

# Gotta Have It

Beanie Sigel

P., P. Crack Cocaine  
B., B. Mack is back  
Chad, Chad West on track

I Gotta Have It! Shot out to my b-boy Beans  
And my S.P. chain gang, doin the damn thing  
I Gotta Have It! Don't forget my boogie with beam  
That keep me in good health and kill ya, ya'mean?

Chain gang, gang bang, let my middle finger hang  
Ain't nothin changed my name, P. Crack Cocaine (P. Crack Cocaine)  
Relapse, I stay zapped, my urine ain't clean  
No one to blame but Peedi and a nigga I mean (nigga I mean)  
Ten stacks, Crack come to the club and do the thing  
You ain't got that, I'm in the crib fixin my bricks  
Style back, that's the method-zine  
About to get your four stressed  
So I can whip back on the whole sixteenth

B. Mack, seat back, S.P. intact  
You see me with Crack, we strapped  
What's the reason for that? (What's the reason for that?) (I Gotta Have It!)  
I need that, that Philly-boy clap  
Hit you niggas in your back, send the rest in your hat (send the rest in your hat)  
Stay strapped with the mack, with the hoodie too tall stack  
The aim all that, when I flame you get all that (you get all that)  
Me Boy Mack fuck with cracks since tall cats (It's the chain gang!)  
Gang bang! I suggest ya'll fall back

I Gotta Have It! Shot out to my boy B. Sige  
And the S.P. chain gang for doin the damn thing  
I Gotta Have It! Don't forget the rrring rrring  
That keep me in good health and kill ya, ya'mean?

Chain gang, lickey with the ban  
Quickly spit it rrring  
Sickey Rickey get his ziggy bang  
Snitchin on the gang (gang)  
Don't forget you get that Uncle Midi  
Get him for his chain  
Simply give him a chitty bang, sit him in a cling (cling)  
No name, no blame, Mack 10 no aim  
Hi-lo, rhino, put your body in pain  
No play no games, 'fore blow your brain  
Bo range me after the show, you know of course I Gotta Have my...

State Prop click and pop hit you niggas with the glock  
Catch a nigga whippin in the kitchen cookin in the pot  
Pursue it then might crack you (smack you), hit him with the glock  
(When you hear that!) Then you know here come the cops  
What up, wait, stop, fuck the cops!  
Got the baby uzi whop, turn your cruiser to a drop (cruiser to a drop)  
Get off the block 'fore SWAT surround the spot  
We be locked in a box, three hots and a cot (I can't have it!)

The may-or of Chi, this ain't even ain't no kings and queens

Fixin to hurt from us when you jerk us, we Merciless like Ming  
Twista and Beanie greedy like Peedi make the gun go rrring  
When you look at the thing, give me the bling  
Hand me the chain and the ring  
Baller in the bubble, blowin bubble, always actin up  
When trouble feel the double barrell of a double platinum thug  
Clappin, ready for some action, and I'm going to empty the crib  
I rep for the Roc and the State Property clique  
Homey, you can't do shit  
Throw a finger up, give me love, Remi in the club  
When they see these thug, in a circle, snort the 50s up  
Range Rov, 24 inch, blacked out bulbs  
Blows fast, but hit your ho slow with the soul pole  
Creeping on niggas trying to test me in the black drop top  
Pull up and let the booper go bop, bop-bop  
Treat you, in the wind, to my borough, blowin on my back  
And do the same to any nigga that's tryna take what I got  
I Can't Have It!

It's gettin', it's gettin', it's gettin' kind of hectic  
It's gettin', it's gettin', it's gettin' kind of hectic  
It's gettin', it's gettin', it's gettin' kind of hectic  
It's gettin', it's gettin', it's gettin' kind of hectic  
Se pone, se pone, se pone muy difcil  
Se pone, se pone, se pone muy difcil  
Se pone, se pone, se pone muy difcil  
Se pone, se pone, se pone muy difcil  
Chain gang, gang bang  
P., P., P., P. Crack Cocaine  
B., B. Mack is back  
Chad, Chad West on track  
Now let's go!