

Mac And Brad

Beanie Sigel

Beanie Whats up Baby
Whats Happening (Face)
Sigel
What 'bout to get off baby
We fittin' to get off
Ay yo what we goin to do on this shit man
Lets wreck this motherfucker baby whats happenin'
What You want to do nigga?
I.. I wanna.. I Wanna Smash it (Smash)
Back and forth
Back and forth
Lets do it
What you Wanna hear?
I wanna hear some of that ol' that ol' Dear Diary (Dear Diary) Mr.... Mr.
Scarface
Some of that old shit
You ready
Yeah I'm ready

I locks and load
Cock and spray
Hit you niggas from a block away
SK to the Stockaway
Cause I know how to hold that shit
Empty the can with one hand and reload that shit

Give 'em the full clip
These niggas is bullshit
Been talkin' big six but scared as fuck when I pulled it
Now eat this motherfuckin' bullet
These niggas got some pussy in 'em
See I got them pissin in they denim

Man you fuckin with a stash raper
Duct taper
Fuck you police and fuck neighbors
Move to smooth don't duck or try to shake us
2P89 ruge so don't tuck paper

You heard what the man said
Bitch now un ask it
I got to have it
When hitin' licks I'm a savage
You hoes is plastic
I got a semi automatic pointed at your ass
Slowin me down gets you blasted

For your chunk I'll trunk your folks
It aint shit for mac to grip the gat and put the pump to work
Call your bluff run in your spot with a detective suit
Got you cuffed bout to show you what this tech will do

You must of thought that we was friendly when we told you we was rappers
We Jackers
We want the money
Thats what we after
We want the package

Under the god damn mattress
And if the brain splatters don't matter
Thats what we practice

Blast the rocket
Knock off your leg
Tear through your forearm
Sit you in a chair make your niggas call you short arm
Pelets in your hand You'll never put shorts on
Aint shit fair when you got to get your war on

So why don't you come out and play
Make my mother fuckin' day
Y'all niggas cotton
Potatoes like augrotten
We niggas plottin'
To hit your stash and leave you rotten

I done bust slugs from all types of shit
I have your ass plugged up to all types of shit
And I show you dog how your life can get
And every thing all real fuck what you might can get

Cause nothin needs to be said something needs to be done
B give me a ciggarette I think I need one
Cause in bout 15 seconds I'm a set the motherfuckin' alarm off
And shoot this motherfuckers arm off

You niggas better smartin up
Act like mac won't come through and spark shit up
Where the fuck you get heart from
Little bitch ass nigga started commin' out the fuckin dark from

I done told you I'm the only nigga pushin' weight
And for another nigga to try to take my place is in the wake
It's time I retaliate
I'll make you mother fuckers pay
Now point me to the motherfuckin' yay

You lookin at a sick bastard
This stick up shit I got it mastered
Glove and ski mask it
Any body move a lick gettin' blasted
When I'm in the crib for yooour shit and a thick plastic

I got this duck tape stuck in my pocket for one reason
You can stop screamin' stop squermin' or stop breathin'
Cause I didn't come here to stay or play your babysitter
I came here to split your mother fuckin wig nigga

If your block gettin money nigga I want in
Run it in
Before I run in
Your spot 200 glocks and 100 men
Droppin' More shells than run and 'em

Actin Bad
Smash a nigga stash and mash
Snatch the bag
Bust him in his ass and dash
Un cock the mag
Kill him I don't need no mask
We Identify each other nigga Mac and Brad

Who you know but Mac and Brad
Come through all black
no mask and crash your pad
8 clips 4 hammers desert eagle the place
Nobody but Sigel and Face
You Feel that
(Spoken)
Yeah nigga thats what I'm talkin about I know you not tired

I'm Through I'm tired and I'm out this motherfucker

Yo I spit so real so my boys can eat
You got the nerve to have a deal and just noise on beats
Little suburb nigga never saw the streets
Silver spoon ass nigga never drewed your heat
I keep it the truth whats all the fakin' for
God dam every week I got to break a jaw
And you wonder why I smack up niggas
Shit it's either that or Macs gonna clap up niggas
What ya'll want me to do hunh soften up
so my raps can start to soften up
Shit never that
Dog forever my baretta cat
Hittin' niggas in they fitted cap where the letters at
I told ya'll that the truth in here
Recognize hottest thing in a booth in here
The Gooch in here
Ay yo it's over in here
God damn somebody bring me some juice in here

I used to be a drug dealer
Hangin in the cut sellin' dime rocks
Gettin' cash to eat with
Punchin' a time clock
In the ghetto makin' small change
Slingin' till the sun up
Got to pay my phone bill focusing on the come up
Got 6 shots numbers strait
Crank bout 38
Big boys trippin' on me tryin' to nigga hate
This 17 year old Tony Montana type
Aint never did the killin' but still I'm lovin the drama right
Undercovers pass by thinkin I don't know the truth
Makin niggas these offers they know these niggas can't refuse
[Fade To end]