

# Stop, Chill

Beanie Sigel

New shit  
WSUP!  
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Stop , chill , relax , and let this nigga Sigel flow  
I know you can't believe the flow , you can't cope I flow dope  
Like a key ya blow  
You like naw , Beans , same nigga from 21st and Sigel street  
When it's beef people let them desert eagle speak  
So whoever , wherever I don't care where we meet  
Stop , chill , don't talk shit sideways outta your mouth  
I will slap spit sideways outta your mouth  
Bitch niggas talk indirect it don't matter  
When you got snitch niggas right in your set  
That's why I know where you niggas sling coke and pump D at  
Same spot that you liable to see me at  
Gun and a mask , one in the stash where the seed at  
Stop , all my young bucks huggin the block  
Stop puttin drugs in your sock  
You makin it easy for the cops to catch you  
They hooked to that stash and that trash and that bag of pretzels  
You gotta hustle smarter than that  
Cop coke harder than that , keep your dough apart from your crack  
Keep a stash in the dark for the trap  
Man you never know when the narks gon launch an attack

Stop , I know you cats livin a lie  
You niggas rats you aint willin to die  
Chill , I spit it for my niggas keepin it street  
Keepin they steel , all my niggas keepin it real

It's still vex in the game tryin na earn respect  
I got the best of out and y'all aint heard shit yet  
You can shuffle up the cards I'ma learn the deck  
When I do the game is mine , man I'm aimin high  
Niggas talk about guns don't be carryin none  
Every two hammers I cock I'm buryin one  
I'ma dress in all stash this year , whenever I'm near  
>From the first junior , to Madison Square  
Stop , chill , cuz I know y'all niggas like Mac fuckin that track  
Let me show you somethin dog it aint nothin for Mac  
It come all natural like I'm bustin my gat  
Or I'm stuck in a spot crushin the crack  
Got ice in a pot , fluffin the crack  
Takin backs to the block so don't stuff in them packs  
Doin life on the Roc aint nothin fuckin with that  
Me , jail , dog , you can put me under the ground  
Where I'm from all my niggas they from under the ground  
You can hear us when we come it's a thunderous sound  
Trees , stompin , Roc jeans and a bunch of white T troopers  
Stay on post with they toast and they like to shoot you  
Philly cats no rack , big guns and Sumas