

# Beanie Sigel, Future Of Tha Roc

(Young Chris)

Young, Gunz

Chris and Neef

The home of Philly

Tough love, first time around

We got now we don't care who got next

(Verse One)

(Young Neef)

Check we the future

We got like a dime left

To make sure our niggaz cool and our moms set

It ain't safe every day is a bomb threat

Game watered down you work harder or less

(Young Chris)

Just give it all to my daughter wit death

Until then love me

Cee and Neef baby give us a second

Stand tall when they give us the pressure

Cause if we fuck up our first chance

Fans won't give us a second, check

(Young Neef)

Listen and learn you missin the message

They will drop you and won't be missin your presence

I'm the curse

Young Cee he the present

It don't work nigga give us the weapons

When you murk from the Hearst leave you in the desert

(Young Chris)

Breeze through in a 7

45 45's need two in possession

Got the Mack 11 two intertechers

So ain't no tellin what I do to them vests's

We ain't just shootin out reckless, nigga

(Chorus)

&quot;Young . . Young, Young Gunners&quot;

&quot;Chris and Neef&quot;, &quot;We the future&quot;

&quot;We the future&quot;

(Verse Two)

(Young Chris)

We pull up in them big boy trucks

Big boy drops

We be the only young boys that the big boys watch

Neef and C official like a ref wit a whistle

Protect shit a nickel

Its death on a whistle

Lose breath when I hit you

Your best bet is to get through

Fuck outta the lane I'm much outta my pain

The stronger the game is quicker

Live by the code fool

Dinner time cold food, aim is sicker

Much faster, blast ya

Tearin ya niggaz

We don't discriminate

Hoes get the same as niggaz

Comin straight out the North Of Death

We give a fuck about a level we extort the best

Who's the boss nigga

(Young Neef)  
Kill em slow give a fuck who he know  
Our only purpose is that money and blow  
ain't scared to put a tag on his toe  
The pressures on so they lettin us go  
before our time and you already know, yo

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)  
(Young Neef)  
Just when they thought it was over  
The young'n soldier got focus,  
and notice negotiations about my closures but  
Wont lose my composure  
Buck a shot and be over  
Just like that, just give up rap  
Gives a fuck about the bitches  
Got to change our only livin  
Get my niggaz in position  
From the block into the kitchen  
Its my decision if I do it or not  
But who gon' come back to that slow ass block  
Yeah duckin them cops extendin them shots a  
nd meltin them glocks  
Yeah this might not be my permanent spot  
But what ever happens it happens  
I see you motherfuckers on top  
It be the real ones that block  
That's why I listen and watch

(Young Chris)  
You gots to listen more than you talk  
so keep your mouth shut  
It ain't about rattin then you walk  
They say the bad come along wit the good  
So keep your awards  
Just make sure the cash come on home wit the hood

(Chorus: repeat 2x)  
&quot;Young . . Young, Young Gunners&quot;  
&quot;Chris and Neef&quot;, &quot;We the future&quot;  
&quot;We the future&quot;