

Beanie Sigel, Get That Dough

(Beanie Sigel)

Get, that, dough
Still huggin the strip
Get, that, dough
Get the dough nigga (that dough)
Uhh uhh, Sig' get, that, dough
Uhh.. yo, uhh.. yo (get, that, dough)

I'm sick of niggaz talkin bout they whips - when they bustin 'em out
Summertime come around, don't nuttin come out
Snappin on they bitch, cussin her out
Mad cause they crack, ain't no crack, they sufferin a drought
Man you know how Mac play when I sling my butter
Take my show state to state like the Ringling Brothers
Keep clowns high-wired off the shit I juggle
F.B.I. eyes spyin from the shit I smuggle
Keep the trunk of the car lined with coffee grounds
The cops pull us over it throw off the hounds
Got a bitch that let me stash shit in the crib
Break her off, every week, to fix up her wig
Man I stay on a mission with whores (shit)
Cause I get down, and "Get Around," like the late Mr. Shakur
Stay in the kitchen with raw
I'm the shit when I whip, I always turn two into four

(Chorus)

Yo, get your mind right, get your grind right
til you get the shine right and get, that, dough
Stay on the low-low, duckin the po'-po'
Tuck in the fo'-fo' and get, that, dough
You get your team right, and that's the green light
to cut your cream right and get, that, dough
It won't stop y'all, until I drop y'all
I'ma hug the block y'all and get, that, dough

(Beanie)

Yo, aiyyo I got plenty dough, but there's more to make
And I'm the chef, I bake, I don't order cakes
If I'm short, shit you caught a break
I can make twenty look like twenty-eight off of water weight
I'm the shit when I'm twistin my wrist
In the kitchen with that thang that got fiends skitzin to hit
From the drugs that I drug in, the NARCs be buggin
I keep my eye on the block and a pie in the oven
Smokers come straight, I ain't breakin off nuttin
Got two thirty-eights, I can break off a dozen
You know how Mac play, when it come to that yea
I got 'em locked up on the block like it's crack day
I fucks with the pipers, ducks from the bikers
Punks on the righteous, bust at the sheisters
Stay in the kitchen with a block of raw
Razor blade play partner straw, yo

(Chorus)

(Beanie)

Yo, yo, aiyyo I cops that coke, cooks that coke
Chops that coke and give out perks work
Makes that dough, gets them ends
How you want it dog, pipe or syringe?
Aiyyo I hit the block quickly, and lick up a fifty
Tear the highway like Freeway Ricky
Spit it my way and pop shit sickly
til the Feds come and get me or the lead bullet hit me

(Chorus 2X)