

# Chingy, Bring Da Beef

Chorus:

Bring da beef to the streets (y'all don't really want it)  
Keep the heat with me (so don't run up on me)  
All my people see (y'all don't really want it)  
Betta not f\*\*k wit me ('cause our hood is on it)  
(repeat)

Verse 1:

I'm a bad block crook out hurr runnin wild  
Bout to run up on your ass Tommy gun style  
Call me One-eyed Willy since I sleep with my clothes  
Make money with my partners as I murder my foes  
In all black clothes like the Grim Reaper  
Its G.I.B. and I'm my brother's keeper  
(?) will chop his fingers with an axe  
These trick-ass cowards should be wearin tampax  
What ya think this is, huh, a Lifetime story  
Man I'm knockin cowards off of my riders before me  
Lay it down muthaf\*\*ka and quit bumpin your gums,  
Aint no peace in the slums just bums and crumbs

(chorus)

Verse 2:

Police say G.I.B. is a game  
But we hooded up doin our family thing  
Straight up hang and swang in the city of ?  
Increasin my change to an impeccable range  
That you can't reach, if you listen I'll teach  
Of course I'm a beast on them tracks I release  
Whether East or West, I envision a check  
That my show pay, I'm a predator, hey  
So where's my prey 'cause it's possible for me to be poppin today  
I'll keep rockin the ? in the home of your place  
Bet you won't wanna stay  
Keep the chrome in your face  
Betta watch what you say, hey

(chorus)

Verse 3:

I'm ?  
Disturbin the streets  
Money's my mission but the way I live aint no guarantees  
Just visions of casualties, sworn to municipalities  
Got 'em after me 'cause a coward chose to speak on how I eat  
But I don't play when it comes to my meat  
Like the ? brothers, leave 'em layin between the sheets  
See we Get It Boyz, so we roll with the heat  
If money got a problem, tell him he gon' get beat

(chorus)

Verse:4

I'll put you lames in the place where you're eternally restin  
And for that player-hatin testin, you gon' meet the Smith and Wesson  
'cause these bad block niggas take no prisoners at war times  
Respect mine, I'll have Guerrillas kickin in your door time  
We're deep with the artillery, impose on your spot  
Plenty G's plus a silly G to get your ass-knot  
Ridin in a minivan, contraband in my hand  
Find these buzzards, split their wig, that is my master plan

I don't start it but I finish it a true gun blazer  
OGM and H-man, them some true hell raisers  
From the WMPG, Northside ? street  
Stay equipped with the heat, so we can take it to the street, bitch niggas

(chorus)

(chorus)