

# Beanie Sigel, Beanie

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]

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

[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]