dogs, them niggas comin' through sprayin'

What you sayin'?

[Chorus]

[Sigel]

I'm puttin heads to beads, gun straight out the box

B-Sige, I put up all the roofs and glocks

I'm not playin, see these guns that I'm sprayin'?

Twin sub oozies, can't budge or move me

Nickels stay chubby, smokers never choosy

Don't gotta yell up the block, they come to me

Packs with colorful tops just like coochies

New jacks with they pack they like, who he?

I'm not playin, knock them things off quick

Got game still think off shit

What you say?

[Bleek]

With a partner like Sigel, don't come a dime a dozen

We could be brothers, we better known as cousins

As we climbed the chart with who the fuck want what

My hood to your hood, we showed the world crew love

Who wanna play with that Roc-A-team?
Know that I tote that thing that knock sixteen
You walk around talkin' this and that
How I sound like Jay and all my records is wack
But when I dropped the LP, niggas thought it would fold
Thirty days later, Coming of Age went gold
What you sayin'?

[Chorus]

[Sigel]

Now party people it's time for this question
No knock knock, who's that? who's there? or who is it?
It's the M-A-C-K
Yes the gun clapper, the duct tape, rope, black mask and kidnapper
The flow dope, the beats just blazin'
Like Luther Vandrow says, yo 'I am so amazing and I've been waiting'
For a sucker to attack the cat with two gats
Yo Bleek, you got my back, show 'em how we do

[Bleek]

Yo, I fight fire with fire, I make crews retire
I spit 9 to 5 nines, Bleek for hire
Your crew murderize, see the guns that I'm bringin'
In an all out battle, Bleek come out swingin'
Memph the type of nigga that'll spit off quick
Biggs push the Benz and we spin off quick
Take a sip of the Cris pour the Belvy with lime
Crack the Arma del Lope and then I'm goin for mine
So what you sayin'?

[Thanks to outkastlayzie@aol.com for these lyrics]