Beanie Sigel, 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 six stashed, leave 'em around

So I don't get left around haters around when I leave

In the winter, rock short sleaves 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

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 sy 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 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 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 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 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, whoo, whoo, whoo And another one, and another one