

Amil F/ Beanie Sigel, Jay-Z & Memphis Bleek, 4 D

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Miscellaneous
4 Da Fam

Yeah yeah (Uh uh)
Memph Man, my nigga Tah Phife
This ones for the family (What's Up?)
Understand me, yeah (Uh-huh)
We gonna do it right
for all these bitch ass niggas talkin gangsta (R-O-C)
We dem killas, real, and in studio
Check it out, yo

Aiyo, this time it's for my family, we ride or die
It's in the blood til the death, now aim for the sky
My four blow fo show, fo doe, for only
It's money, drugs and hot slugs
You know Bleek squeeze hammers til they nail me
Fuck wha niggas tell me
Street scholar, keep firin is wha they tell me
Drug chemist, thug nigga be named Memphis
Straight from da borough of dem B.K. niggas
Where we rob for the fun of it, hustle for the drug of it
Rap money in rubba-bands, just for the love of it
Straight from my ghetto, we listen to heavy metal like
Desert Eagles, street sweepers, loud metal
It's hit an run now, motherfuck anyone of you
We dem niggas be in ya crib just like fruniture
Pop up wit the gun in ya
Release one for zero-zero M (Yeah)
Bleek-R-O-C (Yeah yeah) dot com (Yeah)

This Philly cat back at it
Still throwin crack at it
Still fuckin wit them crack-atics
Still bust'em wit them black Matics
It's ain't the bucks, it's the rush
You tryin to get my ass at it
They say I think ass backwards
Fuck how I act, as long as I stack, it's all math-matics
Our tracks nice, hug the block ta tract dice
Late night, club night, Mac attract dikes
I pull up, Cadillac truck nice
Two guns, you know Mac pack gat twice
Gets that crack back wit that ice
No joke wit the coke, i wips that right
No doubt, never droubt, gets that price (Uh)
It gets that nice, when you live that live
Papi knows yours name and you ditched that wife nigga
It's gets stacked green nigga, it gets stacked chain nigga (Uh uh)

I get forty G's a feature now
Hold Franklins like a Aretha now
In the SL two seater now
And I'm in nuthin but diamonds
I'm the illest female that you heard thus far
Five-five with the thirty-four B-cup bra
I don't fuck wit dem cats who ain't up to par
I get niggas for cash, clothes, jeweleries, plus cars (Uh)
I'm talkin rent money (Uh), I'm talkin bank money (Uh)
I'm talkin Martha Keats step of wit the rent money
Movin on up, two in the sauna

Still ride through the block, pull up on the corna, plus
Give me an inch so I can take a mile
I bring life like a new born naked child
Bitches tryin ta come up, gotta wait a while (Uh-huh)
As of now, Amil-lion (Yeah) just played ya style
(You dealin wit), nigga

The, the Roc, the the, the Roc
(Let me talk to ya'll niggas real quick)
The, the Roc, uh uh, the Roc

Yo, y'all niggas truly ain't ready for this "Dynasty" thing
Y'all thinkin "Blake Carrington", I'm thinkin more like "Ming"
I got four nephews, and they all right in
They all young and wild, plus they all like things
And I'm havin a child, which is more frighting
But cha'll about to witness is big business kid
Big bosses, cocky, and big Benzsesses
Come through flossin'em shiny rims it is
An office don't pop up in their sentences
I think you understand what type of event this is
I don't think you know I focus young Memphis is
Or I see was so real, when you add on Amil
This is much more than rap, it's black Ontraponors
Clothing, movie, and films, we come to conquer it all
Roc-A-Wear, eighty mill like, eighteen months
You could bullshit wit rap if you want, muthafuckers
When it's all said and done, we gon see what's what
Holla at Hov, I'll be in the cut (What, huh)

The, the Roc, the the, the Roc
The, the Roc, the uh, the Roc (You rollin wit)
The Roc, dynasty niggas (Whoop)
Uh-huh, get'cha mind right, c'mon
Roc-A-Fella Records, 2000 nigga
Get'cha mind right, holla