

Mac "Beef"

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Intro:

What them niggas in here wanted to know
They done made beef with one of the realest niggas
rollin
Now it's time to go

Verse 1:

Now pump me up so all them real niggaz can feel me
I told y'all what I represent and that's until they kill me
Why these niggas play with me I guess I never know the
answer
Well beefin with mac is like sleepin with lung cancer
You know you gon die, you don't know where
You don't know when, you don't know nothin
But that nigga was camouflaged with a mac 10
I remember y'all faces, I remember the days I
remember the times
I remember I was in the mall and this nigga just wasn't
respectin my
Mind
I knew the nigga he was with and the nigga he was with
was tellin him
Chill
This nigga continued, this nigga couldn't be for real
I never said a word, cause tru niggas don't be yappin
He must take me for some kind of hoe, cause I be
rappin
I look in his eyes and seen the daddy was really soft
Either he just full of that shit, or just tryin to get his nuts
off
However, whatever, I don't give a fuck, you done
played with the big
Chief
Now asks yourself, do you really wanna sleep nigga

Chorus: 2x

We got beef
All my niggas gon ride tonight
We got beef
Somebody's gon die tonight
We got beef
Don't even sleep

Soon as I leave the studio, I'll be headed to your street
nigga

Verse 2:

I was by my potnahs house peepin out these beats that
he made
Just chillin, free stylin, just thinkin about some ways to
get paid
Some new nigga he came around and I never met him
Get close to me, I don't even know why these niggas let
him
For some strange reason, he never looked me in my
eyes
When he spoke he ducked his head, or just yapped to
one of them other
Guys
And we was outside talkin, I was lettin him peep out my
new weapon
I walked away for one second, when I came back he
started steppin
Look, I thought nothin of it, I just continued to yap and
talk
But when I went to go get my shit, I had realized my
shit had walked
What the fuck? who the fuck got a ride? look show me
his spot
If I see this nigga with my shit, this nigga gon get got
But the lord must love the wicked too, cause I had
never seen his face
But you best believe when I catch him, him and my
bullets they gon
Embrace
Forgive me for my anger, I'm a product of the streets
And I was taught that you never ever ever sleep with
beef, peace

Chorus

Outro:

We got beef
When you beefin with them no limit niggas, it's like
beefin with me
When you beefin with master p nigga, that's like beefin
with me
When you beefin with the shocker, that's like beefin
with me
Nigga, when you beefin with c-murder, that's like
beefin with me
When you beefin with any nigga on the tank, that's like
beefin with me
And you know what I do to niggas that beef with me

I cook 'em nigga

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