

## Beanie Sigel

### "You, Me, Him And Her"

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Told y'all, Dynasty, Roc-A-Fella Records, you heard me?  
Unstoppable, niggaz! Uhh  
Memph Bleek, Amil-lion, Sigel Sigel ya heard?  
It's a Dynasty! Who do you believe?

Jigga Man, mo' better, mo' cheddar  
Foes knock the man off your Polo sweater  
Roll with the R O C-A-Fella  
Remember me? The teachers used to fail us  
Now it's mo' scrilla, hoe killers, fo'-wheelers, we  
gorillas

Oh, please feel us, we heat holders  
Fightin'? Listen boy, Roy Jones couldn't still us  
The plot thickens, the block clickin'  
We got the game tied up, stop trippin'

Jigga Man huh? Sigel Sigel y'all  
Memph Bleek what? Amil-lion, uhh

Cat be him, El Cap-i-tan  
The fire I spit burn down Happyland  
Social Club, we unapproachable thugs, non-social,  
gone postal  
Great aim, harm the arm close to your toast  
Like a Don's supposed to, Shawn

I thought I told you, these ain't just vocals  
Don't make me take it to the old school  
I put holes through your hoes too  
Through your clothes to the foes to the nigga close to  
you, fuck it

Fuck it, Jigga Man huh? Sigel Sigel y'all  
Amil-lion what? Memph Bleek

Y'all dudes don't, get it, come wid' it  
Fifth loaded with slugs that'll rest in your fitted  
It's M dot E-M, the Roc be them  
Got the mamis sayin' look, who can stop be them?  
You wan' press your dumb luck, get blam blam-ed up

I crush your larynx, you talk 'bout us nigga,  
no obituary, I get it critical  
You know Memph'll hit the pall bearer liftin' you  
When I cock the plastic, make 'em drop the casket  
When it's hot, I'm blastin', it's the Roc, you bastards

Jigga Man what? Amil-lion yeah  
Memph Bleek huh? Sigel Sigel c'mon

Spit acid, c'mon  
Witcha bullshit smash hit, get your bullshit smashed in  
Niggaz wanna front and get jumped  
Bet the ruger give your right side a nice-sized lump  
Nigga, we are, the supreme squad

You can dream hard but reality is  
We push the dream cars, fuck the queen broads  
Puff the green raw, we as real as it get, we the R-O-C  
dot A dot Fellas  
Bitches don't talk to us, the hoes they e-mail us

Nigga, Jigga Man what? Memph Bleek huh?  
Amil-lion yeah, Sigel Sigel rap

R dot O dot C dot stop  
From tower to mind pop, I move out stop  
Shower your mind block, move out with glocks  
Raw to the cook, look, move out them blocks

Take it to the bucks who be grindin' it up  
Usually take it to the dubs so they diamond it up  
Competition, linin' 'em up  
Forty-five A C P, let me squeeze lime 'em up  
You want, drama what? Well silence it up

Since a young buck, violent as fuck  
Wettin' me dog, the high will do it, I used to wild off  
embalmin' fluid  
I sent niggaz to the trauma unit, forty-five or the nine'll  
do it  
I fuck around and have your moms go through it, I'm a  
beast

Shit, niggaz always wanna ye shit, then they wanna  
cease shit  
When they motherfuckin' peeps hit  
But I don't cease nothin', I decease som'un  
I fuck around and have you sleepin' underneath  
som'un

Jigga Man what? Sigel Sigel y'all  
Memph Bleek uh, Amil-lion right

Yo, A to the M-I, feminist  
Holdin' the semi, leave niggaz faced with a dilemmi  
Am I, gon' run or stay, can I  
Get away no you can't can't I surrendi?  
And I, lazy bop, Mercedes hot  
In my way through the tunnel like Lady Di

Jigga Man huh? Sigel Sigel y'all  
Memph Bleek what? Amil-lion uhh

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