

Memphis Bleek

[Verse 1-Memphis Bleek]Yeah, I come from bottom to the top

I seen a lotta niggaz fall

Top to bottom, cause they flows wasnt hot

Them niggaz swore they was chillin, Reality they not

Thats why I'm in the spot, Treat the ?? like the pot

I'm strappin up that product, get my strip back in order

Hit records, its like a brick, 16s is like a quarter/quota

Thats why I'm tryna flip it, this time i'ma do it different

Mixtapes is like a fiend, niggaz givin free hits and

You niggaz let'm sample it, Neva give'm the work

Now this tape better then your album sales, lookin hurt

I'm tryna take it back in the day, when it was 20 time

Industry is fucked up, the back to sellin niggaz dimes

Singles is nickles, lotta albums done flopped

Lotta labels done dropped, you was signed, now you not

Thats why I neva play wit the position I'm held wit

Who lie about sellin drugs? Album ain't sell shit

[Scratched]You heard the title nigga, 5-3-4

(Cant hear the rest)

[Verse 2-Memphis Bleek]I'm bout to have this thing on lock, you can't tell me different

I got the soft n hard top, you could tell I'm livin

I got that gat on my lap, just don't tell the snitches

They got they tail between they legs, you could tell they bitches

Their ain't no heaven for a G, so the hell with it

My life is deep, motherfuckers please delve in it

Started with promo, no homo, movin 12 inches

Pimp the game, comin to age at 12, bitches

(Thats when I had well-wishes)

Niggaz call me prince of the city

Next in line, call me king of new-yitty, pity

How the same niggaz that bailed wit me, bailed on me

Took to many pulls of the L on me

Drank up all kool-aid, left glasses in my kitchen

Food for thought, my nigga you do the dishes

[Scratched]You heard the game and the name

You heard the title niggaz, 5-3-4

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