

Beanie Sigel "Get Down"

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Chorus

(Scratching) 'get down'

This Philly cat back with them blackmatics

Pop up with the gun in ya crib fa the fun of it

(Scratching) 'get down'

Two guns you know, desert eagle, streetsweepers

It Its in the blood! Mac Pain! Click BOOM

I'll smack you in the grill or you'll feel the 45 harding

45 Yards of football stitches, look ya'll bitches (Black)

Bullets in and out the same spot

Turn you so skinny you can, in and out of rain drop

Skinny like a smoker in and out of cain spots

Hook, drop, dry coke in and out the same pot

Mac with the block could hustle at any cause

Ran through bricks like Nitsie Russel and Lady Boss

(Man) Tricky hustle, quick to bust you 380 toss

You cant escape hell, 357 with 8 shells

38 Long six shots

Get ya shit stopped, get ya clique got

Get ya strip hot, you could get swat

You could get cops, niggaz get ya shit mopped

Hit ya block with two semis and say gimme

Lay everybody down on the ground and take plenty

This four pound make you lose pounds and get skinny

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This Philly cat back on a mission, out the kitchen

Back at it, playing with blackmatics

One Mac eleven, one seven

A line up four buck tears for one bredren

Leave three basins of tears from one widow

50 Cars back to back with stick-up windows

Hollow points clap from Mac sittin' em in you

Nurses gotta cut ya back getting out you
Disable niggaz get staples and shit patch you
Shift over ya liver and able to reroute you
Leave you niggz tubes and cables to spit out through
You know the rules of engagement I gotta out you
(Shit) how you want it dog? We can gun it out
Spit it out, have ya fucking stomach sitting out
Dig this when the shits on, get gone
I'm rated PG, pull on-get gone

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You know Sigel play with them eagles, niggaz don't get tagged

Throw bullets out them dirty birds like McNabb

Bunch of niggaz where ya corners at

Get a whop, take a quarter back, bring a half back you do the math black

Aint no warnin' black, when Im wearin' black mask

Over the braids two nines like Warren Sapp

Bring prosperity back to the hood like Buck Jay

Turn ya block to slump day, who want gunplay?

All you niggaz pennies add up to one thing my dollars

Hollows holla, first class trip to satan with flyer mileage

Guess who the pillot? DOA Airlines, dead on arrival

Flatline you, no survivors they cant find you

Like Kennedy Jr. you kidding me Jr

You way out ya league

Slow pump ya brakes shorty, I'm ya way out ya speed

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