Who's Sleeping

Memphis Bleek

Yo, yo, yo, yo, aiyyo Who sleeping on Bleek, wake his ass up I'm a show em all the money And the ass I pass up How I'm N.Y. deep Who snitched to N.Y.P. (New York Police) You bitches been dropping D's (Dimes) Since 86 striped Lees Dial 9-1 tips When I spit one clip Supposed to be killing niggaz But ain't really done shit I'm loco Tote the 4-4 Smoke L's with duck doors Drow flow Blow the smoke slow And holler fuck hoes It's cash and money Nines grab the green weed exactly One shot lives and Daiquiris My gat be stashed in the dash Mixed herbs and hash On a cruise for cash I might bruise some cats Spit 2 at you dudes that act Like you can't be touched Front and lose your cap I incinerate guns after bodies I caught son Never on the run stack mail by the tons son Yo, it's that Roc-A-Fella, shit Hoes clothes to whips Act up and get hit Give a fuck who you with We them niggaz coming through Locking down your strips Some real niggaz that walk around

With guns on their hips Yo, it's that Roc-A-Fella, shit Hoes clothes to whips Act up and get hit Give a fuck who you with We them niggaz coming through Locking down your strips Some real niggaz that walk around With guns on their hips I live my life now like none of y'all fagots You keep fronting like that I'm gone let one of y'all have it I keep the fours drawn When I wake up the war's on For the bread, butter and chips Shit, I go to war for em Tinted my whip now These cops ride dick now Money spend now I move work through my pen pal Niggaz hate Bleek 'Cause I live through this shit You niggaz keep hating 'Cause I could deal with this shit I'm a street individual Sold it all criminal Weed just a minimum I'm a MP emblem Rock syndicate and flips in the block You call it I lick a shot I'm street wise Went up on my caps in size Who getting money over here contact these guys Let em know I set up shop to trey eight the block With 3 niggaz, 1 gun and a buck 50 to shop Yo, it's that Roc-A-Fella, shit Hoes clothes to whips Act up and get hit Give a fuck who you with We them niggaz coming through Locking down your strips Some real niggaz that walk around With guns on their hips Yo, it's that Roc-A-Fella, shit Hoes clothes to whips

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