

Soulja Boy Tell'em

"If It's Beef"

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Course

If it's beef, if it's beef then let it go down rite now
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Verse 1

Look, My flow is definate satisfaction
Cause the reaction I get from real niggas when I'm
rappin
This pistol clappin... (All the jacka jackin)
Come hit this hustle
I kno this nigga been flexin showin his mothafuckin
muscles

Nigga, I know you strong
But you been stuntin for to long
Me an my niggas don't like that we gone follow you
home
Cutthroat to the bone an ima stress it till you know it
Cutthroat my own nigga cause he started gettin loaded

Fuck em I'm on a come up I been down for to long
I'm strapped a 2(or)4 nickels an both of them bitches
chrome
I smoke droe all day
An take ecstasy
I ain't poppin if I ain't gotta bitch next to me

Back to the muscle man, I caught em flexin supa
sunday
Hope he got his gun cause it's gone be gunplay up this
oneway

He cadilacin
I'm cadilacin
Caught em up I'm traffic,
Tole double crossa go an snatch em an bring em to me

He got on over a hundred g's worth of jewlrey
Bat em up with the pistol, bitch(come make this bitch?)
Cooperation, act rite
Take yo lick, did you say you live that, fast life

Everything goes

Logga black jumped in his whip
Tole em follow behind me, we goin dump his shit
I see his true colors he cryin like a punk bitch
Shut the fuck up, for I hit you with the... pump bitch
Nigga Wassup

Who you want me to call for ya
I kno your big dawg, what's his name
Break it off for ya
He already know I on give a fuck I'm over due
Ain't no excuses for none of the shit soulja do

Ima leave em buck naked
Close the slots there pass me a shoe
An let yo round put a hit out over the issue
I'm true to it

Course x2

Verse 2

If it's beef then nigga let it be
I bet these mothafuckers wouldn't see a better me
I hope you own purp nigga
Shit you better be
Because we comin an we comin throught
Every ally, every cut, every street

I'm streamin hot
I'm on fire like the devil be
Flames from the K shine bright like my bezel b
I had to see, I was like fuck what they was tellin me
Murder in the first degree
Muthafuck a felony

Young badass
Shit I needed the fast cash
Hit em in his dome take his stash
Then I dash fast

Nobody seen shit
Plus we in a mean whip
All black seat coop, with the black mags
All black Dickie fit, with the black rags
Covered by a white sheet, with the black bags

Nah that's shire nigga
An we gone ride nigga
Hit yu ina face to ya feet

Nigga die nigga

Course x2

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