

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?