

T. Rex

"2 Glock 9's"

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[T.I.P.]

Yo Beanie Sigel
T.I.P. King of the South [?]
P.A., Roc-A-Fella, Ghetto Vision
What we got for 'em [?]

[Hook]

Two Glock nines
Any motherfucker whisperin about mine [x4]

[Beanie Sigel]

Yo ay yo you sure about that
You wanna know about the MAC
To I show at ya front make you go outcha back
Blow through your front make it go outcha back
Ay yo I let fifty shots blow out the MAC
Dogg ain't nutin' slow about the MAC
And dogg ain't nutin' ho about the MAC
Man I come through with them heats
Come in a few jeeps
Like Phez come through in they suite
And you know how we play
When we poppin' them Glocks
Take it to the AK
Chopper the block
And to the S.W.A.T.'s
Helicopter the block
And them put you on the news
Wasn't proper to watch
You know I act like my clips I'm bananas
Catch me in your strip all black in bandanas
I dare a nigga act retarded
So I can let this tar lift you off your feet like Vince
Carter

[Hook]

Two Glock nines
Any motherfucker whisperin about mine [x4]

[T.I.P.]

Oh I'm a motherfuckin' G nigga

Fuckin' with me
I'm a make it so tomorrow you'll be lucky to see
Have a nigga clutchin' his knee
Strugglin' to breathe
Make the gat splatter your blatter
Like a kidney disease
Yeah I know you're holdin' weight
So just gimme the keys
Or these motherfuckers with you are fin to whitness ya
bleed
Paramedics cuttin' ya jeans
Rippin' ya sleeves
Put your ass in a body bag, zip it and leave
Ain't no motherfucker do it like I do
You and your nigga runnin' up
Put two in him and two in you
I put a nigga at the bed like a child with the flu

Put hit out on that bucket and runnin' wild with your
crew
Put this thang to your head
Put your brains on the roof
Here now we ain't the same
Y'all's is liars and we the truth
Now that you know the scoop
What you wanna do nigga
He ain't makin' money on this corner too nigga
Why not 'cause I got

[Hook]
Two Glock nines
Any motherfucker whisperin about mine [x4]

[T.I.P.]
Ay nigga ya act bad
Me and MAC comin' in two Jags
Put another two in your new blue dew rag
Nigga brag if you wanna
We'll blast on ya corner
The nigga ain't fast well his ass is a goner

[Beanie Sigel]
Ay yo I keep two Glock nines
Niggas tryin' to watch mine
Tryin' to stop mine
See where I stock mine
But I pop mine
And I pop moms
And I don't pop
Throwin' cops where your block rhyme

[T.I.P.]

Say, a nigga tryin' me
He'll find me
Bustin' away a blind bee
With thirty niggas
And sixty triggas standin' behind me
The nine be cocked
And we are riding
Bustin' in them bushes where you are hiding

[Beanie Sigel]

Ay yo I got a hundred niggas
With a fuckin' hundred gats
Who want the shit
Where their motherfuckin' stomach at
Don't bitch when that eye be in you
And I'll take somethin' from you only god can give you

[Hook]

Two Glock nines
Any motherfucker whisperin about mine [x4]

[Beanie Sigel]

We ain't playin' with y'all partner
This dead serious so please believe it
T.I.P., Beanie Sigel, P.A.
Ghetto Vision, Roc-A-Fella
Man it's outrageous
And we out

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