

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)