

Beanie Sigel

"4 Da Fam"

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This ones for the family
[Incomprehensible]For the dynasty, a million
[Incomprehensible]Check it out, yo

Aiyo, this time it's for my family, we ride or die
It's in the blood 'til the death, now aim for the sky
My four blow fo show, fo doe, for only
It's money, drugs and hot slugs you know bleek

Squeeze hammers t'il they nail me, fuck what niggas
tell me
Street scholar, keep firin' is what they tell me
Drug chemist, thug nigga be named Memphis
Straight from da borough of dem B.K. niggas

Where we rob for the fun of it, hustle for the drug of it
Rap money in rubber-bands, just for the love of it
Straight from my ghetto, we listen to heavy metal like
Desert eagles, street sweepers, loud metal

It's hit an run now, motherfuck anyone of you
We dem niggas be in ya crib just like furniture
Pop up with the gun in ya
Release one for zero-zero M Bleek R O C dot com

This Philly cat back at it
Still throwin' crack at it
Still fuckin' with them crack-atics
Still bust 'em with them black matics

It's ain't the bucks, it's the rush
You tryin' to get my ass at it
They say I think ass backwards
Fuck how I act, as long as I stack, it's all mathematics

Our tracks nice, hug the block ta tract dice
Late night, club night, mac attract dikes
I pull up, Cadillac truck nice
Two guns, you know mac pack gat twice

Gets that crack back wit that ice

No joke wit the coke, I wips that right
No doubt, never droubt, gets that price
It gets that nice, when you live that live

Papi knows yours name
And you ditched that wife
Nigga it's gets stacked green nigga
It gets stacked chain nigga

I get forty G's a feature now
Hold Franklin's like a Aretha now
In the SL two seater now
And I'm in nuthin' but diamonds

I'm the illest female that you heard thus far
Five-five with the thirty-four B-cup bra
I fuck wit dem cats who ain't up to par
I get niggas for cash, clothes, jeweleries, plus cars

I'm talkin' rent money, I'm talkin' bank money
I'm talkin' Martha Keats step of with the rent money
Movin' on up, two in the sauna
Still ride through the block, pull up on the corna, plus

Give me an inch so I can take a mile
I bring life like a new born naked child
Bitches tryin' ta come up, gotta wait a while
As of now, Amil-lion just played ya style, you dealin'
with, nigga

The, the roc, the the, the roc
(Let me talk to y'all niggas real quick)
The, the roc, uh uh, the roc

Yo, y'all niggas truly ain't ready for this dynasty thing
Y'all thinkin' Blake Carrington, I'm thinkin' more like
"ming
I got four nephews, and they all right in
They all young and wild, plus they all like things

And I'm havin' a child, which is more frightening
But y'all about to witness is big business kid
Big bosses, cocky, and big benzsesses
Come through flossin'em shiny rims it is

An office don't pop up in their sentences
I think you understand what type of event this is
I don't think you know I focus young Memphis is
Or I see was so real, when you add on Amil

This is much more than rap, it's black entrepreneur

Clothin', movie, and films, we come to conquer it all
Roc-A-Wear, eighty mill like, eighteen months
You could bullshit wit rap if you want, muthafuckers
When it's all said and done, we gon' see what's what
Holla at Hov, I'll be in the cut what

It's the, the roc, the the, the roc
It's the, the roc, the the roc
You rollin' with the roc
Dynasty niggas, that's right like no other

It's the, the roc, the the, the roc [Incomprehensible]
It's the, the roc, the the, the roc [Incomprehensible]
[Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible]

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