

Beanie Sigel feat. Freeway, Roc the Mic

Beanie Sigel feat. Freeway
Miscellaneous
Roc the Mic
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Roc the Mic
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 burn 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
Take a flick if you get a chance get that close
Fuck an advance, cause I get that dough
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 a 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 'gone 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 OG gangsta
Yes I is! come on don't test I kid
I firebomb cribs like Left Eye did
Notorious like that Bed-Stuy kid, +B.I.G.+ or small you can get it
Dead wrong, like tryin to brawl a strong armored midget
I pull the 9 out my pocket I'm lyin
I pull the 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
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 run 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 dashes, 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 bar break your 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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[Outro: Freeway]

All of y'all need to run yo'self
Go get the burna nigga bang yo'self
All of y'all need to run 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*}