

1, 2, Y'all

Memphis Bleek

Yo, look I'm the best rapper not discovered
The other people raps is weak
How dey get discovered, ya can't fuck wit me
Everybody know me, I'm hype to tha D
Hangin' with the R O C, we in the place to be
Chillin' in the back of the club, popin' bub
When my spinnaz keep spinnin' all the
Ladies show me love I'm here to takeover
I was originally suppose to replace hova
Not slim thug , east cost rappers weak
They can't hang with me, B hype, D tha name
Fuck all y'all lames, I was sent to take ya fame
And change the game yo, I can spit a verse
But if these wack ass rappers stay in the game
This shit is gonna get worse one day I'm a make it big
I'm the best and this goes down to all my niggz, ohh
We pull up in them big boy trucks, big boy drops
We be the only young boys that the big boys watch
Neef and C official like a ref wit a whistle
Protect shit a nickel, it's death on a whistle
Lose breath when I hit you, your best bet is to get through
Fuck outta the lane I'm much outta my pain
The stronger the game is quicker, live by the code fool
Dinner time cold food, aim is sicker, much faster, blast ya
Tearin' ya niggaz, we don't discriminate
Hoes get the same as niggaz, comin' straight
Out the north of death we give a fuck about a level
We extort the best, who's the boss, nigga?
I came to set it off, came to jump off
Nigga, I came to set a nine off
Maybe, a A.K., I ain't here to play
I just want to have it my way
I don't face no fear, I'm the rapper of the year
So respect me, nigga
It's gettin' hot so the shorts is on
Gotta tote the snub it's too warm for the long, nigga
You could pass me to baby's zoo
One shot'll turn a nigga face into baby food, blah
Get it clear, now, why they lookin' for Saddam?

Weapons of mass destruction is here, I got a few in my hood
In case, a nigga ever get the feelin' and he think that he could
Or would, pull skeet on me, I could show you first hand what's a felony
And a hobby and the process of gettin' money is nothing
I'm not Sosa, but the dogs is coming, this is not, not
No, no, motherfucking game, entertain you motherfuckers
Is not why I came? It's R O C and M O P
I wipe floors wit little niggas for fuckin' wit my team
Time to set it off, nigga
Time to set it off, nigga
Time to set it off, nigga
Time to set it off, nigga
Time to set it off, nigga
Yo, check it, shit, I'm here now, where it's at?
I'm there now, when I walk through the club
The real have stare downs and I walk by
Lil' nigga, play the short guy, pockets is grown
When I cock it, it's on, you believe that
All the chickenz be where, the treez at
Car hopping bitches be where the V's at
I plot to get mo, stacks and a crib
Sometimes, I hear that Ele hold a gat in the crib
Can't relax in the crib, niggaz, did max bids
Niggaz, clap shit, ain't no acting in this
You a playa? Well nigga who you working for?
'Cuz who coachin that team that you be otin for?
When I ride by, I know' you looking to spray me
But I got a ghetto bird that go half on a three eighty
It's the game of life, you it, so play it right
Bitches like you, Memph Bleek, yeah, right
Do that one , two, y'all there go the last call
I'm a ghetto nigga, hand always on my trigga
Now look all these, niggaz think they dat nigga
Well, you know, what I came for, ohh?
Time to set it off, nigga
Time to set it off, nigga
Time to set it off, nigga
Time to set it off, nigga
Time to set it off, nigga
Yessuh, y'all know, who the next up
Hopping out them thangs wit the fresh cuts, fresh, come on
Watch right, nice bright, fin to do the rest up
This that knock, wit Swizz and the gunnaz connect up
Big homie president, y'all can hang the rest up
Yessuh, it's me, N E double to F up

Young gunz, nigga indeed, double your bets up
We double them tecs up, we silence the violence
Nigga, you fucked if you messed up
I'm in the S 5, all black, no tint
With a nice dime, all ass, no tits
Still, rippin' the glock, Bleek, playin' the block
Fuckin' with mine, M E M, gettin' it hot
I'm so rich that I'm sittin' on the lock
Me and the Roc be switchin' lanes in
The maybach , nigga, I'm hot ain't fake
Ya raps is fake so do the jump off then nigga set it off
Time to set it off, nigga
Time to set it off, nigga
Time to set it off, nigga
Time to set it off, nigga
Time to set it off, nigga
It's the Roc mutha fuckas, you bitch ass bastards

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