

Memphis Bleek

"4-5-6"

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[Beanie Sigel]

Uhhh, uhhh, yeah

This is Beanie Sigel

That Philly cat playin' wit that silly rap

Put your weight up, not your hate up, niggas

Y'all know how I play quiet towns and tie 'em down

Haters wonderin' how I got a position with Roc

Cuz I listen to The LOX and I listen then watch

While you still sittin' in spots, ditchin' the cops

I'm in the Porsche Box with Fox, glistenin' watch

War steel gray, Lexus, GS-4

Desert Eagle metal in the door, pedal to the floor

I'm routin' down South, for my aim is to score

Eight cylinder, screamin' 'Fuck the law!'

Got a tank full of gas, trunk full of cash

Hammers in the stash, scanners in the dash

Radar detectors, troopers can't find us

We bubble down ATL and hit the 'Linus

Then get clubbed with some Dirty South thugs

Go all out thugs, go in your house thugs

Talk shit, put blood in your mouth thugs

36 South stuck, stay on route thugs

You know how Mac play, quiet town, tie it down

I supply it now, by the pound

Might front you a Q if you buy a pound

If you didn't try it then, why would you try it now?

Think cause Mac rap, I wouldn't fire a round into your crown

I lay you down and retire you clown

And I clap niggas, nap niggas in the dirt

Pat-pat with the deuce deuce, it'll work

Bitch ass niggas wearin' thongs and skirts

Catch 'em early in the mornin' while they goin' to work

See you pretty motherfuckers stay stuck in the mirror

And you weak ass niggas only bust out of fear

I know y'all softer than them feathers that they stuff in a bear

I pack two barettas, never bust in the air

Twist your shit back, spit til my gat sits back

Pack four pieces like

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