

# So What You Saying

Beanie Sigel

Aiyyo Memph what's wrong with these niggas man?  
These niggas ain't sayin shit man  
These niggas on mute man  
I'ma make you blind motherfuckers feel some real

Aiyyo the guc is here dog I'm back to work  
I took time off a couple niggas had to get hurt  
Due to the fact they wack and wasn't strapped  
Packin they gat, now they layin' flat  
In six in green (you know wut i mean?)  
Man I need a new gat for that  
Yo, I'm the coke copper plus the rock chopper  
Down wit M. Bleek, the Marcy prock clocker  
One wreck, the other destroy  
And with that bullshit vest on, I'm killin' your boys  
I don't play when it come to yae  
I cop cook and collect my dough in one day  
Book rock and collect my dough at one show  
False looks, Memph let one go from the floor

Yo, yo  
Well I'm known to be the master in the M.C. field  
Oh-oh got respect, oh-one I still  
Tote guns to the show and then I jet wit a hoe  
Bitch niggas want to front and get clapped  
Get on the floor, clap a second time  
And make sure I flat-line you  
Let a whole round go, hit niggas behind you  
See the gleam on the glock, know the beam on top  
Get shot, popped, and drop, yo the team is the Roc  
As I glance at Mack, a-k-a B-Sigel  
Know we comin' with the macks and the extra Eagles  
I'm not playin, you dudes know what I'm sayin'  
I make a call to my dogs, them niggas comin' through sprayin'  
What you sayin?

I'm puttin heads to beads, gun straight out the box  
B-Sige, I put up all the roofs and glocks  
I'm not playin, see these guns that I'm sprayin?  
Twin sub oozies, can't budge or move me  
Nickels stay chubby, smokers never choosy  
Don't gotta yell up the block, they come to me  
Packs with colorful tops just like coochies  
New jacks with they pack they like, who he?  
I'm not playin, knock them things off quick  
Got game still think off shit  
What you say?

With a partner like Sigel, don't come a dime a dozen  
We could be brothers, we better known as cousins  
As we climbed the chart with who the fuck want what  
My hood to your hood, we showed the world crew love  
Who wanna play with that Roc-A-team?  
Know that I tote that thing that knock sixteen  
You walk around talkin' this and that  
How I sound like Jay and all my records is wack  
But when I dropped the LP, niggas thought it would fold

Thirty days later, Coming of Age went gold  
What you sayin?

Now party people it's time for this question  
No knock knock, who's that? who's there? or who is it?  
It's the M-A-C-K  
Yes the gun clapper, the duct tape, rope, black mask and kidnapper  
The flow dope, the beats just blazin  
Like Luther Vandrow says, yo 'I am so amazing and I've been waiting'  
For a sucker to attack the cat with two gats  
Yo Bleek, you got my back, show 'em how we do

Yo, I fight fire with fire, I make crews retire  
I spit 9 to 5 nines, Bleek for hire  
Your crew murderize, see the guns that I'm bringin  
In an all out battle, Bleek come out swingin'  
Memph the type of nigga that'll spit off quick  
Biggs push the Benz and we spin off quick  
Take a sip of the Cris pour the Belvy with lime  
Crack the Arma del Lope and then I'm goin for mine  
So what you sayin?