

Beanie Sigel "Intro"

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This is the story of Beanie Sigel

Little Beanie was living trife
in the ghetto life
The night changed the rest of his life
Money's all that he cared for
Robbing drug dealers who hussled near the corner
store

Now he had no concern
bridges that would burn, bodies that were overturned
No shame
The game that he played with
the Devil, the undertaker, the shewel, it's insane

Uh, oh

He cries out for help
Into the world that he's got to himself
And uh, oh
His mentality
Cause deep inside you can feel all through the air

And he came and the clouds turned gray
Packing them things, he was insane
He can see the soul of a man through the whites of
their eyes
Riding on the fear of his name
Back in them days

Husseling nights have faded
And Beanie Sigel was incarcerated
And he shared a cell with a murderer
overheard of a plan that was worth it
Outside connection
to take over the south-end section

Nickel-plated .45s and fast cars
Dealt a bad hand, but in the end he still played his card

They captured him and shackeled him, couldn't trap
him and now Beanie Sigel's back again

And he came and the clouds turned gray
Packing them things, he was insane
He can see the soul of a man through the whites of
their eyes
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