

Beanie Sigel "For My Niggas"

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Ayo, light that shit the fuck up man
Y'all niggas get ready to get high
What we doin' in here y'all, huh?
Everybody partyin', smokin', bullshittin', drinkin', c'mon

This for my niggas on the East Coast rollin'
Tinted up Suburban, in the streets swervin'
All my niggas in the street wit caine
Muh'fucka which street you claim? Put your glock up

This is for my niggas on the West Coast bouncin'
Six-four rollin', three wheel motion
All my dogs on the block just loc'n
Nigga put your rag up, playa put your flag up

B Mack in the mix again, I'm startin' shit again
I'm in the club with the fifth again
West Coast niggas sippin' gin
East Coast niggas Belvedere, Cranberry nigga mix it in

I'm in the back where it's dark as hell
Shit you know me, VIP, nigga spark the L
And I come to roll a ounce or more, bounce wit whores
Shit all my niggas strapped what all the bouncers for

Whether deuce or Sig on Crenshaw Ave
I'ma, get them bitches, get that cash
I'ma, hit them switches, lift them spokes
I'ma, push that chicken, get that coke

I'ma, rock them dickies, Air Force Ones
Til the, feds come get me air out guns
From the, P H I L L Y, to the, L B C to C P T, uh

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I'm on the block til the pack get sold
Don't pack just roll, hit L.A. like Shaq and Kob'
Nigga please, got trees Acapulco gold
Got connects with the heat got the gats on hold

All my niggas vatos locos holmes ese's
SA's with SK's a fuck if the cops come holmes
That's right fuck coppers holmes
We bust choppers holmes
We on the block sent them choppers on

Twenty niggas wit they khaki's creased
That'll clap police, that sling crack on the back of
streets
Or twenty niggas on the back of blocks
That sling caps and rocks, who won't hesitate to clap
the cops

Whether I, push the truck to pick up clucks
To get they feathers knocked off, then they get
dropped off
From pickin' up bitches, hittin' switches
St. Ides to Ingbing I'ma do my thing, yo

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All my playas who rock tan trees and chuck tails
Say fuck they PD's and duck jail
Rock wife beaters with the plaided shirts
Only top button buttoned, ready to buck somethin'

You fuckin' wit a gangsta rookie, don't gangsta lookie
Shoot up your feet make you gangsta boogie
Shoot up your jeep if you gangsta look me
What you think this sweet?
What you eat, nigga gangsta cookies?

Call state to the Staples Center
The four quake'll put staples in ya
Nigga zip up your stomach
Rip up your younguns, make you pay to get 'em

That's how we play to get 'em, never pay for pigeons

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Yeah, Beanie Sigel and that nigga Daz Dillinger
(I make 'em walk, and Kurupt)
Dogg Pound Roc La Familia
(Dogg Pound)
For life, do it like that, put your hands up

Make them switches bounce nigga
California put your hands up nigga
Jump over the moon
I wanna hear the gate start to twitchin', nigga

Don't play no games fool
And walk on 'em, yeah and walk on 'em
Uh and make 'em walk, yeah, my nigga Beans
Bouncin', bouncin'

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