

Beanie Sigel

"Pop 4 Roc"

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Alright yeah
Would ya love me? Alright
Would ya hate me? Watch this yo
I know ya love me, alright
I know ya hate me, Clue
Would ya love me? Brand new Duro
Would ya hate me? I know ya love me
Feel this yo

See me comin' through hair done just a slinging my
shit
With something Gucci on clinging to my hips frontin'
With the Star Tech ringing in the whip icy ears, neck
Fingers for years got the show wild with the toes out
Shit I don't fuck with no stingy nigga, I rock Prada,
Chanel
And Fendi nigga, what I'ma do with your little blunts

And Henney nigga? I'ma Major Coin with a pretty
Bentley
Nigga my niggas will ride for me, you should see all
the things
They buy for me, it's obvious how I spend my time
around ballers
All day don't have to spend a dime, callin' up room
service when
It's dinner time get my tan on in the tropics in the winter
time nigga

Would ya love me? If we couldn't cop the drop
Would ya hate me? If we couldn't drop the top
I know ya love me 'cuz you know we pop 4 Roc
I know ya hate me 'cuz you know we got shit locked

Would ya love me? If we couldn't cop the drop
Would ya hate me? If we couldn't drop the top
I know ya love me 'cuz you know we pop 4 Roc
I know ya hate me and you know we got shit locked

We gon' stop this here get this clear the general of the
Roc in here

Beanie Siegal hottest thing on the block this year, keep
the ego
We been bound to the top ya hear forget about it you
don't know me
Yo stop the stares I've been about it pop you then pop
ya peers
You know how I do six coup, top be clear, you know how
I play low layer Roc-A-Wear catch Siegal in the kitchen
balloon
In the pie, y'all from whom to buy, y'all niggas know if
y'all cross

Mac y'all soon to die 'cuz you know I bring heat like June
and July
Spit like August I'm the truth I'm not lying I'm the
reason why Jay
Feel comfortable retiring I gotta laugh 'cuz y'all work
hard at this shit
Think about yo I just started this shit, just imagine if I
put my heart
In this shit scary sight y'all niggas feel me right God
damn yo
I barely write but every rhyme be in check like a pair of
Nike's

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Yo, yo, well I'm gold now, Memph Man coming of age
And I'm grown now sittin' on chrome now, I'm the
youngest gun
I get it on with anyone, I've been in thirty beefs shit I'm
barely 21
Guns I hold 'em like offensive linemen, bring 'em back
to the streets
Like a brick on consignment interlining of the Mark
Buchanan
Spark two hammers Memph Man gold marks the
understanding

We don't engage in war we elope orange juice style
Beat niggas to a pulp we broke nigga you just told
3 jokes me, Biggs, and Dame we get some things
See the six dames me and Biggs live in the Range

Mines platinum his Champagne, niggas whisper 'cuz
If they talk they gets slain, y'all's was looking for me

On the charts the bricks came, left the same night
In the morning the chicks came I just use rap to put
Shit in my name the death's just a matter of time the
Hit's been arranged contracts signed the shits in your
Name, just to lame rap niggas I'm the king mother fuck
The ring mami kiss the chain I don't got game to waste
on y'all

I'm don't think with my dick or chase my balls I'm a
hustla
Hit me with an eighth of raw and when I get on top
I'ma blaze all y'all keep 'em laced some more I know
you
Want some things I drink a lot of water mami come
clean
Chicks I pump her then dump her cars we got 'em
bumper
To bumper rap niggas y'all days are numbered,
nobody
Drop nothin' next summer, yeah

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Yeah R-O-C for the 2 triple O, you heard me
You are about to witness a dynasty like no other
Beanie Siegal, The General Amil-lion, Diana Ross of the
ROC
Memph Bleek, Young God
Jigga Man, get your mind right niggas

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