

Beanie Sigel "'Bout That (Let Me Know)"

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"'Bout That (Let Me Know)"

How does it feel (MAC) bein next to you
I wanna know how, just let me knowwww-know-know-know

[Beanie Sigel:]

I got them diamonds on my neck, I'm so icy
I think they like Sig', in them white tees
Them SB jeans, sneaks is me
Burnt green with the camouflage print
Fake Willies wanna know what's the damage I spent
On that new V-Twizzy, grown man with no fence
Roughly the cost about three bricks off
Cooked up then bagged in trays - have a nice day!
I'm in my bag and I'm havin it my way
Sick of the floss, sick of cars, you niggaz car-sick
Sick of seein Sig' in them large whips
No plates and offended, temp plates in the window
Oh my God! If you could see the garage I back intah
Niggaz grind all summer then be crack in the wintah
I'm never cracked, one number I'm back in yah
YESSSS~! It's always Mac, nigga the top spender
Just check your boy out in all his splendor
How I grind in the winter, cop up in the spring
Wait for the summer to show off my new things
And in the fall, I do just that - I fall back!
And listen to the rumors on how I'm all that
You see this shit? Boy I copped all that!
Yes, I can cover the bet, as you should
However do you want it just drop it's all good

[Chorus:]

Money, cars, cash, clothes
Beans says if you 'bout that shit then let me know
If you 'bout that shit then let me know
If you 'bout that shit then let me know
Money, cars, cash, clothes
Baby girl if you 'bout that shit then let me know
If you 'bout that shit then let me know
If you 'bout that shit then let me know

[Beanie Sigel:]

I SHOW YOU HOW TO DO THIS DUDE~!
I done turned more blocks into Rubik's Cube
Your boy, let off shots from that newest tool
Then I skate on cops in that newest cruise
I'm rich boy, ahh looka here
Blow up icy and rich but your jewels ain't lookin clear
I show you lil' dudes how to cook a square
And how to grind it to the limit when you push it yeah
You don't want it with Sig', I pull your card out
You ain't got no bitches now bring them broads out
We can go chip for chip, I pull some large out
Or go whip for whip, I bring them cars out
Bring the Benz out, bring the Aston-Mart' out
Porsche Box' or the drop top Ferrar' out
Bring the old school six-fours out
'Til the four doors out, Cool & Dre, bring the chorus out

[Chorus]

[Beanie Sigel:]

Uhh, however do you want it bitch I ain't stutter
You fuckin with that dude, man I lay 'em gutted
That nigga 'dere pop
And I done lost more work in a pot than y'all ever
copped
Right cat, wrong litter box
And I don't window shop, and I don't lease I just pick
and cop
I got the title to the shit I got
You need that work, I'm on the boat by the river dock
I put you niggaz in a triple threat soon as I hit The Roc
Niggaz claim they ballin but can't hit the shot
Yeah I'm flagrant, this ain't your game kid
Stay in your lane or get your shit blocked, how you want
it?

[Chorus]

[Beanie Sigel:]

However do you [x2]
Gangsters, pop that shit, and let me know, uhh...

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