

Beanie Siegel, Nothing Like It

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Miscellaneous
Nothing Like It

I'm just a picture in a frame
man, I paint word pictures on the canvas of life
but I don't control the colors

Yo, I'm ten steps ahead of niggas, that shit scary
sometimes I feel ahead of myself
I hear this voice in the back of my mind
like "Mac maintain, just grind, dog, better yourself"
So what I do?, I take heed and pick up the pace
can't explain it when I pick up my son & look at my face
I'm like a black rose growin' in the concrete crack in the pavement
there that voice go again "Mac practice for greatness,
get paid for them immaculate statements"
Keep thinkin of them hotlines, like a physic, I can't explain it
There's no pen when I write it, there's nothing like it..

God damn, what you want from me, what you want me to tell you huh?
Niggas thought that I would stutter huh, thought I was dumb

But I ain't used to use my mind, I used to just... use my 9
and run wild with my boys, in the streets wild with these wars
now the Qu'ran and 48 laws, they polish my floors
I'm moving niggas like puppets with no strings attached
It's nothin' for Beans, so you know it ain't a thing for Mac
to look in your eyes, see through your heart, know what you fearin'
pick you apart, like you niggas is transparent
(I see right through you niggas)
It's like Mac was born with advanced parents
I'm like the Sun shining at night,
imagine it dog, I know you wanna see me gradually fall
but I'm walkin on air, braking every gravity law
nothing like it...
I spit words that skip through air
let the words of a true thug hit your ear,
it change colors like blue blood when it hit the air
it's nothin' like it...

God damn, shit, I can't explain it
Fuck y'all niggas

I changed my whole life.. in about 9 months, just like sperm in a womb
these young niggas never learn 'til they doomed
try to tell them "you can burn young punk, without smelling the fuse"
make you shiver in the middle of June,
paintin' pictures so vivid, you can hang it up in your room
shine bright like a prism, displaying colors like Crayola
think of the prisons with straight soldiers
think about the niggas who fucked us and played over us
think about the mothers who suffered and prayed over us
Just look at the the picture I've painted, it's so perfect
open your eyes motherfuckers, you can't duck us
no survivors every soul shall suffer,
I'm loadin them revolvers every shell shall touch ya
I promise I'll light your ass with these mags, I'ma bust ya
God damn it's nothin' like it, I'm serious

can't explain how I write it..

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

