

All The Above

Beanie Sigel

We run everything
We run the streets, the radio, and the club
All of the above

Yes, yes! (All the above)
Uhh (ohh-oh-ohh, all the above)
Uhh, uhh (ohh-oh-ohh)

Yeah, Mr. Him F'Real is here
Curbside by Atlanta, got a mill' out there
Billionaires Boys Club, can't chill in here
Gold bottles of that bubb', y'all spillin beer
The boy only pour on that ace of spades
Forbes Magazine homes - soon to grace the page
I pull 7 digits clean - soon as I grace the stage
I done caught up with the paper; y'all chasin change
Man I'm runnin up Broad Street, in and out of lanes
With the top down screamin out - you niggaz know the sayin
C'mon, you niggaz know my name
It's the bully with the bucks, ain't a damn thing changed

I'm hood, I'm street
Still standin in the middle of the beat (Mac!)
I'm a mack, I'm a thug
I'm a pimp I does all the above
On the low I'm in the fastest whip
And in the spot I'm with the baddest chick - all the above
Up in the club got these niggaz pissed
We got bottles and a pound of twist - all the above
WE BUY OUT THE BAR~! And all night puff on cigars
We get so much love, and all of the above

Yeah, Mr. Beat The Case is back
Got acquitted, stitch fitted in that gangster hat
Now I'm back, sick with it with this gangster rap
Let's get it, where my gangsters at? Make noise
And I ain't never been no fraud, no nah that's not in my rapport
Never fronted on my boys for no whore
I ain't never been no bitch, nor never lied on my dick
Y'all niggaz still dyin for these whores
I ain't never been no - snitch, never been no - rat
Never shot a nigga in his back
I always put the drama to his face
I ain't never pull my strap and ain't clap
Got my case, did my time, now I'm BACK~!

Up in the club still poppin the Cris'
Still back it up whenever I talk shit
Man I'm worth about a billion but I'm still hood rich
Still hoppin out the whip with a hot-ass chick
Still rockin the chain, they still knowin my name
It's Kels, that's right bitch, I'm still in the game
Still walk through the hood like I'm holdin that thang
Still limp through the club like I'm holdin that cane
It's two fingers for a rock star, middle for a bitch
Come in by self and leave out with'cha chick
Beanie Sigel got my back if we run into a snitch

And Kels got his back if he ever need a hit
From the tour, to the block
We keep risin, to the top
From the club to the parking lot
We 'bout to show the haters what we go so LET'S GO!

"Sigel was the name that they gave me"
"Allow me to reintroduce myself"

It's the Broad Street Bully I'm number one
Five-oh said FREEZE when I had the gun
But I don't stop for the law, pushed the pedal to the floor
Rock star nigga, heavy metal on the drawer
Because my life is, how I mic this
Police wan' see my license
Run my social, check my gov', search my glove
Keep they hand on they toast when they approach this thug
Cause I'm a hoodlum, a monster, Bad Boy, a goodfella
Gangster and a thug - yes I'm all the above!