

# Beanie Sigel, Bout That

How does it feel bein' next to you  
I wanna know how, just let me know  
I got them diamonds on my neck, I'm so icy  
I think they like Sig', in them white tees  
Them SB jeans, sneaks is me  
Dark green with the camouflage print  
Fake Willies wanna know what's the damage I spent  
On that new V-Twizzy, grown man with no fence  
Roughly the cost about three bricks off  
Cooked up then bagged in trays, have a nice day  
I'm in my bag and I'm havin' it my way  
Sick of the floss, sick of cars, you niggaz car-sick  
Sick of seein' Sig' in them large whips  
No plates and offended, temp plates in the window  
If you could see the garage I back in there  
Niggaz grind all summer then be crack in the winter  
I'm never cracked, one number I'm back in, yeah  
It's always Mac, nigga the top spender  
Just check your boy out in all his splendor  
How I grind in the winter, cop up in the spring  
Wait for the summer to show off my new things  
And in the fall, I do just that, I fall back  
And listen to the rumors on how I'm all that  
You see this shit? Boy, I copped all that  
Yes, I can cover the bet as you should  
However do you want it just drop it's all good  
Money, cars, cash, clothes  
Beans says if you bout that shit then let me know  
If you bout that shit then let me know  
If you bout that shit then let me know  
Money, cars, cash, clothes  
Baby girl, if you bout that shit then let me know  
If you bout that shit then let me know  
If you bout that shit then let me know  
I show you how to do this, dude  
I done turned more blocks into Rubik's Cube  
You boy, let off shots from that newest tool  
Then I skate on cops in that newest cruise  
I'm rich boy, ah, look at here  
Blow up icy and rich but your jewels ain't lookin' clear  
I show you lil' dudes how to cook a square  
And how to grind it to the limit when you push it, yeah  
You don't want it with Sig', I pull your card out  
You ain't got no bitches now bring them broads out  
We can go chip for chip, I pull some large out  
Or go whip for whip, I bring them cars out  
Bring the Benz out, bring the Aston-Mart' out  
Porsche Box' or the drop top Ferrar' out  
Bring the old school six-fours out, coops to the four doors out  
Cool and Dre, bring the chorus out  
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Baby girl, if you bout that shit then let me know  
If you bout that shit then let me know  
If you bout that shit then let me know  
However do you want it, bitch, I ain't stutter  
You fuckin' with that dude  
Man, I lay 'em gutted that nigga 'dere pop  
And I done lost more work in a pot than y'all ever copped  
Right cat, wrong litter box and I don't window shop  
And I don't lease, I just pick and cop

I got the title to the shit I got  
You need that work, I'm on the boat by the river dock  
I put you niggaz in a triple threat soon as I hit The Roc  
Niggaz claim they ballin' but can't hit the shot  
Yeah, I'm flagrant, this ain't your game kid  
Stay in your lane or get your shit blocked, how you want it?  
Money, cars, cash, clothes  
Beans says if you bout that shit then let me know  
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Money, cars, cash, clothes  
Baby girl, if you bout that shit then let me know  
If you bout that shit then let me know  
If you bout that shit then let me know  
However do you, however do you  
Gangsters, pop that shit and let me know