

Carly Simon F/ Alex Taylor, Hugh Taylor, James Tay

"4-5-6"

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[Beanie Sigel]
Ughh, ughh, yeah
This is Beanie Sigel
That Philly cat who ain't with 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 a Kit Kat. Heh, get that?
Cop Cris' by the six-pack, Range Rov?' Dot six that
Benz Coupe, drop six that
Buggy eye seven come out? Shit, took the six back
Switch the Double R, the Double R's are, gotta get that
You see how we play, pop Cris' on the E-Way
Soakin' the seat, gettin' drunk with Bleek
Or the Shark Bar, grilled salmon, poppin' Dom P
While you chicken when you chasin' your high with hot
tea
Niggas flashin' back money like it's they money
Slap 500 on back of a three-twenty
I'm bringin' it to any nigga tryin' to shoot games (yeah)
With them bullshit buggy-eyed kits and CDs

[Memphis Bleek]

Check it out, yo, yo
Well, I'm a lil' nigga don't speak, I tote heat
Here to shut down your whole operation on the street
Bleek, you know niggas just had to recruit this
My flow drool out like a old nigga toothless
Who would believe they pump Bleek with Ritalin
Too hyped up, but weed calm my adrenaline
Roll day on the strip, SK in the crib
Hundred crack viles, playin' the Benj'
Nickel nine gleam, like it's Armor All'd up
My squad be armed up, gotcha niggas' arms up
Who the fuck want what? Me and Bean's trumped up
Witcha town under siege, Dillinger in the sleeve
If my gun jam, you niggas'll squeeze on me
You niggas them cats, that'll call D's on me
I'm on on my off game, need a stadium for in stores
Floss chains and I pimp whores, stay smoked out
Shirt be poked out with the snub-nosed eight
Six to jump out, you eat what you spit
Motherfucker die clean
For you actin' tough cats, but in your heart you serene
I read your body languo
You off balance and don't wanna mangle
You want a challenge, get it brought to from every
angle
This shit'll slow 'em down, I bet that
Your up front dough and your six, bet that
motherfucker

[Foxy Brown]

Sassy Fox some brick money, cop me a drop
You know how I run it, 600, glassy top
Rock the light gray wrist shit, flash them rocks
The red, the yellow, the green, causin' traffic stops
Bitch please, never freeze, gonna blast the glock

Then I show a little cleave' and breeze past the cops
You talk slick but suck dick for money in y'all hand
I'm like, "Bitch, I got more money than your man"
While you get your knees scraped up, cum all on your glands
Shit, I'm in the V Twinz ballin' on you tramps
Y'all hoes greasy, so I keep the bitch easy
Rookie, fuck you know about glocks and pock' books?
You know Na Na rock that shit, Pra-da that shit
Es-ca that shit, Dolce Gabba that shit
Hollow points, top that shit, fuck you tryin' to aim
Pop that shit, yeah, nigga, Fox got that shit
You see the ice wrist shit, can you cop that shit
Chanel crocodile and ostrich shit, whoa!
You know my style, I be spendin' they cash
And I'll show their little dick some celebrity ass
And get 'em a brick, I know what style to get them
niggas shit real
Well, fuck, I let 'em live and lick the tip of my shit
To remind 'em of some rose petals, candles, and shit
Or some hydro like the nigga grew a plant in my shit
So that's what it is, that's why them hoes mad at my shit
See my whilin' in the four-six, stylin' on they bum ass
Goddess MC, y'all bitches is little Foxes
I see my girls frontin', tossin' they little watches
Cris? I pops it. Fuckin' a nigga topless
Cats? I fouls on. Hoes? I styles on, nigga
Wear y'all out then air y'all out
Over here? Hustle from where, clear all out
Shit, greyhound bitch, stay down bitch
And y'all know Jigga sent me here to lay down shit
I will spray y'all niggas, will waste y'all niggas
Cause I fucked the nigga and paid y'all niggas
Shit, what the fuck

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