

Beanie Sigel & Freeway "Roc The Mic"

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Ho, ho
Bounce
Holla
Bounce, bounce, bounce

It's B. Sig in the place with Young Free
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right
Still watch what you say out your mouth
'Cause 50 shots still will burn the club out

I miss the hood when I'm travelin', get neck when I'm
travelin'
Chicks peck wood when I'm travelin'
Fuck a Lex 'cause the click fit good in the Caravan
Slide through your hood like an avalanche

Take a flick if you get a chance get that close
Fuck an advance, 'cause I get that dough
Beef with me, enemies come sleep with me for
breakfast
Guaranteed to eat this toast

I'm reckless, fire starter, heat your folks
A starvin' artist that a eat y'all tracks, so don't bring
'em around
I be around 'Ricans 'Vida Loca'
They all got the toasters, don't need no gats

I got a six stashed leave 'em around
So I don't get left around haters around when I leave
In the winter, rock short sleeves reason the pound
With the heat blastin', keep actin' the heat blastin'

Techno Marine shinin', Marine fashion back 'em down
Niggas gon' keep hatin' and my click gon' keep grindin'
Keep movin', lockin' the town

Alright, it's Freeway in the place with B. Sig
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah
Still watch what you say to me prick
'Cause I got what it takes to dump the AK clip

It's B. Sig in the place with Young Free
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah
Still watch what you say out your mouth
'Cause 50 shot still will turn the club out, ho

It's Mack, daddy, young, strappy
No he ain't the OG gangsta
Yes I is, come on don't test I kid
I firebomb cribs like Left Eye did

Notorious like that Bed-Stuy kid, B.I.G. or small you can
get it
Dead wrong, like tryin' to brawl a strong armored
midget
I pull the nine out my pocket I'm lyin'
I pull the Mac out the closet, start firin'

For you cats outta pocket, stop tryin'
Take that, get back, clap iron you know, stay low, keep
firin', uh
I put the led in the gat, the metal go clap
I lay cats flat on they back, stop fuckin' with this radical
cat

You fuck around and need a medical cat
The led'll go clap, your head'll go back, uh
It's B. Sig in the place to be
With two heater on the waist of me, man who's facin'
me

It's B. Sig in the place with Young Free
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah
Still watch what you say out your mouth
'Cause 50 shot still will turn the club out, ho

It's Freeway in the place with B. Sig
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah
Still watch what you say to me prick
'Cause I got what it takes to dump the AK clip

Big nickels down your way don't trip
Get folded down your way, got soldiers down your way
Keep quiet down your way no lip
All of y'all need to run yo'self

Go get the burna nigga, bang yo'self
Or I come through with the hammer make you lose yo'
health
Fast, roll with dashes, move like Cassius Clay
Move yay like caskets, there's a will there's a way

Obey my thirst, move yay through traffic
Without Sprite, without Nike's
I just do it bar break your basket
Yeah, you damn right, without ice

I pull up to your honey car and stuff her basket
International post player, circle the atlas
You don't wanna be ho playas, circle the hood
Bend over backwards, without searchin' for backwoods

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'Cause 50 shot still will turn the club out, ho

All of y'all need to run yo'self
Go get the burna nigga bang yo'self
All of y'all need to run yo'self
Go get the burna nigga bang yo'self

Shit, shit, it's the, it's the Roc nigga
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho
And another one, and another one
All of y'all need to run yo'self
Go get the burna nigga bang yo'self

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