

# Roc-a-fella Get Low Respect It

## Memphis Bleek

Okay, I'm reloaded, yeah, y'know  
It's Young E, Get Low in the bulding, we back  
M.A.D.E., everybody ready? It's that new shit ya hear  
Yo, Guru, let's do it for these niggas, yeah  
Ayo, Roc-A-Fella Records runnin' the streets reckless  
Get Low, the future, you gotta respect it  
The hood's still in back of me, guns still beside of me  
Still for the street, hoes, they wanna ride wit me  
Big print, like I just hit lottery  
Like y'all can't see a nigga straight from poverty  
We ghetto, we're gutter, where you don't come around  
Some dudes make records an' say they underground  
But I choose not to go that far 'cuz I was born there, pa  
I don't gotta write bars, you niggaz see my scars?  
An' you know my story  
I'm more for the war, I'm 'bout guts an' glory  
Them other dudes front for y'all, I can't do it  
I don't gotta sell my soul to sell music  
I put the beat on, Murder'll roll the weed up  
Put it on the street one week, watch it heat up  
Heavy rotation, rockin' on Hot 9  
You niggaz get your money right 'cuz I got mine  
An' it's Roc-A-Fella Records runnin' the streets reckless  
Get Low, the future, you gotta respect it  
I been in it since 9 to 6 before I could drive whips  
To focus on gettin' paid, before 'Coming of age'  
Niggaz, they understand the boy done became a man  
Loyal to all my peeps, that's why I did for the fam  
Who the fuck, want what? None of you niggaz  
I'm right back 'cuz I ain't done wit the bidniss  
Them niggaz owe me a check, niggaz owe me respect  
I give you that good game I told you I been M.A.D.E.  
An' it's Roc-A-Fella Records runnin' the streets reckless  
Get Low, the future, you gotta respect it  
An' I'm from the M to the A to the R C Y  
So many niggaz be hatin', they don't want me to ride  
But, you see Bleek just livin' his life  
Instead you wanna see a nigga throwin' that iron  
Well, so be it, it's many dudes in the team

That ain't family now an' y'all see it  
Dynasty though, it remain the same  
So every time you throw it up  
You know who changed the game, homie  
The ROC army, Get Low an' State Property  
Caked up in real estate an' never played Monopoly  
But why them niggaz wanna act all aggy?  
'Cuz of the bigger plate an' I got more baggies?  
But shit where's the love?  
I could tell you it ain't nuttin' over here but new guns an' slugs  
An' it's all about the butter, you ain't listenin', baby, boy?  
That the ROC'll never lose, we just kill an' destroy  
An' it's Roc-A-Fella Records runnin' the streets reckless  
Get Low, the future, you gotta respect it

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