

## **Beanie Sigel "Beanie (Mack Bitch)"**

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You know my name, bitch, hold up  
The streets gave me heat  
And the eagle was the thing that they gave me  
It's the rap guerilla that still clap, fucka  
Yeah, guess who's back?

Mack, bitch, I move blocks and pounds  
I move out with small blocks from towns  
Move out with small glocks and pounds  
And I take everything to the table bag and rock it down

Fuck who watchin' now, the neighbors, they in pocket  
now  
Fuck you haters cops some pocket now  
When it come to coke you can't outwit me, mine cheap  
'Bout to take over the city of Philly like John Street

Nigga ask all y'all fiends, they call me Chef Boyar-  
Beans  
Beanie Crocker, cook coke proper  
Right amount of flour siffin' it up  
Coke spots runnin' by the hour, shiftin' it up

Graveyard shifts, move packs in bundles  
Braveheart kids, use gats, don't rumble  
Gorilla niggaz goin' ape in this concrete jungle  
Banana clips'll make them monkeys humble

Beanie Sigel was the name that they gave me  
Beanie Sigel was the name that they gave me  
Beanie, Beanie Sigel was the name that they gave me  
Beanie, but guess who back

It's Mack, bitch, back in the mix or the scuffle  
I'm in the hood with them chips like Ruffles  
Boxman, Frito Lay, for that free dough boxin'  
You will lay, nigga I'm not playin'

Listen, whether I make cash or take cash  
I'm in the hood eatin' with my dog like when we break-  
fast  
B's on the hood and the wheel and the brake pad

Shit when I skate past, bitches shake ass

I sit four-thirty deep in wheels  
You 'bout, four-thirty cheap in wheels, small Benz  
Look at your small rims, small wheel, small grill  
Big Beans, sittin' in Bentley my heart peels

Zero to sixty so quickly, how you want it? You can have  
it  
Drop top, stick shift, automatic  
Back wheels still smokin'  
Sixty-four still rolling, three wheel motion, it's ferocious

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Mack, ayyo, on the low doe, the whole city is mine  
I'm trying to flood the whole city with dimes  
I'm in the kitchen yeah, with that vision wear  
Get them digits clear, you can come and get them  
pigeons here

Niggaz talk about the crack game slowed up, bullshit  
You switch to hustle when the rap game showed up  
While you wastin' your time spittin' the rhymes  
I'm gettin' mine spittin' them rhymes, but still pitchin'  
them dimes

And the spot still sick with da grime  
Glock twenty-six nigga but I'm sicker than nine  
I'm live with the pound, small silencer calmin' the  
sound  
Stick with the seven, strickly smith with the seven, shit

When I drop back and cock back  
And pop that, I'm poppin' for keeps  
I'm not gettin' stopped in the streets  
Imagine that a nigga tryin' to rock Mack  
Only nigga did it was Jay and he did it when I signed  
the contract

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