

Now

Memphis Bleek

I'm on my feet now, shit never was it sweet now
Belly, but I'm still starve, can I eat now, live complete?
Now, told by the older God never put the heat down
I'm on my feet now, shit never was it sweet now
Belly, but I'm still starve, can I eat now, live complete?
Now, told by the older God never put the heat down
Far from reaper humbo meat now
Fuck with the winners, bitches listen when I speak
Got on some rap shit, find it hard to creep
Now I'm on point and move deep more relete
Could clap you but ain't nothing like a beat down
We swept down these streets now like community service
Reach your faith, face defeat now, we hipodermic
Get in your skin niggas, want beef now?
Bring it on when we born, ain't no rebound
The war on son, no time for sleep now
Get your guns, no surrender, no retreat
Now you violated dog blood, got alete
Your whole life is down hill in type
Deep down, it's deep now, watch and separate
The wolf from the sheep now
May you rest ever last in peace regions compete
This year is our year knowledge
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Ayyo, half Wais is on this crawl thorough
Doing ten miles per on a sneak with no doubt
In for way make the gun peak out just to sent a message
Let for shots sneak out front, I don't hesitate to reach now
You think you nice but your dealer
Your contract can con preach now
Chicken uses to front but they on my meat now
Catch me in the park after dark with seats down
I was known for enemy layin' your feet down
Now I'm known for shit, one hundred degrees

Now my style use to be just sick but it's disease
Now take a one on one to this catch ya freeze now
Death to enemy's, life to the family, peace to my killers up north
Who ever ran with me, I'm still moving with the cannars G
For the money, there no problem pleadin' the asanding
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Now, told by the older God never put the heat down
Yo, never put the heat down, creep without a three pound
Roll deep now, speak with a street sound, who fuckin' with Bleek
Now seeing me don't eat, how I take from the fradout
I'm looking, pass trial, blast out if they ever rush the crack house
Throw the stash out, blow the spot, pull a path out, leave no evidence
Gettin' caught that arellvne sitt'n in the system with some drugs
I can't settle it, my belly full now, so I went thorough hood now
Look good now, old beef is cook now, in other words shook now
I put my thing down, Bleek still aim wild and slang vows
I remain brave child through a bangout smoke and hangout
I duck thieves and play cops game
Hot bubble, hard jungle, scar them, cat moving the cocaine
I went the thug route, my eight the snug route, ten in my truckout
Old drum, I bluff out no gun, in curse words got you niggas
'Cuz I heard, heard and it's first, I'm a cat who get my money right
'Cuz ain't fun in life, if you runnin', I'm runnin' lite in the black V
Find a rapper who can match Bleek, sent him to the brooks
(Brooklyn)
I'm show 'em where the gats be, mothersfucker

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