

Hardball

"One for Peedi Crack"

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[Peedi Crack]

Turn my motherfuckin' mic up
Killah Cam, where you at, c'mon
Omillio Sparks, where you at c'mon
Juelz Santana, where the FUCK you at?

It's not a game I'm from Philly
Go by the name P. prizzy mac-milly
Used to be with young crizzy, in a 'Lac rollin' on twigs
People wanna know who run with me, nobody but the
bang, bang
Please lord forgive, street mobiles searching the city,
sing
Peedi, Peedi, I heard that they got you number
The alias you've been living under the mac goes,
thhhhhhring
Peedi, peddi I heard that they watch you mother
Got a hit on your brother, like motherfucker, don't blink
Crack, smack the tooth out your choopers
Any wrong move, I blast the tool up on you fuckers, wait
That's just enough for you to follow
Heavyweight rap, I spit too much for you to swallow
Blap, blap, number one with a bullet
Play with them guns to the fullest
Your stupid ass get, clapped, blap
About my past and my future, you disrespect me, I'll
shoot ya
Treat it just like that

[Cam'Ron]

When I was eleven years old dog, I learned birds and
bees
Syzirrup please, thirteen, birds and kis
Seventeen, furs and Vs, premeditated, I observed and
squeezed
Bling, bling, look at his pinky, bling, bling
Look at his ears, bling, bling, that nigga just, bling,
bling (Shit man)
Ching, ching, all these bitches got 'em, under the wing
For zennies and perks, again he get merked, sing
Peedi, peddi, it's your nigga named killa

Santana, jimmy with scrilla, the taliban got guerillas
Crack, crack, that's what I sell on my block
Slab a yellow the top, don't let the metal, go, pop, pop
That nigga dead on arrival, put his head on the
sidewalk
That'll dead all the side talk

[Santana]
Ch-ch-ch-yeah, bling....bling
It's Santana, WHOA
I'm in the place with Peedi, getting drunk
About to catch as case with Peedi
This nigga got me in the middle of Philly
Driving around, plus he packing, got a gun bigger than
philly
Ain't no telling here, fuck around, and catch a gun
charge in Delaware
Peedi is crazy, bloa, but he keep my a lady
So when I'm Philly, I never worry cause he keep me
alayed, whoa
So I'm willing to blap, for mister Peedi Crack, listen to
Beanie Mac, bitch

[Beanie Sigel]
Now one for Peedi Crack, and two for Cam, three for
Santana
And four on the bandana, I bet the boy jam ya
Run up on you with the harsh grammar, all he heard
was the charge blammin'
I'll stop your memory nigga, put that on my death, got
the memory nigga
How could you not remember me, nigga?
Top of the city like wheel pin, Bentley wheeling
Made you park your wheels in, niggaz start your wells
in
Death aproaching, can't you feel the Grime Reaper
floatin'?
Closed caskets, the preacher, quoin'
Scriptures for revelation, niggaz talking shit and got
the Devil waitin'
Uh, I'm like this I got the shovel waitin'
You niggaz took it to another level hatin'
Now you facin', the Broad Street Bully
South Street fracture, putting stitches in your mouth,
bastard
Yes, you heard it all from Mac
Niggaz can not see me, and it's just like that

