

## P.Y.T.

Memphis Bleek

Yeah motherfuckers  
That's what y'all want right  
That ol' gangsta, that ol' gangsta  
Check it out now yo, yo

All I need, bomb ass freak nigga  
Hold me down nigga  
Hold my heat shit  
Stash a brick, blast the clip  
Gangsta shit, yo

I need me a straight down girl, get down girl  
One to hold me down, one I can count on  
I'll even teacher how to load the glocks  
Sophisticated school girl  
Be on my block  
Rocking bracelets, anklets the basics  
Petite nice body, skin and face sick  
One I could shop with  
Go uptown and cop with  
She not a thug girl but my down chick  
She know how to roll the weed but don't smoke  
She know how to cook the coke and bag dope  
Screen my calls  
Flip on me when im wrong  
Talk shit thru the night  
Throw it on me on the morning  
She like it from the back  
With my fingers in her hair  
I love it in any position  
Ma I don't care  
She like when I shine up them jewels that blind her  
And drive by the projects while a nigger hollar

I let her drive the V  
She's my pretty young thing  
I let her ride with me  
She's my pretty young thing  
Rap or robbery  
My pretty young thing  
She's my gangsta bitch  
I let her drive the V  
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I let her ride with me  
She's my pretty young thing  
Rap or robbery  
She's my pretty young thing  
She's my down ass bitch

Yo you know how I do  
Dillinger duece duece  
One in the sleeve one in the construction boots  
My shorty, tote two, that's what she do  
One in her purse and one in her Gucci goose  
I keep her Prada down  
Bitches wanna hollar now  
She back out the step

When yo niggers crowd around  
That's my road dog  
And you know I unload for her  
She hold me down anytime I call for her  
Like at the time when I crashed the Jag  
She brought the Yukon 2000 black  
Through a screen and a DVD  
Twenties on the truck that'll piss you off  
In return I sent her on a tour thru Sacks  
With tengrand shopping spree to get back  
I brought her a five that look nice when she drive  
Put a glock on the dash  
Watch the stash nigga

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She's my pretty young thing  
Rap or robbery  
My pretty young thing  
Yeah she's my down ass bitch

Ay yo I ride for my lady  
Die for my lady  
Hold my 380 baby  
This what the game made me  
I'm a hustler, love it or not  
I be thuggin, huggin the block  
Glock bustin running from cops

Uh I'm right beside  
Pull the gat out of my Prada purse  
Clock 'em, clock 'em  
That's gotta hurt  
I'm your down bitch, your accomplice  
Ride for you baby and that's a promise  
I got your back nigga  
I'm the one you trust to count on your stacks nigga  
Cook your cracks nigga  
I park the pinsky right off the pounds  
Let off hollow rounds if shit goes down  
I'm with the robberies, holdin' banks up  
This pretty young thing gonna keep it gangsta what?  
Uh-huh yeah Amil-lion wha-what?  
Amil-lion, Memph man what? uh

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My pretty young thing  
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Ride with me my pretty young thing  
Let her my pretty young thing  
Let her my pretty young thing  
My down ass bitch