

Fed-X, Beef

[Verse 1:]

Welcome to Richmond I'm city slickin' they couldn't picture me rollin'
I'm big whippin' from penny pinchin' so many strikes I'm bowlin'
Hear me sedanin' through the streets the ghetto birds patrollin'
They got the spotlight on me like I'm stage performin'
I'm wid my cop right homie, and countin' money gets borin'
Alotta gunplay, I'm still out here drug warrin'
I pull, up to valet this is a westside story
I get you clapped now tonight, or maybe in the mornin'
This is real beef

[HOOK:]

I hear you want me up in these streets
I hear you want me we got some, beef
I hear you want me up in these streets
I hear you want me we got some, beef

[x2]

We got some, beef
I heard you want, me
We got some beef you want me-e-eee
You want me we got beef
You want me, we got, beeeefff

[Verse 2:]

Fresh off stage, and now I'm back where I belong
In the hood the gutter the projects we get it on
West coast stamp on a package of raw
and this Mac won't jam so I'm clappin' you all
Brake light ya best man and leave him dead on the floor
Wack you and ya old lady I'm never leavin' a flaw
Cause this is mob life, nigga welcome aboard
I got guns in every car in my door, wid a thirty clip
Send him some slick shit go ahead and let him hit the fence
I'll have his momma pinched, three in the back
And had to clean the chopper up in the thrash wid the bastards
This is sex money and murder
Haven't you ever heard of a killer
kickin' in doors yellin' freeze like the rollers