

# Do My...

## Memphis Bleek

Turn that motherfucker louder  
It's the Roc in this motherfucker, biotch  
Oh yeah, bounce, uh uh, bounce  
Yeah, yeah bounce, come on  
Oh come, on bounce, come on Do my ladies run this motherfucker?  
Yeah, yeah, come on  
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?  
Yeah, yeah, come on Do my ladies run it fat asses and flat stomachs  
Throw a hand in the air if it's the year of the woman  
Or my dogs run it, let 'em know that you're still gunnin'  
Throw a drink in the air let 'em know you still thuggin' Yo I come through, few of my man's  
Scoop you and your friends  
You, you, and you with the Timbs  
In tight jeans, Chinese eyes Indian hair, Black girl ass  
Let me pour you a glass of Belvi  
Tell me all about your past  
Let me console your soul while I palm your ass And your man did what? He ain't give you?  
He cheated with her, I can't diss duke  
I tell you this though get with this dude  
I'll teach you about dough and show you what this do It's a secret society, all we ask is trust but I don't freeze  
bitches  
Just skeeze bitches break up happy homes  
Just seize misses you'll never get her back once you get a yacht  
How you love that? How you love that? Do my ladies run this motherfucker?  
Yeah, yeah, come on  
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?  
Yeah, yeah, come on Do my ladies run it fat asses and flat stomachs  
Throw a hand in the air if it's the year of the woman  
Or my dogs run it, let 'em know that you're still gunnin'  
Throw a drink in the air let 'em know you still thuggin' Ay, yo back woods rollin', rap you can't hold 'em  
ROC gear matchin' crews Bleek is chillin', Murda is chillin'  
What more can I say? We still killin' 'em  
Bags we still dealin' 'em, four wheels, we wheelin' them Chicks like I'm feelin' him, yeah ma okay  
Black jeans and Timberlands, give them adrenaline rush  
Ladies know the difference between them niggas and us  
We the R-O-C and we don't stop  
They don't make a gun that we don't pop Matter fact they don't make a car that we don't drop  
Thought you knew they don't make jewels that we don't cop  
What you knew? You actin' like the ROC ain't hot

Or the car that I cop ain't missin' a top And even if they don't make drops that kind  
I tear da roof off like I'm Busta Rhymes motherfucker Do my ladies run this motherfucker?

Yeah, yeah, come on

Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?

Yeah, yeah, yeah come on Do my ladies run it fat asses and flat stomachs

Throw a hand in the air if it's the year of the woman

Or my dogs run it, let 'em know that you're still gunnin'

Throw a drink in the air let 'em know you still thuggin' Do my ladies run this motherfucker?

Okay

Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?

Uh-huh, okay, uh-huh

Come on, come on It's the R O C, we don't stop

R O C, we don't stop

R O C, we don't stop

Uh Memp Bleek, the understanding niggas

Get your mind right, ha ha

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