

Beanie Sigel, Mack Bitch

You know my name, bitch
Uhh yeah hold up
The streets gave me heat and the Eagle
Was the thing that they gave me
It's the rap guerrilla that still clap fucka
Yeah, guess who's back?
Mack, bitch I move blocks and pounds
I move out with small blocks from towns
Move out with small glocks and pounds uh-huh
And I take everything to the table bag and rock it down
Fuck who watchin' now; the neighbors, they in pocket now
Fuck you haters cop some pocket now
When it come to coke you cant outwit me, mine cheap
Bout to take over the city of Philly like John Street
Nigga ask all y'all fiends, they call me Chef Boyar Beans
Beanie Crocker, cook coke proper
Right amount of flour siffin' it up
Coke spots runnin' by the hour shiftn' it up
Graveyard shifts, move packs in bundles
Braveheart kids, use gats don't rumble
Gorilla niggaz goin ape in this concrete jungle
Banana clips'll make them monkeys humble
Beanie, Sigel was the name that they gave me
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Beanie, Beanie, Sigel was the name that they gave me
Beanie yeah, but guess who back
It's Mack, bitch uh-huh, back in the mix or the scuffle
I'm in the hood with them chips like Ruffles
Boxman, Frito Lay, for that free dough boxin'
You will lay, nigga I'm not playin'
Listen, whether I make cash or take cash
I'm in the hood eatin' with my dog like when we break-fast
B's on the hood and the wheel and the brake pad
Sheeit when I skate past, bitches shake ass
I sit four-thirty deep in wheels
You bout, four-thirty cheap in wheels small Benz
Look at your small rims, small wheel, small grill
Big Beans, sittin' in Bentley my heart peels
Zero to sixty so quickly how you want it? You can have it
Drop top, stick shift, automatic back wheels still smokin'
64 still rolling, 3 wheel motion, it's ferocious
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Beanie, but guess who back
Mack, aiyyo
On the low doe, shh the whole city is mine
I'm trying to flood the whole city with dimes yeah
I'm in the kitchen yeah, with that vision wear
Get them digits clear you can come and get them pigeons here
Niggaz talk about the crack game slowed up, bullshit
You switch to hustle when the rap game showed up uh-huh
While you wastin' your time spittin' the rhymes
I'm gettin' mine spittin' them rhymes, but still pitchin' them dimes
And the spot still sick with da grime
Glock 26 nigga but I'm sicker than nine
I'm live with the pound, small silencer calmin' the sound
Stick with the seven, strictly smith with the seven shit
When I drop back and cock back and pop that, I'm poppin' for keeps
I'm not gettin' stopped in the streets
Imagine that a nigga tryin' to rock Mack
Only nigga did it was Jay and he did it when I signed the contract
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