

They'll Never Play Me

Memphis Bleek

This for my thug, thug
Drug, drug
And guns, guns
Come on, come on
Come on, it's the ROC nigga
Yo, yo

Ayo niggas wanna hate me cause I run thugs
Show no love and my guns bust
And I got your bitch on my nuts and I push two trucks
You niggas out here gone do what?
Nothing but talk about it
You niggas ain't bout it, bout it
You see Bleek
J-I-G from the hat to sneaks
Dem them jordans but what's important
You niggers scheming
I told y'all, I got my mind right
And my money right
I brought a new tech and believe my shit air right
The game nigga love it, leave it
It ain't gone change nigga
From my hood to your hood
This shit the same nigga
You see me hopping out
Coping that Bel -v
I ride for my family
f*ck could you tell me
Its ROC La Familia
No one down with us
No one ride with us
No one side with us
We came gunning
Busting f*ck it, it ain't nothing
I got mine now get yours
And nigga stop frontin'

1 - Still these niggers hate me
But I sit back and laugh
I got cash, I play the back
And I be counting my math
And they will never play me
I got guns, I got ones, I got sons
I got niggas who could get that done

And still these niggers hate me
But I sit back and laugh
I got cash, I play the back
And I be counting my math
And they will never play me
I got guns, I got ones, I got sons
I got niggas who could get that done

Yo, ayo I get's it crunk with that pump
Or letting that pistol blow
Niggas hate but I'm sticking this dick down they bitches throat
I hear them saying

He only sold half a mill
You know what I'm saying nigga I spend half your deal
So go ahead with that dumb shit
I push tinted SUV's
Which is one bitch
With that fifth in just one clip
My fans asking me bleek, you dissing squads?
Ma im dissing everyone
And everyone feel they involve
Who ever hating
Contemplating about my situations
Wanna know my moves
Wanna find out if a nigga station
Wanna know the co'ds
Wanna know if I get low my company
Do I got chrome
Nigga don't compare me to Jay-Z
I pop my collar, hollar
All about the drama blowing scama
Pockets stay filled with that good marijuana
But you lames hating
Cause I'm in the lake on them daytons
Taking pictures, hitting switches
Pulling over bad bitches
I'm laying right
My dogs stay they eating right
Guns looking right
And dog I bust them right
For that brick
For that check
For that coke
For that flow
Dog I let's them go
Set up shop and blow