

Beanie Sigel

"All Of The Above"

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We run everythin'
We run the streets, the radio and the club
All of the above

Yes, yes
All the above
Oh, oh, oh
All the above
Oh, oh, oh

Yeah, Mr. Him F'Real is here
Curbside by Atlanta, I got a mill' out there
Billionaires Boys Club, can't chill in here
Gold bottles of that bubb', y'all spillin' beer

The boy only pour on that ace of spades
Forbes Magazine homes, soon to grace the page
I pull 7 digits clean, soon as I grace the stage
I done caught up with the paper, y'all chasin' change

Man, I'm runnin' up Broad Street in and out of lanes
With the top down screamin' out, you niggaz know the sayin'
C'mon, you niggaz know my name
It's the bully with the bucks, ain't a damn thing changed

I'm hood, I'm street
Still standin' in the middle of the beat
I'm a mack, I'm a thug
I'm a pimp, I does all the above

On the low I'm in the fastest whip
And in the spot I'm with the baddest chick
Up in the club got these niggaz pissed
We got bottles and a pound of twist

All the above
We buy out the bar
And all night puff on cigars
We get so much love and all of the above

Yeah, Mr. Beat the case is back

Got acquitted, stitch fitted in that gangster hat
Now I'm back, sick with it with this gangster rap
Let's get it, where my gangsters at? Make noise

And I ain't never been no fraud
No, nah that's not in my rapport
Never fronted on my boys for no whore
I ain't never been no bitch, nor never lied on my dick
Y'all niggaz still dyin' for these whores

I ain't never been no snitch, never been no rat
Never shot a nigga in his back
I always put the drama to his face
I ain't never pull my strap and ain't clap
Got my case, did my time now I'm back

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Up in the club still poppin' the Cris'
Still back it up whenever I talk shit
Man, I'm worth about a billion but I'm still hood rich
Still hoppin' out the whip with a hot-ass chick

Still rockin' the chain, they still knowin' my name
It's Kels, that's right, bitch, I'm still in the game
Still walk through the hood like I'm holdin' that thang
Still limp through the club like I'm holdin' that cane

It's two fingers for a rock star, middle for a bitch
Come in by self and leave out wit'cha chick
Beanie Sigel got my back if we run into a snitch
And Kels got his back if he ever need a hit

From the tour to the block
We keep risin' to the top
From the club to the parkin' lot
We 'bout to show the haters what we got, so let's go

Sigel was the name that they gave me

Allow me to reintroduce myself

It's the Broad Street Bully, I'm number one
Five oh, said freeze when I had the gun
But I don't stop for the law, pushed the pedal to the
floor
Rock star nigga, heavy metal on the drawer

Because my life is how I mic this, police wan' see my
license
Run my social, check my gov', search my glove
Keep they hand on they toast when they approach this
thug
'Cause I'm a hoodlum, a monster, bad boy, a good
fella
Gangster and a thug, yes, I'm all the above

I'm hood, I'm street
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I'm a mack, I'm a thug
I'm a pimp, I does all the above

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