

## Beanie Sigel

### "Roc U"

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[Young Chris talking]Where that pian sat at (uh)  
Young Gannas (chea) What up niggas;  
Niggas got till January to get they shit together;  
You hear that niggas January (chea)  
Chad West

[Verse One: Young Chris]Yo; Ayo Momma workin hard  
Big  
brother on the run lil sista cuttin up man shit just  
outta luck baby girl born brighten up my  
life alot block still poppin old lady still drawn hataz  
still plottin (plottin) tryna take my life away it'n matter  
nigt or  
day C reactin right away; bring it on when the  
temerature  
rise; my intention to ride ain't no intent but he die;  
niggas  
speed like us 40 clip on my hip shorty go get ya clique  
ready to squeeze like what; Yeah its commin out of  
Chris' mouth;  
I'll have you niggas-Bitchin' gettin' stitches then  
get ditches pourin liqour out; thats what Chris about  
Tryna figure out  
the beat down on the outside or bleed in till you piss  
it out; Block all them chickens out; Fuck all them niggas  
route;  
Ciani here plus my momma need a bigger house

[Chorus]This just the town we live in; North Phil my  
nigga, South Philly with mittens,  
look how chilly the rist is; poppin wheelys  
with bitches; Poppin wheelys at snitches  
You got three ways to die; Fire Roof or the River;  
you gone bleed if you try man they shootin suspicious;  
and got oozies  
and shit forty-fours and infus; Plans to get ya,  
leave a nigga they ain't remember, long as he ain't  
remember then watch his  
mouth for temper

[Verse Two: Beanie Siegel]

Bitch niggas actin' tough but you know what thats about  
prayin that I hit em up; hopin niggas settle out, But why  
flirt  
with death; it ain't worth the check Get ya coffin  
nailed shut, placed in the dirt to rest; Picture linen' up  
tears again  
Momma in tears again, I guess death is the number  
one  
fear of men; But I ain't scared, I can tell its commin', I  
can feel it  
in the air; I can smell it commin,  
fully prepared to meet the fuckin' man in the trench  
coat, I ain't hiding, but tryna duck

him long as I can though; They say i'm flirting with  
the devil talkin blast with me cursin out the reet  
between the gate,  
until I see the light, shootin everything in sight,  
worn every other day bodies every other night (thats  
right) Death is the  
only thing for sure in life (thats right) Young Gunz get  
em real nice

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Neef Buck]

Yo; kill me with a get a gun,  
betta know where i'm from load them up with dumb  
guns  
leave a nigga one lung; maskin tape  
hoodies and gloves  
mookies and dubs yeah nigga I'll put it dead in yo  
mug; Other fuckas beneath me, mutha-fuckas is  
sneaky worryin about where  
Neef be get you wacked out easy,  
Yeah this family greasy, Believe me,  
how the fuck they ain't peep me; Tables turned now the  
family need me, Yeah i'm on my shit; ain't shit you  
can teach me; I'm young but not dumb, you ain't from  
where i'm from, you  
don't feel how I feel, you ain't real how i'm real,  
I aint signed to that deal; on the real you should chill,  
and let me do  
me dawg, lets sit for once in life so we can stop playin  
c-saw until then I make it rain niggas feel my pain, until  
i'm out  
the game i'm far from a lame

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Young Chris]

Lord of the streets, I do it so my daughter can eat,  
moms workin three on her own bringin four in a week,

now tell me how  
i'm gone budget that lil sister graduted elementary  
big brother life in the judges lap; Even my momma  
pack stuck in this war  
zone, I been a bad boy puffin before combs; for sure  
homey strap like bamboo, theres nothin we can't do, its  
tucked in my  
pants to, but this shit scramble,  
shit I em sellin but niggas tatttle tellin when they  
rushed in that van dude so I had to  
smartin up, you know chalk em up,  
bye bye mutha-fuckin drive by we walkin up put your  
little lawkers up and your lil snub  
nigga you a lil thug give em lil snugs till he cough  
it up; them niggas soft as butt even ya bosses suck, i'm  
about to  
charge it up nigga stop ya arguin

[Chorus]

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