

# Change Up

## Memphis Bleek

You 'bout to witness somethin' like no other  
The sky gon' get dark, street's gon' clutter  
Weak-ass niggaz out there gon' suffer  
Vets gon' quit, it's gettin' hectic  
The shit got deep right about the time  
When the year skipped a beat, that's when my shit hit the street  
Shit gon' shake up, squads gon' break up  
Coats gon' get pulled, niggaz gon' wake up  
Everybody want see a chance to eat  
And chance the streets, you know they gon' 'vance police  
Like the time they shackled me from hands to feet  
'Cause I gave the jail system, a chance to speak  
You know the cops wanna trap me up, the block wanna clap me up  
It won't stop 'til they wrap me up  
Gat be tucked, heat gon' back me up  
R.O.C. Bleek come on nigga, back me up  
Yeah yo, aiiyo Memph the young God, boss of this game  
Got my part locked, I does my thang  
Don't mistake me, I tote them thangs  
Glock fo' pop off, knocks off thangs  
Whole squad here, you know my click  
Petit nice thing, you know my bitch  
Wide body truck, you know my whip  
Cop that rock that pop that shit  
Y'all niggaz, talk about, ain't really got  
Me, I think dog, you not really hot  
The hood I be, I stay in the drop  
My hood, yo' hood, I'll lock any block  
East to West Coast, Chi-Town, baby  
I come through, it's my town, baby  
A.T.L., I yell, "Whattup my baby?"  
Hit that, get that, bye bye baby!  
Guess who? Young Hov'  
'Bout to tear this motherfucker down  
Holla at me! It goes Jigga Man huh, it goes  
Nah! Y'all niggaz ain't gon' have me rappin' on the bullshit man  
I, I need some real music  
So when we count to three and shit  
Ya gonna drop some real shit

One, two, three, let's go!

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>