

# Scottie Beam

## Freddie Gibbs, The Alchemist & Rick Ross

Pissed off you know  
This is, like, exclusive  
Yeah  
Kane Train, bitch, Kane, yeah Yeah, the revolution is the genocide  
Look, your execution will be televised  
Don't cross me like Isiah, that shit be ill-advised (Woo)  
Dark horse, rap black sheep, they got me vilified  
Castratin' niggas in they feelings on IG (Uh)  
Will never let this industry demasculinize me (Nah)  
I do murder barefaced, don't need no mask to disguise me  
Threw my FN in the stash, I think the cracker's behind me, damn  
He pulled me over, I asked him, Yo, what's the problem, sir?  
I swerved to ducked the potholes, man, I had no option, sir  
Just let me go 'cause my license, insurance proper, sir  
I'd hate to be on the run for smokin' an officer  
We were bustin' at police before Queen & Slim, that's on FN  
Let off fifty shots to the squad car and get in the wind  
Told the Gary Police in '05 that I got more guns than them  
Get the feds if you want a war, and they sent them bitches in  
The revolution is the genocide  
Yeah, my execution might be televised  
Cross niggas like Bubba Chuck, I never gave a fuck  
Hook shot a ho like Kareem, but I never leave the Bucks  
Sick with the Act', me and Jack, pourin' three liters up  
It hurt to say I miss you, the real ones always be leavin' us  
Caught up in the moment, most niggas foldin' or freezin' up  
Sometimes it be your own damn homies, Judas set Jesus up  
Yeah, the revolution is the genocide  
Made a sex tape with your bitch, that pussy televised  
Thug nigga with some exotic dreams, erotic dreams  
Fuckin' hella thots, but I really want me a Scottie Beam  
Shit was different when Mike left and it was Scottie team  
Ex won't take me back, without me, the bitch wouldn't have got a ring  
Yeah, the revolution is the genocide  
Tell a ho she don't know nan', Trick Daddy, Slip-N-Slide, nigga  
Kane  
Uh, 305 in my yayo  
Subject to let a bitch snort a line off the dashboard of my '75  
Caprice, that is  
Yo (M-M-Maybach Music) You need a dictionary when you write your raps (Uh)  
Went to the penitentiary just for a hundred sack (What?)  
I had a vision back when I was fishin' for a bass

But they won't listen 'til you in your kitchen countin' cash  
I got the dollars, motherfuck a nigga's credit score (Boss)  
Big bag of chronic like I'm sackin' up at Interscope (at Interscope)  
My pistol polished, any problems, I'ma pull that ho  
Peter Parker, but I've yet to reach my pinnacle (Lord)  
Bitches lookin' at me, shawty wanna see my soul (M-M-M)  
All my jewelry on, she only see my gold (Haha)  
I'm prayin' for my guys, pray you sing along (Yes)  
I fuck bitches in my ride, I never bring 'em home  
She sees just how I ride and slip her panties off  
He wanted war until they hit 'em with a cannonball (Bang)  
Spark spliffs, raw kicks I get from Clark Kent  
Common sense, no Prince, strictly the mob hits (What? M-M)  
Exhale weed, ship it from the West (West)  
My brain begin to seize when I'm needin' rest (Yes)  
Kobe Bryant when we speakin', very best (Lord)  
I pray for Gigi, wonder if she'll get to see me next  
Biggest (M-M-Maybach Music)  
Audemars and Cartiers  
You ain't shit without a dollar, yeah  
You ain't shit without a dollar, yeah  
Rolex, Audemars, and Cartiers  
Rolex, Audemars, and Cartiers  
Audemars and Cartiers  
You ain't shit without a dollar, yeah  
Rolex, Audemars, and Cartiers  
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