

Hell No

Memphis Bleek

Yo, yo, yo, it's tha roc in tha house
Nigga, we got Hype-D here, we fixin' to go down
You know what it is tha song is hell no
Yo, I'm Bleek and this is tha ROC, yo, let's spit at 'em
When you up in tha club nobody showin' ya love
You say, hell no
When yo girl call up a snitch and she call you a bitch
What you say? Hell no
When you start beff and it get start
What cha say? Hell yeah
When tha ROC is in tha house
What cha? Hell yeah
First it was Bleek then it was tha Reff
Then it was Chris and Neff, now who back in tha game?
Who take ya fame? Who dash dame? How he get fame?
'Cause look nigga, I'm a crook, I got tha mood
I like some of y'all niggaz but I'll eat ya food
Just like anybody else would so do what cha can do
When I lock 'n' load and head to tha boat
And take ya black coat and take ya 9
Take ya fine take ya dine Hype-d , Roc , Memph Bleek
Smokin' tha reff, growin' tha leaf, startin' beff
Stealin' ya lines and beats and packin' tha heats
Steppin' on ya toes and fuckin' ya hoes
Nigga, I bust ya ass up and then take ya cup
So throw ya hands in tha air like ya don't care
And face ya fears 'cause when I come through expect to die
'Cause nigga, ya will be fried, niggaz don't crie
But I know you do you fake
You can't compete with me you'z ain't free
I smoke on trees and I trap and rap in tha atl
Shit, I can put ya shit in a basket and ship it to Alaska
Don't fuck with D or hey girl, just call me Hype-D
14 in tha rap game takin' ya fame
Ain't that said you faggots ya get to mad easy ya songs are chessy
Listen to me ya know me, I ain't gotta be D
I'm hype to tha D, don't ya see?
Or H to tha I to tha l nigga, you goin' to hell
So ring tha bell and shut tha fuck up
Before I get some girls just to buck yo ass up
I know they can, nigga, I ain't scared
You weared out, that ain't no doubt
I rap forever, I'm here forever
Rev up tha rever and take tha teveria
Got tha marriata and 45 choopa Z and 9's lock 'n' load that shit
And then hit 'em up and for all my hoes
I'm gonna beat that thing up and lemme pour some drink
And yo, I'm here and I'm under 14 with a black card, nigga
You act hard, nigga, you soft as a pop tart

You want beff, I got ya beff, come steal my reff or smoke ya ownI don't knock ya hustle, I just bust it and then I
cut it

So this is a southern toast and have a boast and get tha roast

This is bars, just don't know how many

Hey to all ya snitch niggaz, go suck on y'all's mommas tittys

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>