Beanie Sigel
"Gotta Have It"

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(feat. Peedi Crack, Twista)

[Intro - Peedi Crack]
P., P. Crack Cocaine
B., B. Mack is back
Chad, Chad West on track

[Chorus 1 - Peedi Crack]
I Gotta Have It! Shot out to my b-boy Beans
And my S.P. chain gang, doin the damn thing
I Gotta Have It! Don't forget my boogie with beam
That keep me in good health and kill ya, ya'mean?

[Verse 1 - Peedi Crack]
Chain gang, gang bang, let my middle finger hang
Ain't nothin changed my name, P. Crack Cocaine (P. Crack Cocaine)
Relapse, I stay zapped, my urine ain't clean
No one to blame but Peedi and a nigga I mean (nigga I mean)
Ten stacks, Crack come to the club and do the thing
You ain't got that, I'm in the crib fixin my bricks
Style back, that's the method-zine
About to get your four stressed
So I can whip back on the whole sixteenth

[Chorus 1]

[Verse 2 - Beanie Sigel]
B. Mack, seat back, S.P. intact
You see me with Crack, we strapped
What's the reason for that? (What's the reason for that?) (I Gotta Have It!)
I need that, that Philly-boy clap
Hit you niggas in your back, send the rest in your hat (send the rest in your hat)
Stay strapped with the mack, with the hoodie too tall stack
The aim all that, when I flame you get all that (you get all that)
Me Boy Mack fuck with cracks since tall cats (It's the chain gang!)

Gang bang! I suggest ya'll fall back

[Chorus 2 - Twista and Peedi Crack]
I Gotta Have It! Shot out to my boy B. Sige
And the S.P. chain gang for doin the damn thing
I Gotta Have It! Don't forget the rrring rrring
That keep me in good health and kill ya, ya'mean?

[Verse 3 - Peedi Crack]
Chain gang, lickey with the ban
Quickly spit it rrring
Sickey Rickey get his ziggy bang
Snitchin on the gang (gang)
Don't forget you get that Uncle Midi
Get him for his chain
Simply give him a chitty bang, sit him in a cling (cling)
No name, no blame, Mack 10 no aim
Hi-lo, rhino, put your body in pain
No play no games, 'fore blow your brain
Bo range me after the show, you know of course I Gotta
Have my...
[Chorus 1]

[Verse 4 - Beanie Sigel]
State Prop click and pop hit you niggas with the glock
Catch a nigga whippin in the kitchen cookin in the pot
Pursue it then might crack you (smack you), hit him with
the glock
(When you hear that!) Then you know here come the
cops
What up, wait, stop, fuck the cops!
Got the baby uzi whop, turn your cruiser to a drop
(cruiser to a drop)
Get off the block 'fore SWAT surround the spot
We be locked in a box, three hots and a cot (I can't
have it!)

[Chorus 2]

[Verse 5 - Twista]
The may-or of Chi, this ain't even ain't no kings and
queens
Fixin to hurt from us when you jerk us, we Merciless like
Ming
Twista and Beanie greedy like Peedi make the gun go
rrring
When you look at the thing, give me the bling
Hand me the chain and the ring
Baller in the bubble, blowin bubble, always actin up
When trouble feel the double barrel of a double
platnium thug

Clappin, ready for some action, and I'm going to empty the crib
I rep for the Roc and the State Property clique
Homey, you can't do shit
Throw a finger up, give me love, Remi in the club
When they see these thug, in a circle, snort the 50s up
Range Rov, 24 inch, blacked out bulbs
Blows fast, but hit your ho slow with the soul pole
Creeping on niggas trying to test me in the black drop top
Pull up and let the booper go bop, bop-bop
Treat you, in the wind, to my borough, blowin on my back
And do the same to any nigga that's tryna take what I got
I Can't Have It!

[Outro - Peedi Crack]
It's gettin', it's gettin', it's gettin' kind of hectic
It's gettin', it's gettin', it's gettin' kind of hectic
It's gettin', it's gettin', it's gettin' kind of hectic
It's gettin', it's gettin', it's gettin' kind of hectic
Se pone, se pone, se pone muy difÂcil
Se pone, se pone, se pone muy difÂcil
Se pone, se pone, se pone muy difÂcil
Se pone, se pone, se pone muy difÂcil
Chain gang, gang bang
P., P., P., P. Crack Cocaine
B., B. Mack is back
Chad, Chad West on track
Now let's go!