

## Sigel Beanie

### "Gangsta, Gangsta"

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(feat. Kurupt)

[Beanie Sigel]

(Yo) Who wanna fuck wit', the fat boy of the Roc?  
(blldddttt) stick em, ha, another victim  
Mac pullin' capers again  
Fuck with that money paper then  
Light as a rock, gonna light up the block  
Don't believe in cases, goin all out  
Paintin' faces, switch my picture, like tradin' places  
For that money what?  
Everybody hands up, or hands down money tucked  
I flip the money trucks, money I don't give a fuck  
Ay money, shut the fuck up  
It's only a stickup  
You don't stand a chance, give it quick up  
You 'bout to turn into an ambulance pickup  
Enough with the cocky stuff, fuck all that stocky stuff  
Don't get smacked like a hockey puck  
I ain't wit' that rocky stuff  
I'm strapped got this gat (Blah blah blah blah)  
What?

[Chorus: Kurupt and Beanie 2x]

Gangsta gangsta, tell me how you do it  
It seems so simple, like there was nothing to it  
One more time run through it, everybody hands up  
Alright hands down money tucked

[Beanie Sigel]

I'm on fire like a molotov cocktail  
I'm high off them cocktails  
Dangerous gone broke, my aim is no joke  
Duct taped, roped, strangle your folks  
Box cut across the throat (nope)  
Bang the four 'till it's broke  
Prey on niggas in a circular pattern  
Catch you playin' craps, car in reverse  
I'm circlin' back  
Man I stay up in them dice games, fuck a ice chain  
A Ice ring, I'm tryin' to come up on some nice change

Incase a nigga might swing, they gets a might thang  
Pull out the right thang, show em it's a spike thang  
Make you do the right thing, like a Spike Lee joint  
Bang that pussy and his right knee joint  
You get the sergeant and cap couldn't tell mack  
(freeze)  
I'm like a rat dodgin' traps when it come to the cheeze  
Backwards wrapped my trough  
Wont hesitate to clap ya folks  
I'm on tilt like a rapid (?)

[Chorus 2x]

[Beanie Sigel]

Back now nigga, all black down nigga  
Mack now, loaded up wit' black towns nigga  
Frontline, clap down, backround niggas  
One nine clap crowns, and smack down niggas  
Keep rope to hogtie you pork ass niggas  
Stuffin' the boot to shoot hoops you sports ass nigga  
Wouldn't shoot a game of pool  
8-ball in the corner pocket, stop it  
You niggas flippin' Guess jeans profit  
Disrespectin' eskell, expectin' to sell  
You got seeds in ya weed, disrespectin' the L  
Don't got 20's on ya wheels disrespectin' the car  
You burnin rubber and that squad, disrespectin the tar  
You niggas wore ass backwards, 'vessinal gat  
Same thing with your hustle, rustled and packed  
The ball back on missions  
Drop the east the mack more vicious  
Back to snatch or crack off dishes

[Chorus 2x]

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