

Who's Sleeping

Memphis Bleek

Yo, yo, yo, yo, aiyyo
Who sleeping on Bleek, wake his ass up
I'm a show em all the money
And the ass I pass up How I'm N.Y. deep
Who snitched to N.Y.P.
(New York Police)
You bitches been dropping D's
(Dimes) Since 86 striped Lees
Dial 9-1 tips
When I spit one clip
Supposed to be killing niggaz
But ain't really done shit I'm loco
Tote the 4-4
Smoke L's with duck doors
Drow flow
Blow the smoke slow
And holler fuck hoes It's cash and money
Nines grab the green weed exactly
One shot lives and Daiquiris
My gat be stashed in the dash
Mixed herbs and hash
On a cruise for cash I might bruise some cats
Spit 2 at you dudes that act
Like you can't be touched
Front and lose your cap
I incinerate guns after bodies I caught son
Never on the run stack mail by the tons son Yo, it's that Roc-A-Fella, shit
Hoes clothes to whips
Act up and get hit
Give a fuck who you with
We them niggaz coming through
Locking down your strips
Some real niggaz that walk around
With guns on their hips Yo, it's that Roc-A-Fella, shit
Hoes clothes to whips
Act up and get hit
Give a fuck who you with
We them niggaz coming through
Locking down your strips

Some real niggaz that walk around
With guns on their hips I live my life now like none of y'all fagots
You keep fronting like that
I'm gone let one of y'all have it
I keep the fours drawn
When I wake up the war's on For the bread, butter and chips
Shit, I go to war for em
Tinted my whip now
These cops ride dick now
Money spend now I move work through my pen pal
Niggaz hate Bleek
'Cause I live through this shit
You niggaz keep hating
'Cause I could deal with this shit I'm a street individual
Sold it all criminal
Weed just a minimum
I'm a MP emblem
Rock syndicate and flips in the block
You call it I lick a shot I'm street wise
Went up on my caps in size
Who getting money over here contact these guys
Let em know I set up shop to trey eight the block
With 3 niggaz, 1 gun and a buck 50 to shop Yo, it's that Roc-A-Fella, shit
Hoes clothes to whips
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