

High Volume

Memphis Bleek

Yes, Greezy, Brooklyn, yes!

Gettin money hoe, smokin loud too
Kush burnin pockets on high volume
We the realest team, do the realest things
KG nigga, we really in the streets
Kush - is already rolled
Brooklyn - you already know
Let's get it - everything is a go
Hammer drawn we here for the dough
Get low - we back in the game
This time - and we not gon' play
Word life, it's time for the money
All haters better stay in your lane

My nine, is already cocked
Coupe, is already dropped
Wrists, filled up with them rocks
Me, I'm all that you not
Came in the game and I never did change
Bustin out money from "Coming of Age"
In the club on them bottles and bitches, that bud
Fuck with me roadie I'll give you some game
Eatin, we already did
Drug flow, furnished the crib
KG, you know what it is
Bought my first 6 with a learner's permit
Stuntin on hoes like I'm 'posed to do
Yeah I got bread in the toaster too
Haters debate on the shit that I do
I reality ball you vocal booth

Kush - is already blown
Bad thang tryin to take that home
My offense, triangle
I'm high so I'm in my zone
Blowin all out, shit ain't allowed
Tell the police come and fuck with me now
Know they ain't heard that I fuck with a burner
My lawyer on point in the car with me now
Grindin, I've been known for a while
Few of my niggaz the feds locked down
And they rep, don't make me prove it
I'ma text 'em, tell 'em they can call right now
Cell phones from behind that fence
Commissary just stay on rich
Real niggaz just do real shit
Send 'em flicks all from yo' bitch!