

# Get That Dough

Beanie Sigel

Get, that, dough  
Still huggin the strip  
Get, that, dough  
Get the dough nigga (that dough)  
Uhh uhh, Sig' get, that, dough  
Uhh.. yo, uhh.. yo (get, that, dough)

I'm sick of niggaz talkin bout they whips - when they bustin 'em out  
Summertime come around, don't nuttin come out  
Snappin on they bitch, cussin her out  
Mad cause they crack, ain't no crack, they sufferin a drought  
Man you know how Mac play when I sling my butter  
Take my show state to state like the Ringling Brothers  
Keep clowns high-wired off the shit I juggle  
F.B.I. eyes spyin from the shit I smuggle  
Keep the trunk of the car lined with coffee grounds  
The cops pull us over it throw off the hounds  
Got a bitch that let me stash shit in the crib  
Break her off, every week, to fix up her wig  
Man I stay on a mission with whores (shit)  
Cause I get down, and "Get Around," like the late Mr. Shakur  
Stay in the kitchen with raw  
I'm the shit when I whip, I always turn two into four

Yo, get your mind right, get your grind right  
til you get the shine right and get, that, dough  
Stay on the low-low, duckin the po'-po'  
Tuck in the fo'-fo' and get, that, dough  
You get your team right, and that's the green light  
to cut your cream right and get, that, dough  
It won't stop why'all, until I drop why'all  
I'ma hug the block why'all and get, that, dough

Yo, aiyyo I got plenty dough, but there's more to make  
And I'm the chef, I bake, I don't order cakes  
If I'm short, shit you caught a break  
I can make twenty look like twenty-eight off of water weight  
I'm the shit when I'm twistin my wrist  
In the kitchen with that thang that got fiends skitzin to hit  
From the drugs that I drug in, the NARCs be buggin  
I keep my eye on the block and a pie in the oven  
Smokers come straight, I ain't breakin off nuttin  
Got two thirty-eights, I can break off a dozen  
You know how Mac play, when it come to that yea  
I got 'em locked up on the block like it's crack day  
I fucks with the pipers, ducks from the bikers  
Punks on the righteous, bust at the sheisters  
Stay in the kitchen with a block of raw  
Razor blade play partner straw, yo

Yo, yo, aiyyo I cops that coke, cooks that coke  
Chops that coke and give out perks work  
Makes that dough, gets them ends  
How you want it dog, pipe or syringe?  
Aiyyo I hit the block quickly, and lick up a fifty  
Tear the highway like Freeway Ricky  
Spit it my way and pop shit sickly

til the Feds come and get me or the lead bullet hit me