

## Beanie Sigel "What A Thug About"

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Yo Beanie, Mac, rap guerrilla, I'm out for the skrilla  
Face it ain't no replacement for this killa  
Keep your hands where I can see 'em, don't make me  
nervous  
This 4-4 auto mat, you don't deserve this shit

Kids either don't make me make you a believer  
I do a lotta talkin', I speak wit the heater  
I'll run up in your crib put some in your wig  
Your baby's cryin', pop pop pop, put some in the crib

And I want everything not just some of the shit  
Got niggas comin' home at night like you son of bitch  
Nigga done took me off, yeah you shook and soft  
You can't blink around no crook, one look you lost

Niggas'll find your bitch to find your bricks  
See if you love your bitch or you love your chips  
4-4 snub shit sendin' slugs to the whip  
Beanie Sigel, desert eagle, I love this thug shit

Yo, what you really know what a thug about?  
Locked up in the bing, no grub about  
On the block doin' your thing, slingin' drugs about  
Tell me what you really know what a thug about

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A true thugs spreads his game linked up in bubble  
While niggas stay in one lane like the Lincoln Tunnel  
I refuse to limit my game to one hustle  
I don't only sling crack or let the cards shuffle

I know how to play Cee-Lo, set it off like Cleo  
Ain't no tellin' first union or Mellan  
First nigga that move put two up in his melon  
From the 9-2 emberetem parabellum

And I run through cats, I'm a true gun cat

One nickel, one black, who want that?  
I done schooled, my youngin's, gave tools to my  
youngin's  
Broke food wit my youngin's, broke rules wit my  
youngin's

Spark my way outta shit and had bad run in's  
Talked my way outta shit and near death come in  
Real thugs do what they want say what they feel  
They never front they keep it real

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Niggas claim to be thugs, you real fuckin' suckas  
Quick ass runnin', good fuckin' duckas  
Obey the rules when my glock unloads  
'Cause when I start firin', stop drop and roll

Duck behind cars, hide behind poles  
Know I live by the code, anything goes  
Real thugs stand up straight, they never fold  
And they don't know shit if anything ever blows

Thugs don't wanna talk shit out, they wanna spark shit  
out  
Till the cops come an chalk shit out  
Blaze wit the toasta extra clip in the leg holster  
Face off like Cage and Travolta

If you got beef, a thug gonna roast ya  
Talk behind their back, a thug gonna approach ya  
Right amount of stack, a thug gonna ghost ya  
Lay you out flat like a thug suppose to

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