

Pete Rock, Beef

(feat. Krumbsnatcha)

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Y'all don't want, beef
No y'all don't want, that
Get caught up in these streets
Get shot up by them heats

[Krumbsnatcha]

Word to my cousin, the truth and no lie
Me and my dawg was in his brand new Land, puffin on lye
Tameka came by, glossy-eyed as she cried
Lil' Jay got sprayed with a chrome four-five
That's my motherfuckin man, get in the Land
Head to the rest, grab vests, switch whips to the Caravan
I heard an ambulance right up the block
Plus more shots, the shit's gettin hot, pull up and park
by the back, pass the gat, hit the lights and lay back
Hold up, now roll up, yo where them niggaz at?
I know one of them cats from the projects with Jay
The first nigga move I'ma pull this gun, spray
No de-lay, we stay night to fuckin dawn
It's on, my head spinnin, feelin my cheeks get warm
Tears drip as I stepped out the whip
Slipped a clip, had to get hit, uh-uh that's that bullshit

[Chorus]

[Krumbsnatcha]

Yo I can't believe my man since 3rd grade got sprayed
Bullet laced as he laid, chokin up blood with no aid
Made money for the purpose of his daughter
Victim of an unmerciful slaughter - explain harder
or don't bother, I'ma heat yo' ass like lava
Identified was that tinted gray Chevy Impala
Fleein the scene, as the back tires screamed
Now for them my man {?}, ruined his whole dream
of playin ball pro, bitch that's how it go
You let me know, I'll hit your whole fuckin team with the metal
Mental struggle got my hand under the bubble
Tryin to blow steam and leave the scene blood puddles
Snakes (whattup nigga?) These niggaz ain't explainin
(Well fuck it then) It's time for some gestratin
Hit him in the worthless shell he came in
Murder is a sin, but it's worse him dyin on revenge
And I ain't havin it

[Chorus]

[Krumbsnatcha]

I ain't havin it, reached in the bubble and grabbed it
Automatic cocked back and squeezed through his Polo fabric
Nigga duckin and runnin, irrationally gunnin
Thinkin to myself, do I gotta hit someone
Then I heard shots from a back route
Fired back out, got shot, dropped and blacked out
Put in a clap out, didn't map out or act out the plans
Now I'm consciously layin while bullets is sprayin the Caravan
We can't lose, I hear shotguns then 22's
Left arm booze, or blood soaked through my Adidas shoes
Heavy breathin, a lot of bleedin
Bitches screamin, put over on my good shoulder, started squeezin
out the back window, she gave the wrong info
Suddenly crashed into a Pinto

Hopped out, flew through the back yard, word to God
It's on and I felt the gat slip through my palm
Kept runnin, hopped the fence, hopin that I didn't leave prints
Spotted a black Ac' parked with dark tints
Broke the passenger's side, hotwired the wide and slide
Another unsolved homicide

[Chorus]