

## **Sigel Beanie**

### **"For My Niggaz"**

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(feat. Daz Dillinger)

Ayo! Light that shit the fuck up man!

[Daz]

Y'all niggas get ready to get high!

What we doin in here y'all, huh?  
Everybody partyin, smokin, bullshittin  
Drinkin, c'mon

[HOOK:]

This for my niggas on the east coast rollin  
Tinted up Suburban, in the streets swervin  
All my niggas in the street wit caine  
Muh'fucka which street you claim? Put your glock up  
This is for my niggas on the west coast bouncin  
Six-four rollin, three wheel motion  
All my dogs on the block just loc'n  
Nigga put your rag up, playa put your flag up

[Verse 1]

B Mack in the mix again, I'm startin shit again  
I'm in the club with the fifth again  
West coast niggas sippin gin  
East coast niggas Belvedere, cranberry nigga mix it in  
I'm in the back where it's dark as hell  
Shit you know me, VIP, nigga spark the L  
And I come to roll a ounce or more, bounce wit whores  
Shit all my niggas strapped what all the bouncers for  
Whether deuce or Sig on Crenshaw Ave  
I'ma, get them bitches, get that cash  
I'ma, hit them switches, lift them spokes  
I'ma, push that chicken, get that coke  
I'ma, rock them dickies, Air Force Ones  
Til the, feds come get me air out guns  
From the, P H I L L Y, to the, L B C to C P T, uh

[HOOK]

[Verse 2]

I'm on the block til the pack get sold  
Don't pack just roll  
Hit L.A. like Shaq and Kob'  
Nigga please, got trees Acapulco gold  
Got connects with the heat got the gats on hold  
All my niggas vatos locos holmes ese's  
SA's with SK's a fuck if the cops come holmes  
That's right fuck coppers holmes  
We bust choppers holmes  
We on the block sent them choppers on  
Twenty niggas wit they khaki's creased  
That'll clap police, that sling crack on the back of  
streets  
Or twenty niggas on the back of blocks  
That sling caps and rocks, who won't hesitate to clap  
the cops  
Whether I, push the truck to pick up clucks  
To get they feathers knocked off, then they get  
dropped off  
From pickin up bitches, hittin switches  
St Ives to Ingbing I'ma do my thing, yo

[HOOK]

[Verse 3]

All my playas who rock tan trees and chuck tails  
Say fuck they PD's and duck jail  
Rock wife beaters with the plaided shirts  
Only top button buttoned, ready to buck somethin  
You fuckin wit a gangsta rookie  
Don't gangsta lookie  
Shoot up your feet make you gangsta boogie  
Shoot up your jeep if you gangsta look me  
What you think this sweet? What you eat, nigga  
gangsta cookies?  
Call state to the Staples Center  
The four quake'll put staples in ya  
Nigga zip up your stomach  
Rip up your younguns, make you pay to get 'em  
That's how we play to get 'em, never pay for pigeons  
Whether I, push the truck to pick up clucks  
To get they feathers knocked off, then they get  
dropped off  
From pickin up bitches, hittin switches  
St Ives and Ingbing I'ma do my thing, yo

[HOOK 2X]

[Daz]

Yeah, (I make 'em walk)  
Beanie Sigel and that nigga Daz Dillinger (and Kurupt)

Dogg Pound Roc La Familia (Dogg Pound)  
For life, do it like that, put your hands up!  
(Kurupt)  
Make them switches bounce nigga  
California put your hands up nigga  
Jump over the moon, I wanna hear the gate start to  
twitchin nigga  
Don't play no games fool  
And walk on 'em, yeah, and walk on 'em  
Uh, and make 'em walk, yeah, my nigga Beans...  
Bouncin, bouncin...

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