

## **Beanie Sigel "Wanted"**

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Wanted, 100 miles and runnin'  
Through the rain and the sunnin' when them feed folks  
comin'  
Keep your head up youngin', gotta keep ya heads up  
youngin'  
The streets'll give your head up youngin'

Listen, flip your contacts, stay focused like contacts  
Your head's open for a contract  
Can't go where Mom at, the last place you wanna bring  
the dram at  
The first place they gonna track I promise  
Can't relax but remain the calmest

Couple rules that you're play by, stay by, stay live  
You keep your boots on your laces tied  
And only troop on the late night if you play right, you  
stay right, right  
You never play the day light, jakes get on your tail

Never let them see the break lights  
'Catch Me If You Can' when I'm dippin' from the cops  
Mr. Gingerbread never falling victim of the fox  
Wanted dead or alive, wanted dead or alive

Wanted but you can't stop runnin'  
With a price on your head, be prepared to gunnin'  
Don't be scared like the Red Coats comin', nigga  
Stay underground and keep runnin' like Tugman

You can't sleep, not a peep, no slumber  
Man, I slept about a 100 hours rest this summer  
No stress when you're dealin' with the running  
Waking up in cold sweats, pissed scared of the  
rumblin'

Fuck it, just prepare for the trouble  
Don't be shit scared, nigga, with your head  
undercovers  
This not a broad threat, I got something for 'em  
On the steps with two teacs, this is not a warnin'

Nigga, they close like camera flash  
When the hammer blast, put on your State Prop  
camouflage  
Crack the box or the avalanche, put on your Montana  
mask

Get to clappin' like it's Pakistan, what every strap  
'cause an accident  
Make a traffic jam, dodge all the traps you can, keep  
runnin'  
Wanted dead or alive, wanted dead or alive

All you got to say is hide me, I ride free  
I be, the one to change your birth, S.S., or ID  
(I got all that)  
Ain't no more hangin' with the Y.G. State Prop  
No Roc, private dock, in case you need an IV

No more Bent' that's Accord money, 420  
Schemes can't afford money, money you award  
money  
Whether 90 or the first degree, any murder in the first  
degree  
Well, be the third degree and they looking for the  
perjury  
If you ain't merk the G perfectly, you'll be in surgery

Take the seed out the nursery, nurse him at the  
precinct  
Give 'em desert that ain't where he deserve to be  
And I went through this personally, certainly  
3-2 for burglary, now it was referred to me

So they play us in no way, know way  
Blaze up the roadways, A.C. and O.J.  
Read the paper, eggs and OJ  
Call CD head of the O'Jays

That's a gypsy caps, risky all the chips we had  
45 flee-flicker, we niggaz, hit the gas  
When the operation go stale, ain't no jail  
I did my whole album on bail that's the truth

I got you mac mittens, I send them a black ribbon  
Attached to Mac spitten, I can't go back prison  
Wanted dead or alive, wanted dead or alive

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