

## Extra Clips

Memphis Bleek

The rap phenomenon, Don Dada, took irons  
Three extra clips for extra shit, firing.  
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It's the rap phenomenon, Don Dada:  
Ah, grow rowlies, grown bottles,  
Black 40's, all hollows.  
Shout out my Connect,  
My building and my jets!  
And all my old bitches that used to give me that neck!

I'm blessed, and I'm flexing,  
I'll put this thing together, homie, no directions.  
Just Bucktown, my slip in Weston,  
So fuck cops, that's all I need for my protection!  
I'm lawless, plus the jewel's flawless.  
Trust with the work, I flood hoods like New Orleans.  
I'm stalking, now I'm balling, bitch.  
Straight shooter, your wife's my next target, Keith  
Ain't nobody real as I, put that on my life.  
In the sky. Ridding to the death, any disrespect,  
Lead fly. Distribute the work, different hoods,  
Niggers know what's up, starting with consuming,  
Now we rolling, big up to the plus.

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I'm in the streets, I don't know who to trust.  
I don't know the police won't shoot me and lock me up.  
I gotta eat. I gotta eat, dog,  
See, I don't want my kids growing up and going through all I did!

I've got the Fifth on me, extra clips with it,  
Kids need some new shoes, daddy gotta go and get it.  
I'm from the block, that is, I'm putting work in it.  
Niggers want to kill me, for years they've been working on it.

Heard they had their guns up,  
But they never carried them,  
You had to go to jail,  
So what the fuck's the sense of having them?

Rookie ass nigger, moving shit backwards,  
My Mac could lift you niggers up  
And make you flip back.

I ain't scared to die , but murder ain't ready yet.  
Big deal, I ain't get to kill the niggers  
That killed them yet.

I'm the number one shooter in the Brook,  
It's a Brooklyn thing,  
Yeah, Biggie on the up.

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It only take a second to get my mind right,  
First you get a watch, make sure the time right.  
Some guys got me sitting in the lime light,  
Shot him in his mug, I let him shine his light.

Tell a waitress bring a few bottles of Douche,  
I'm feeling like a Friday, but it's Tuesday.  
A bag of cheese around, like I'm a ...  
Fifty dollar bill time of nigger, you a half a man.

I'm a whole bundle, nigger, of cocaine,  
Running through the cold juggle, nothing like when the cold touch you.  
They call me Brooklyn 'cause I am that,  
When you eating you gain weight, I've been fat.

Fuck you means I aim at you ten stacks,  
Recoiling all the ammo, watch the kickback.  
It's hard to get it clean when your ear's dirty.  
The suburbs niggers be balling, but it ain't me, Jerry.

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