Crew Love

Drake/Drake feat. The Weeknd

* the version on Belly has an extra verse
[Memphis]Yeah, check it
Yo yeah I smoke weed now I don't give a fuck
And I also tote guns in case my dram pop up
It's crew love I spit two at every few thugs
Fo doves blow dubs holdin eight snub
I hold it down my strip, goin nowhere
Flip two eightballs trick the dough on low gear
The next week two O's gone
Nigga don't prolong
Play the studio and get my flow on
And sell weight on a later base
My older brother kept guns on his waist in case he air the place
And walk straight up on you fuckin crooked niggaz
Comin out ya mouth sideways like some rookie niggaz
I drink Henny mixed wit nothing
My weed and the dutch is somethin
What you niggaz sayin nuttin
It's Bleek, controllin these streets holdin the heat
Reportin for my live niggaz just like me WHAT
[Jay-Z]Haha this is Roc-A-Fella for life
This is Roc-A-Fella for life
[Chorus]You know it's crew love, Roc-A-Fella till we die
As long as you and I keep it movin like a drive-by
We could stack dough sky-high
Niggaz can't touch what they can't feel real recognize real
Crew love, Roc-A-Fella till we die
As long as you and I keep it movin like a drive-by
We could stack dough sky-high
Niggaz can't touch what they can't feel real recognize real
[Beanie Siegel]Yo, I set up shop wit nick rocks that'll upset rookies
Make 'em slide like li'l dicks in wet pussy
Open up the whole strip, like Monopoly
Dare one of ya'll to land on my property
Think you get some dough for my community chest?
Blaow blaow two to yo chest
Ya'll niggaz can't pass go 'cause it cost to pass
Ya'll niggaz cheap like Baltic Ave.
Type ta land on jail can't pay your bail

Wanna borrow from the bank, nigga what you think

I'm the wrong one to lie to
Shit I'm the man who supply who supply who supply YOU
And ya'll a bunch talk money
I'm tryin to get it down for that motherfuckin boardwalk money
Two-brick money new blue six money
Paroo trip money flew in six money
Taj Mahal trips orange chips money
Long dick money all in yo bitch money
Flow like the flu and spit sick money
Peep hotty's Roc-A-Fella wools route
All black mask down wit they tools out
Beanie mack I'll move out
I had niggaz runnin from school pickin new routes
Then I'll run and lick a shot make 'em move south
Switch up they last name get a new spouse
Scrambled up some down-payment for a new house
No matter where you go Mack gone find ya
I'm like a shadow nigga I'm right behind ya
I'll blow out ya brains and won't give ya no reminder
[Chorus][Memphis]Me and my road dog
Been OG's for so long
Spit raw rolled up niggaz can smoke on
Shit I let 'em have it you faggots ain't know my status
Fuckin with my mathematics you make us savage
Five nine one six O, light brown
M-E-M-P-H-I-S Bleek put it down
[Jay-Z]Its crew love, Roc-A-Fella till we die
As long as you and I keep it movin, nigga
[Beanie]Aiyyo I pray to the God MC to bless me
Wit a ill ass flow and sick ass dough
Where it don't make no sense that hundreds and cents and
Thousands of dollars ice freezes my collar
Where I need a turtle-neck to rock my check
And a pair of isotoners to rock my rings
Get the signin bonus know mack toppin them thangs
Flip twice rip that crew then I'm droppin my thang
[Jay-Z]Nigga it's crew love

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