

## **Freeway & Beanie Siegel**

### **"Rock The Mic"**

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Ho, ho, bounce  
Holla, bounce, bounce, bounce

It's B Sig in the place with Young Free  
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right  
Still watch what you say out your mouth  
'Cause fifty shots still will burn the club out

I miss the hood when I'm travelin', get neck when I'm  
travelin'  
Chicks peck wood when I'm travelin'  
Fuck a Lex, 'cause the click fit good in the Caravan  
Slide through your hood like a avalanche

Take a flick if you get a chance get that close  
Fuck an advance, 'cause I get that dough  
Beef with me, enemies come sleep with me for  
breakfast  
Guaranteed to eat this toast

I'm reckless, fire starter heat your folks  
A starvin' artist that a eat y'all tracks, so don't bring  
'em around  
I be around Ricans Vida Loca  
They got all the toasters don't need no gats  
I got a six stashed leave 'em around

So I don't get left around haters around when I leave  
In the winter rock short sleeves reason the pound  
With the heat blastin', keep actin' the heat blastin'  
Techno Marine shinin', marine fashion backin' 'em  
down  
Niggas 'gone keep hatin' and my click 'gone keep  
grindin'  
Keep movin', lockin' the town

It's Freeway in the place with B Sig  
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah  
Still watch what you say to me prick  
'Cause I got what it takes to dump the AK clip

It's B Sig in the place with Young Free

And I got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah  
Still watch what you say out your mouth  
'Cause fifty shots still will turn the club out, ho

It's Mack-daddy-young strappy  
No, he ain't the OG gangsta  
Yes, it is, come on don't test I kid  
I firebomb cribs like Left Eye did

Notorious like that Bed-Stuy kid, B.I.G. or small you can  
get it  
Dead wrong, like tryin' to brawl a strong armored  
midget  
I pull the nine out my pocket, I'm lyin'  
I pull the Mac out the closet, start firin'

For you cats outta pocket, stop tryin'  
Take that, get back, clap iron  
You know, stay low, keep firin', uh  
I put the led in the gat, the metal go clap

I lay cats flat on they back, stop fuckin' with this radical  
cat  
You fuck around and need a medical cat  
The led'll go clap, your head'll go back, uh  
It's B Sig in the place to be  
With two heaters on the waist of me, man who's facin'  
me?

It's B Sig in the place with Young Free  
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah  
Still watch what you say out your mouth  
'Cause fifty shots still will turn the club out, ho

It's Freeway in the place with B Sig  
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah  
Still watch what you say to me prick  
'Cause I got what it takes to dump the AK clip

Big nickels down your way don't trip  
Get folded down your way, got soldiers down your way  
Keep quiet down your way no lip  
All of y'all need to run yo'self  
Go get the burna nigga bang yo'self

Or I come through with the hammer  
Make you lose yo' health  
Fast, roll with dashes, move like Cassius Clay  
Move yay like caskets, there's a will there's a way

Obey my thirst move yay through traffic

Without Sprite, without Nike's  
I just do it bar break your basket  
Yeah, you damn right, without Ice

I pull up to your honey car and stuff her basket  
International post player, circle the atlas  
You don't wanna be hoe playas, circle the hood  
Bend over backwards, without searchin' for backwoods

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Still watch what you say out your mouth  
'Cause fifty shots still will turn the club out, ho

All of y'all need to run yo'self  
Go get the burna nigga bang yo'self  
All of y'all need to run yo'self  
Go get the burna nigga bang yo'self  
Shit, shit, it's the, it's the Roc nigga, ho, ho, ho

And another one and another one  
And another one and another one  
And another one and another one

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