

Beanie Sigel, Gotta Have It

(feat. Peedi Crack, Twista)

[Intro - Peedi Crack]

P., P. Crack Cocaine

B., B. Mack is back

Chad, Chad West on track

[Chorus 1 - Peedi Crack]

I Gotta Have It! Shot out to my b-boy Beans

And my S.P. chain gang, doin the damn thing

I Gotta Have It! Don't forget my boogie with beam

That keep me in good health and kill ya, ya'mean?

[Verse 1 - Peedi Crack]

Chain gang, gang bang, let my middle finger hang

Ain't nothin changed my name, P. Crack Cocaine (P. Crack Cocaine)

Relapse, I stay zapped, my urine ain't clean

No one to blame but Peedi and a nigga I mean (nigga I mean)

Ten stacks, Crack come to the club and do the thing

You ain't got that, I'm in the crib fixin my bricks

Style back, that's the method-zine

About to get your four stressed

So I can whip back on the whole sixteenth

[Chorus 1]

[Verse 2 - Beanie Sigel]

B. Mack, seat back, S.P. intact

You see me with Crack, we strapped

What's the reason for that? (What's the reason for that?) (I Gotta Have It!)

I need that, that Philly-boy clap

Hit you niggas in your back, send the rest in your hat (send the rest in your hat)

Stay strapped with the mack, with the hoodie too tall stack

The aim all that, when I flame you get all that (you get all that)

Me Boy Mack fuck with cracks since tall cats (It's the chain gang!)

Gang bang! I suggest ya'll fall back

[Chorus 2 - Twista and Peedi Crack]

I Gotta Have It! Shot out to my boy B. Sige

And the S.P. chain gang for doin the damn thing

I Gotta Have It! Don't forget the rrring rrring

That keep me in good health and kill ya, ya'mean?

[Verse 3 - Peedi Crack]

Chain gang, lickey with the ban

Quickly spit it rrring

Sickey Rickey get his ziggy bang

Snitchin on the gang (gang)

Don't forget you get that Uncle Midi

Get him for his chain

Simply give him a chitty bang, sit him in a cling (cling)

No name, no blame, Mack 10 no aim

Hi-lo, rhino, put your body in pain

No play no games, 'fore blow your brain

Bo range me after the show, you know of course I Gotta Have my...

[Chorus 1]

[Verse 4 - Beanie Sigel]

State Prop click and pop hit you niggas with the glock

Catch a nigga whippin in the kitchen cookin in the pot

Pursue it then might crack you (smack you), hit him with the glock

(When you hear that!) Then you know here come the cops

What up, wait, stop, fuck the cops!

Got the baby uzi whop, turn your cruiser to a drop (cruiser to a drop)
Get off the block 'fore SWAT surround the spot
We be locked in a box, three hots and a cot (I can't have it!)

[Chorus 2]

[Verse 5 - Twista]

The may-or of Chi, this ain't even ain't no kings and queens
Fixin to hurt from us when you jerk us, we Merciless like Ming
Twista and Beanie greedy like Peedi make the gun go rrring
When you look at the thing, give me the bling
Hand me the chain and the ring
Baller in the bubble, blowin bubble, always actin up
When trouble feel the double barrell of a double platinum thug
Clappin, ready for some action, and I'm going to empty the crib
I rep for the Roc and the State Property clique
Homey, you can't do shit
Throw a finger up, give me love, Remi in the club
When they see these thug, in a circle, snort the 50s up
Range Rov, 24 inch, blacked out bulbs
Blows fast, but hit your ho slow with the soul pole
Creeping on niggas trying to test me in the black drop top
Pull up and let the booper go bop, bop-bop
Treat you, in the wind, to my borough, blowin on my back
And do the same to any nigga that's tryna take what I got
I Can't Have It!

[Outro - Peedi Crack]

It's gettin', it's gettin', it's gettin' kind of hectic
It's gettin', it's gettin', it's gettin' kind of hectic
It's gettin', it's gettin', it's gettin' kind of hectic
It's gettin', it's gettin', it's gettin' kind of hectic
Se pone, se pone, se pone muy difcil
Se pone, se pone, se pone muy difcil
Se pone, se pone, se pone muy difcil
Se pone, se pone, se pone muy difcil
Chain gang, gang bang
P., P., P., P. Crack Cocaine
B., B. Mack is back
Chad, Chad West on track
Now let's go!