

Do My

Memphis Bleek

Turn that motherfucker louder
It's the Roc in this motherfucker, biotch
Oh yeah, bounce, uh uh, bounce
Yeah, yeah bounce, come on
Oh come, on bounce, come on
Do my ladies run this motherfucker?
Yeah, yeah, come on
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?
Yeah, yeah, come on
Do my ladies run it fat asses and flat stomachs
Throw a hand in the air if it's the year of the woman
Or my dogs run it, let 'em know that you're still gunnin'
Throw a drink in the air let 'em know you still thuggin'
Yo I come through, few of my man's
Scoop you and your friends
You, you, and you with the Timbs
In tight jeans, Chinese eyes
Indian hair, Black girl ass
Let me pour you a glass of Belvi
Tell me all about your past
Let me console your soul while I palm your ass
And your man did what? He ain't give you?
He cheated with her, I can't diss duke
I tell you this though get with this dude
I'll teach you about dough and show you what this do
It's a secret society, all we ask is trust but I don't freeze bitches
Just skeeze bitches break up happy homes
Just seize misses you'll never get her back once you get a yacht
How you love that? How you love that?
Do my ladies run this motherfucker?
Yeah, yeah, come on
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?
Yeah, yeah, come on
Do my ladies run it fat asses and flat stomachs
Throw a hand in the air if it's the year of the woman
Or my dogs run it, let 'em know that you're still gunnin'

Throw a drink in the air let 'em know you still thuggin'
Ay, yo back woods rollin', rap you can't hold 'em

ROC gear matchin' crews Bleek is chillin', Murda is chillin'
What more can I say? We still killin' 'em
Bags we still dealin' 'em, four wheels, we wheelin' them
Chicks like I'm feelin' him, yeah ma okay
Black jeans and Timberlands, give them adrenaline rush
Ladies know the difference between them niggas and us
We the R-O-C and we don't stop
They don't make a gun that we don't pop
Matter fact they don't make a car that we don't drop
Thought you knew they don't make jewels that we don't cop
What you knew? You actin' like the ROC ain't hot
Or the car that I cop ain't missin' a top
And even if they don't make drops that kind
I tear da roof off like I'm Busta Rhymes motherfucker
Do my ladies run this motherfucker?
Yeah, yeah, come on
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?
Yeah, yeah, yeah come on
Do my ladies run it fat asses and flat stomachs
Throw a hand in the air if it's the year of the woman
Or my dogs run it, let 'em know that you're still gunnin'
Throw a drink in the air let 'em know you still thuggin'
Do my ladies run this motherfucker?
Okay
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?
Uh-huh, okay, uh-huh
Come on, come on
It's the R O C, we don't stop
R O C, we don't stop
R O C, we don't stop
Uh Memp Bleek, the understanding niggas
Get your mind right, ha ha

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