

Everybody

Memphis Bleek

Yea (uh huh)
What they want god?
Niggaz know the deal here
It's real...yea

I was told Óget moneyÔ, stack what I can
Born In the Vile, a nigga never ran
Seen niggaz get cut, shot, stabbed up and kidnapped
Ran over, double crossed, killed for a stack of green one's
Now I live life, do or die, Marcy, son, evrybody trying to survive
Maintain yo strip, cokaine this shit
We ain't leavin till we drain this shit
Playin this shit, street life, but most of y'all hate Bleek right?
I'm supposed to keep heat right?
So you can haul the heat right, who really give a fuck though
I grew up amongst cut-throats, nigga, we all want dough
It's a all out thing, drugz produce cream, gunz produce human beingz
Nigga what you think? I got one, stop one, Naw
Drop one, can't stop one, I'm here till the copz come

If you got money, everybody wants some
If you got a dope flow, everybody wants some
Yo drug game is tight, everybody wants some
When a nigga get right, everybody wants some
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By my area code, you know I'm able to roll
I'm a Brook-Nam nigga, we lock and load
Dodge y'all, my hungry niggaz spot y'all
Ready to bury niggaz wit 50 shots y'all
You hot god
Stop y'all, from poppin y'all lil nickels to morocan zones
I'm making somebody cripple
The strip's the issue and my dogz will siC you
While yo body bag flow, the body bag's full
I twist Kelly over backboard, ready to puish the Caddy on the curb
And smack dudes, I'm wit O.G cars, flip Oz's huh?
Don't sleep huh
I'm tryin to eat huh
Real to the heart, you real?
We can start a lil somethin togetha, start frontin togetha
Get this money right, muthafuck, hater niggaz
Shots to them traitor niggaz, and fake niggaz
Yo, muthafuckazz...

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Yo Dead or alive
I'm forced to put the metal to guyz
Raise my right under oath, I ain't tellin no lies
I'm wanted alive, last nigga try to survive
Blast niggaz, you can ask niggaz how to get by
Stay rollin alive, brand choclates huh
Gunz so big, by time you see the spark, you die
Niggaz ordered a spy, won't stop till we all in the sky
Or get caught bustin down the pie
Crack a bottle for niggaz who ain't here or doin time
In the box, gettin stops, burnt blocks for dimes
All my niggaz sittin, tented wit .9mm's
Been doin or still in it wit crimes, Fuck the innocent kind
I ain't repentin till I die, gettin head is my aliby
I wasn't there when niggaz blazed and that coward died
I'll make a stiff make you niggaz raise up, blaze up
Yo last days is up, Mufuckazzz....

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Muthafuckaz.....
Faggot ass niggaz always want some when
A nigga get some Get yo own u bastardz
My clique gon forever shine for Nine-Nine
Past three like the year, want it?
Get it nigga.....