

# Holla (Memphis Bleek)

Jay-Z

Uh huh

Is why'all ready?

Is why'all ready?[Chorus: x2]

Holla!

If you real and you know you a G

Holla!

Deep in these streets when you pumpin that D

Holla!

Be in your hood screamin fuck police

Holla!

You keep a gun and you bust for beefNiggas say I'm focused now, they know that's my style

But dogg, I'm on the block with that coke and a smile

I still got the crack heads I.D.

And they know, I collect for the first and fifteenthI still take cabs to that capsule spot

For them 31 illusions and them purple tops

And the game ain't change, niggas is taught different

I'm raised off one rule, never get caught slippin'That's why I eat, sleep, shit with my gat

Bag up, take a piss, fuck a bitch with my gat

And I done sold it all from crack to marijuana

You can't deny it, I'm in hoods like Tom WarnerBeat cop, take away, I keep my shit

They don't know I deliver off the beeps I get

And you snitch ass niggas want to peep my shit

But I'm a show you how deep into these streets I get[Chorus]See what this game made, and of age I came

And you up and coming rappers know you young to this game

I went from Marcy to Hollywood, I'm back again\*

I don't need no applaud, to clap againLet alone, no award, from rap to win

Talk drama, get yourself wrapped up in

Severe head trauma, get beat with the nine lime-a

Cut your hand off if you fuckin with my productThat slayed shit, I'm on the grave shift

We all know fucked up money don't pay rent

You short with my ones, you short one thumb

You can't, come up short where the fuck I'm fromWe got, dues to pay, new tools to spray

Who's to say, Bleek won't make news today

You know the ooze'll spray if you refuse to pay

And I move the yae nigga day by day[Chorus]

Songwriters

COX, MALIK DESHAWN/BIGGS, B.Published by

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