

Beanie Siegel

"For My Niggaz"

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(feat. Daz Dillinger)

Ayo! Light that shit the fuck up man!

[Daz]

Y'all niggas get ready to get high!

What we doin in here y'all, huh?

Everybody partyin, smokin, bullshittin

Drinkin, c'mon

[HOOK:]

This for my niggas on the east coast rollin

Tinted up Suburban, in the streets swervin

All my niggas in the street wit caine

Muh'fucka which street you claim? Put your glock up

This is for my niggas on the west coast bouncin

Six-four rollin, three wheel motion

All my dogs on the block just loc'n

Nigga put your rag up, playa put your flag up

[Verse 1]

B Mack in the mix again, I'm startin shit again

I'm in the club with the fifth again

West coast niggas sippin gin

East coast niggas Belvedere, cranberry nigga mix it in

I'm in the back where it's dark as hell

Shit you know me, VIP, nigga spark the L

And I come to roll a ounce or more, bounce wit whores

Shit all my niggas strapped what all the bouncers for

Whether deuce or Sig on Crenshaw Ave

I'ma, get them bitches, get that cash

I'ma, hit them switches, lift them spokes

I'ma, push that chicken, get that coke

I'ma, rock them dickies, Air Force Ones

Til the, feds come get me air out guns

From the, P H I L L Y, to the, L B C to C P T, uh

[HOOK]

[Verse 2]

I'm on the block til the pack get sold

Don't pack just roll
Hit L.A. like Shaq and Kob'
Nigga please, got trees Acapulco gold
Got connects with the heat got the gats on hold
All my niggas vatos locos holmes ese's
SA's with SK's a fuck if the cops come holmes
That's right fuck coppers holmes
We bust choppers holmes
We on the block sent them choppers on
Twenty niggas wit they khaki's creased
That'll clap police, that sling crack on the back of
streets
Or twenty niggas on the back of blocks
That sling caps and rocks, who won't hesitate to clap
the cops
Whether I, push the truck to pick up clucks
To get they feathers knocked off, then they get
dropped off
From pickin up bitches, hittin switches
St Ives to Ingbing I'ma do my thing, yo

[HOOK]

[Verse 3]

All my playas who rock tan trees and chuck tails
Say fuck they PD's and duck jail
Rock wife beaters with the plaided shirts
Only top button buttoned, ready to buck somethin
You fuckin wit a gangsta rookie
Don't gangsta lookie
Shoot up your feet make you gangsta boogie
Shoot up your jeep if you gangsta look me
What you think this sweet? What you eat, nigga
gangsta cookies?
Call state to the Staples Center
The four quake'll put staples in ya
Nigga zip up your stomach
Rip up your younguns, make you pay to get 'em
That's how we play to get 'em, never pay for pigeons
Whether I, push the truck to pick up clucks
To get they feathers knocked off, then they get
dropped off
From pickin up bitches, hittin switches
St Ives and Ingbing I'ma do my thing, yo

[HOOK 2X]

[Daz]

Yeah, (I make 'em walk)
Beanie Sigel and that nigga Daz Dillinger (and Kurupt)
Dogg Pound Roc La Familia (Dogg Pound)

For life, do it like that, put your hands up!
(Kurupt)
Make them switches bounce nigga
California put your hands up nigga
Jump over the moon, I wanna hear the gate start to
twitchin nigga
Don't play no games fool
And walk on 'em, yeah, and walk on 'em
Uh, and make 'em walk, yeah, my nigga Beans...
Bouncin, bouncin...

[Thanks to outkastlayzie@aol.com for these lyrics]

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