

# One Shot Deal

Beanie Sigel

One shot deal, one shot one kill  
Hit you with the one shot skill  
Bullets lift you up like you poppin on the wheel  
Feel I can't die when I'm poppin on the pill  
So real that it feel, keep Cochran on my heels  
Who rock the black and back out  
Now the MAC back out, just bout to blackout  
Got the ROC on my back, SP on my chain  
Shooters on the block slinging P last name  
Outta hot pink thangs like Camron Range  
The cocaine cowboy at work  
I put ya niggaz in the dirt for one like Dirt  
Concealed hammer won't jam or won't chirp  
Catch you on my second merk  
Fresh outta jail, ice grill gat to smirk  
Bitches on the waste can't serve 'em  
ROC without Jay won't work?  
Shit like we ain't here  
Actin like SP ain't here  
How ya'll niggaz can't see that clear? Clear?  
Yeah, slow all the way down young scrapper  
Pump ya brakes real fast, before ya crash  
Crack ya head on the dash  
I put ya body in a cast, keep my shotty on blast  
Hard heads don't get the picture until they see the flash  
You ain't ballin, you pump faking  
Till you found in ya trunk naked  
Four pound to ya crown like, "Where the paper?"  
B. Sig, cold crook, I trap paper like notebook  
When the hot water disappear like when coke cook  
Then resurface, its Sig. Berk-owitz, bitch I'm sick  
Leave that ass like Dama  
Sig. heat that ass like sauna  
Stretch ya body out like recliner  
Stretch my middle finger to your honor  
like, "Fuck the world", thats my persona, love drama  
Drop a building like Osama, you vagina  
I know you wish you never met me like Carl Thomas  
Try to forget me like all silence  
Fuckin with a vet be, all problems  
I'm not about the threats B, I'm all promise  
Before "The Truth", position in the booth  
As a young scrap, I was vicious as a youth  
Kept a gat moving pigeons in the Coupe  
You was strapped, then positioned on the stoop  
Stay strapped, put my pistol on shoot  
Mac take ya "Juice" like Bishop on the roof  
I had ya pissing in ya trunk like a roof  
Bullets hit ya chest like a blunt rolled loose  
I'm that corn liquor nigga, 100 proof  
I bring the storm, all you niggaz lace ya boots  
Better yet, pull out ya strings, make a noose  
Hang yaself, here's a deuce deuce, bang yaself like Cheddar Bob  
I'm in the hood like S-T-tall cat-Crooked Letter-I  
S-P-C-O, nigga yes I

Yes I

Matta fact  
Yeah, Yeah  
Bring it back

Bring it back, me, Doc, America's blunted  
Not from there, but I'm Philly Most Wanted  
Drop and roll, when my biscuit boil  
Talk is greasy, toungue with Crisco oil  
Streets is mine, check my flow online  
At [ww.cutanigga.com](http://ww.cutanigga.com)  
Bricks, two on the hip, reach for the sky  
You and ya Burberry suit is buried alive  
On top of the Empire, dare me to dive  
there I go, no parachute  
Jackass like Knoxville, hot as Cancun  
Chest hair is baboon, Redman rip the show  
I be the raw in ya bitches nose  
She be goin to the bathroom, sniffing blow  
Like, "Oh Docta shit, my man a joke"  
I know, I be strapped with a double 4-4  
And a Slim Jim to open ya Cadillac door  
In the Bricks you hear them guns  
Rat-a-tat-BOOM  
Any nigga get X'ed out like Tic-Tac-Toe  
Any bitch that know, Redman goin the distance  
We ain't tryin to get fucked for instance  
When you bust baby, gon light the insence  
Pass me the rag, hop back in the Jag  
I stole out the showroom with the pricetag  
I wrote this rhyme off 25 blunt drags  
Hear that sound (whoosh), leave a block hunchback  
Killa House, understand prick  
We ain't gon stop till we "RICH BITCH"  
Holla back, Redman, Beanie Sigel  
Killa House