

# Sigel

## Reef the Lost Cauze & King Syze

[Verse 1: Reef The Lost Cauze]

I'ma teach these weasels how to rhyme  
Grimy Philly shit, Bean' Sigel in '99  
Come correct, show respect and catch a throat shot  
That shit won't sell, you won't make it to the boat dock  
You fuck around and get cold clocked  
What is the key to success matter when dealing with a broke lock?  
Don't speak when you know not  
I'm on the road to riches but for some reason the road block  
That's why I sold rocks, I got mad proof  
People with the glass roof the first one to throw rocks  
Watch it shatter your brains, watch is splatter  
Ain't shit changed, I'm the same just a little fatter  
Don't give a fuck about my stomach widening  
Guys want it but then I come to them and they get to run and hiding  
Caged in cars, ducking and screaming  
It's the A.O.T.P., don't give a fuck who your team is  
Believe it

[Hook: Reef The Lost Cauze] {x2}

You niggas acting like you will but we know you won't  
What's worse, the devil you know or the one you don't?  
I say "nevaeh" I make you believer  
I don't do a lot of talking I speak with the heater  
The heater

[Verse 2: King Syze]

We the mic brasher  
Spitting hypnotical gasses  
Diabolical madness, astronomical hammers  
Wordplay's bananas  
The mic is God help me  
I rock on a stone stage all over Philadelphi'  
Y'all pathetic, taking selfies with your sorry  
The only place you rock is the corner store deli  
And I ain't mad at you  
On the real it's laughable  
We shine too bright, no light can contract in you  
Here's a fair warning and y'all better behave  
What I write on the page is my life on the stage

And I'm here to stay on the real  
I ain't never leaving  
Long as I'm living and breathing, I'ma be a spitting heathen  
I'm getting even when I'm playing the odds  
When I'm creating these bars, more like breaking the law  
Catch a contact every time we lighting a verse  
Wanna fuck with Reef? Better be ready to fight me first

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Reef The Lost Cauze]  
Ayo, beef don't hype it  
Get beat with night sticks  
I Rock The Casbah, Sharif don't like it  
Feet, don't wipe it  
On my welcome mat  
Find me posted, getting roasted where the l's is at  
I heard your album my nigga, what the hell is that?  
When I was done listening, felt like I went to Hell and back  
I'm the past, the present, the future  
I'll fuck up every nigga in here, I'm Riley Cooper

[King Syze]  
This is pure hip hop made with organic ingredients  
What you spit is meaningless, niggas is not feeling it  
Us on the other hand, we stay at it  
We in our own league, we the reason in the bracket  
Y'all just N.I.T., can't play with big dogs  
We fighting but lock jaw, we ready to rock y'all  
The top's spot gone ain't no getting it back  
We Vanderbilt company, we owning these tracks  
It's like...

[Hook]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>