

# Beanie Sigel & Freeway, Roc The Mic

Ho, ho  
Bounce  
Holla  
Bounce, bounce, bounce  
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  
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 an 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, fire starter, 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 all got 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 back 'em down  
Niggas gon' keep hatin' and my click gon' keep grindin'  
Keep movin', lockin' the town  
Alright, 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  
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 shot still will turn the club out, ho  
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 nine 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, uh  
It's B. Sig in the place to be  
With two heater on the waist of me, man who's facin' me

It's B. Sig in the place with Young Free  
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Still watch what you say out your mouth  
'Cause 50 shot still will turn the club out, ho  
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  
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 ho playas, circle the hood  
Bend over backwards, without searchin' for backwoods  
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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  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho  
And another one, and another one  
All of y'all need to run yo'self  
Go get the burna nigga bang yo'self