My Mind Right (remix)

Memphis Bleek

DJ Clue
New Memphis Bleek
Understand what this shit right here is about
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From Marcy
Understand me, yeah, yo
This for the streets and you know I ain't goin' nowhere
Get your guns out who want it with Memphis yeah
I'ma make you understand why I do what I do
Why I keep my hat tilt, and my doorag too
I'm a thug, my heart pump gangsta shit
I fuck with her, she my gangsta bitch
My wrists don't freeze, glocks'll squeeze
Whole click got a watch, droppin' keys
And I want the block back
You niggas had your run, we'll stop that, you better watch this cat
I done came up, and fuck bringin' your name up
It's beef I'ma see you, and bang 'til you hang up
Your life on line, but here's the truth
You ain't hype to die, but you hype to shoot
You let the Henny talk for you, you really a bitch
Why the D's know your name 'cuz you really a snitch
I got my mind right, money right, ready for war
'Memph Bleek Is', yeah, I told you before
I got the streets locked, Bleek hot as before
You know the game and the name now I'm ready to war
I got my mind right, money right, ready for war
'Memph Bleek Is', yeah, I told you before
I got the streets locked, Bleek hot as before
You know the game and the name now I'm ready to war
'Memph Bleek Is', back for the streets
Knowin' that 'Coming of Age', controllin' the creep
Put in work on these streets, bustin' my heat
Dodgin' the D's, you know it's a margin between me
And only a few fit in, your lifestyle's written
So who you supposed to be, play your position
I used to write to the wall, about the Porsche
Now I write for the house and the rob report
I used to think, Bleek and the baddest bitch

Now the, baddest bitch is a average bitch
All I need her is for head and to stash my lead
Push my V, take this key to Hempstead
And you run through backwoods, I twist backwoods
And greenery, sha shoo with heavy machinery
You know exactly who these streets belong to
B.I.G. done warned you and I'ma run up on you, nigga
I got my mind right, money right, ready for war
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Ayo I think I'm the best, from coast to coast
I'm above rap cats, they know what I gross
What they make from they album, I do at my show
Your advance is what, I spent that when I was broke
I ship gold, you better watch me now
Many middle in this game, at the top I'm found
I wanted these cats, reppin' my hood, then go back
Be on the same old bench, with the same old rap
I'm from Marcy, you see them cars we buy
Seats up, smoke blunts, with my concubine
Twin, P-89 for you two fake faggits
Tucked under the lining of the Roc-A-Wear fabric
Fuck y'all, you know the squad be 'bout
Anything that involve dollar signs and accounts
It's the M dot E M P H man stop
I bought C a watch, next day I bought a house
I got my mind right, money right, ready for war
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