

Roc-A-Fella Get Low Respect It

Memphis Bleek

[Memphis Bleek]

Ayo Roc-A-Fella Records runnin the streets wreckless
Get Low the future you gotta respect it
The hood's still in back of me, guns still beside of me
Still for the street, hoes they want to ride wit me
Big print like I just hit lottery
Like y'all can't see a nigga straight from poverty
We ghetto, we're gutter, where you don't come around
Some dudes make records and say they underground, BUT
I choose not to go that far 'cause I was born there pa
I don't gotta write bars you niggaz see my scars
And you know my story
I'm more for the war I'm bout guts & glory
Them other dudes front for y'all I can't do it
I don't gotta sell my soul to sell music
I put the beat on, Murder'll roll the weed up
Put it on the street one week, watch it heat up
Heavy rotation rockin on Hot 9
You niggaz get your money right 'cause I got mine
And it's Roc-A-Fella Records runnin the streets wreckless
Get Low the future you gotta respect it
I been in it since 9-6 before I could drive whips
To focus on gettin' paid before "Coming Of Age"
Niggaz they understand the boy done became a man
Loyal to all my peeps that's why I did for the fam
Who the FUCK, WANT, WHAT
None of you niggaz I'm right back 'cause I ain't done wit the bidniss
Them niggaz owe me a check, niggaz owe me respect
I give you that good game I told you I been M.A.D.E.
And it's Roc-A-Fella Records runnin the streets wreckless
Get Low the future you gotta respect it
And I'm from the M to the A to the are-see-Y/why
So many niggaz be hatin' they don't want me to ride
But, you see Bleek just livin' his life
Instead you want to see a nigga throwin' that iron
Well, so be it
It's many dudes in the team that ain't family now
And y'all see it
Dynasty though, it remain the same

So every time you throw it up you know who changed the game homie
The ROC army; Get Low and State Property
Caked up in real estate and never played Monopoly
But why them niggaz want to act all aggy
'cause of the bigger plate and I got more baggies?
But shit where's the love
I could tell you it ain't nuttin over here but new guns & slugs
And it's all about the butter, you ain't listen baby boy?
That the ROC'll never lose we just kill & destroy
And it's Roc-A-Fella Records runnin the streets wreckless
Get Low the future you gotta respect it

Songwriters

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