

# No Glory

Beanie Sigel

I been seeing crack rock since the age of thirteen  
Out the same crack spot to the same damn  
Dope fiends burnt up glass and the coke screens  
You know that balled up cash where that dough cream  
Hit the block before the birds start chirpin'

Scope the set before I serve one person  
In between cars, never out in the open  
I don't trust vans and I hate black suburbans  
Crack that I'm servin', pure buck tour, nigga  
Uncut raw, nigga

I don't fuck with bake  
I don't never get stuck with weight  
Open shot, every smoker wit' a straight, brush my gate  
You ain't makin' no dough 'cause you stretchin' your shit

Fuck tryin' to make more, dog, I'm stressin' to flip  
Keep smokers on them red caps, stressin' to hit  
Dope fiends with they hair back, catchin' they drip  
I'm tryin' to show you where the bread at  
You catchin' my drift? But I see where your head at  
You stressin' to bitch

Give me that hot plate and pyrax pop  
Shit, I'll show you how to fire that rock, supply that block  
Pee pop, set up shop, with a half a block, lock down half the block  
Turn that half a block to other half his block  
Then I'll lock down the other half a block

I don't give a fuck about the chatter in the background  
Never put my straps down, nigga  
This is Mack Town, nigga  
Ask around, bitch nigga, I never was  
Kept leather gloves and the 38 tar snub

On the real, ya niggaz don't know me  
Don't get found in the lake with eight shots like Kobe  
It's the Gouch, what you talkin' bout homie?  
I'll make your bus stop short like Gary Coleman

I got more pots and strips then you  
(I make it hot)  
Niggaz won't even sell nicks to you  
(Not a rock)  
I spit phrases that'll thrill you

I got gats with clips, with lasers that'll kill you  
Got myself an uzi brother, nuzi two nines  
These thugs gon' getcha, slugs gon' hit cha  
(Getcha)

I got more gats and tecs than you  
(I'll make it hot)  
Niggaz won't even stand next to you  
(I tear the rock)

When I clap down, back down your wack friends  
For that "Cash Money," pull out "Mack 10's" intro tef  
I'm twenty two  
(Uh)  
You dudes ain't worth it, keep them funny jewels  
(Whoa)

I'm so street like asphalt  
I spit shit like my ass talk, dog, it's Mack Mittens  
Don't make me raise up and put my hands on you  
a house sellin' raids nigga  
I'll put my grams on you  
Man, I'm so fuckin' deep in the game  
Got one foot to the street, the other feet to the fame  
I'm seesaw, tryin' to balance shit out  
Until then, I got a six gon' silence shit out

Wanna make the transition from the street to the fame  
But I can't let it weaken my game, man, listen  
Picture Mac flippin' like a transmission  
Little nickels, with slick fifty's tryin' to stick me  
Knowing one shot from a glock could stop my injured block

So I quickly move oars like Jiffy Lube  
Never had it niggas and half the fact that niggas  
Snortin' magic niggas or the court rattin' niggas