Live Life 2 Tha Fullest

Memphis Bleek

[Memphis Bleek]For this 98 shit, you rap cats better lay shit
'cause Bleek's gonna lay shit
You heard me? Holla back
So what ya know about a four ga six,
and a Cuban with a diamond cut chips
And a whole lotta chicks in this world gonna strip with me
Get your money right nigga
I'm tryin to be worth 6 Million like Steve Austin
Drive thru my PJ's flossin, like what? Bionic
You see me blowin chronic
In charge with San Diego, burn like Wako
Leggo on my shots like Eggo
Or Lee Hungry Oswald, three miles far
Picture main man open the car
Sware to god, you get hit hard,
you violate my squad on the job
Know me, the Ogee on my mic I make about 20 G a week
In these streets tryin to eat
Chorus: repeat 2X
We need to live life 2 tha fullest
See you never know when you perform
Dead on, so that I'm napalm
Makin sure ya remember my name, Bleek
Stayin on top of my fame, on top of my game
[Memphis Bleek]Aiyo the streets got a nigga turned out, say word
But the gat got a nigga bustin back, so what?
It's the ghetto, we all the killas walkin the light
I think the ceiling the dark
I'mma bring it to the light
The police never liked us, now they hired bikers

In TNT tryin to shut down the CNB
Cartel, tryin to stack mail and prevail
To cop a 300 XL, yo you niggas know Memph for gettin dough
Fuckin these hoes, nuttin flow, erate my foes
All lies on my arm piece or the chain becardian
Absolute, throwin shit in the game
I'm tryin to snatch cream, and slide very often
Hate had me stressed so I got rid of that shit like abortion

And ain't afraid to leave you niggas in the coffin
So often, you gonna see my click flossin
Iced up, nigga price what, act up
And we gon strap up what, you say what you want
But I already, you can flow with Between Friends and the Roc
Chorus 2X
[Memphis Bleek]I'm like 4-5-6, when I spit this trips
Haters loosin they bricks, Memph Bleek injure shit
If you asbetic, you gon gas like asmetics
Try to end it, I'm gone set it, inject it
Like diabetics with styles, I perfect it
Broke down mics from adverseries I collect it
The reassembelem, i'm like the Marcy Project emblem
Put me on your chain and rock me
If I was you glock, cock me
Put it work, then back me
From under your hockey shirt, and go bizerk
No what's wit-urse, put the 400 on re-wit-urse
Let the shots dispurse, when I hit em it hurts
If you ask me, niggas styles is trashy
Cops wanna harass me, 'cause minds classy
I got the form with the chips, caught chicks in Memphis
I'm Memphis, ya don't know me, but I'm in this
Chorus 2X

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