Beanie Sigel F/ Freeway, Roc the Mic

Beanie Sigel F/ Freeway Miscellaneous Roc the Mic Ho! Ho! Bounce Holla! Bounce, bounce, bounce

[Beanie Sigel]

It's B Sig in the place with Young Free And I got what it takes to rock the mic right Still watch what you say out your mouth Cause 50 shots still will turn the club out

[Verse 1: Freeway]

I miss the hood when I'm travelin, get neck when I'm travelin

Chicks peck wood when I'm travelin

Fuck a Lex cause the click fit good in the Caravan

Slide through your hood like a avalanche

Click a flick if you get a chance get that close

Fuck an advance, cause I get that dough (get.. that.. doe)

Beef with me, enemies come sleep with me for breakfast

Guaranteed to eat this toast

I'm reckless, firestarter heat your folks

A starvin artist that'll eat y'all tracks, so don't bring 'em around

I be around Ricans vida loca

They got all the toasters don't need no gats

I got a six stashed leave 'em around

So I don't get left around haters around when I leave

In the winter rock short sleeves reason the pound

With the heat blastin, keep actin the heat blastin

Techno Marine shinin, marine fashion backin 'em down

Niggas 'gone keep hatin and my click gon' keep grindin

Keep movin, lockin the town

Chorus:

[Freeway]

It's Freeway in the place with B Sig

And I got what it takes to rock the mic right yeah

Still watch what you say to me prick

Cause I got what it takes to dump the AK clip

[Beanie Sigel]

It's B Sig in the place with Young Free

And I got what it takes to rock the mic right yeah

Still watch what you say out your mouth

Cause 50 shots still will turn the club out, ho!!!

[Verse 2: Beanie Sigel]

It's Mack-daddy-young strappy

No he ain't the O.G. gangsta

Yes I is! come on don't test I kid

I firebomb cribs like Left Eye did

Notorious like that Bed-Stuy kid, big or small you can get it

" Dead Wrong, " like tryin to brawl a strong armored midget

I pull that 9 out my pocket I'm lyin

I pull that Mac out the closet, start firin

For you cats outta pocket, stop tryin

Take that, get back, clap iron

You know, stay low, keep firin, uh!

I put the led in the gat, the metal go clap

I lay cats flat on they back, stop fuckin with this radical cat

You fuck around and need a medical cat

The led'll go clap, your head'll go back, uhhh

It's B Sig in the place to be With two heaters on the waist of me. man who's facin me?

Chorus:

[Beanie Sigel]

It's B Sig in the place with Young Free

And I got what it takes to rock the mic right yeah Still watch what you say out your mouth

Still watch what you say out your mouth

Cause 50 shots still will turn the club out, ho!!!

[Freeway]

It's Freeway in the place with B Sig
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right yeah
Still watch what you say to me prick
Cause I got what it takes to dump the AK clip

[Verse 3: Freeway]

Big nickels down your way don't trip

Get folded down your way, got soldiers down your way

Keep quiet down your way no lip

All of y'all need to one yo'self

Go get the burna nigga bang yo'self

Or I come through with the hammer make you lose yo' health

Fast, roll with Dash's, move like Cassius Clay

Move yay like caskets, there's a will there's a way

Obey my thirst move yay through traffic

Without Sprite, without Nike's

I " Just Do It" ball break the basket

Yeah you damn right, without ice

I pull up to your honey car and stuff her basket

International post player, circle the atlas

You don't wanna be hoe playas, circle the hood

Bend over backwards, without searchin for backwoods

Chorus:

[Freeway]

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[Beanie Sigel]

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[Freeway]

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[Beanie Sigel]

It's B Sig in the place with Young Free And I got what it takes to rock the mic right yeah Still watch what you say out your mouth Cause 50 shots still will turn the club out, ho!!!

[Outro: Freeway]

All of y'all need to one yo'self

Go get the burna nigga bang yo'self

All of y'all need to one yo'self

Go get the burna nigga bang yo'self

Shit, shit, it's the, it's the Roc nigga, hooo, hoo, hoo!

And another one, and another one.. {*fades*}