

# Memphis Bleek, My Mind Right

Understand what this shit right here is about  
Understand what this shit right here is about  
From Marcy  
Understand me, yeah, yo

[Verse 1]

This for the streets, and you know I aint goin nowhere  
Get your guns out who want it with Memphis yeah  
I'ma make you understand why I do what I do  
Why I keep my hat tilt, and my doorag too  
I'm a thug, my heart pump gangsta shit  
I f\*\*k with her, she my gangsta bitch  
My wrists don't freeze, glocks'll squeeze  
Whole click got a watch, droppin keys  
And I want the block back  
You niggas had your run, we'll stop that, you better watch this cat  
I done came up, and f\*\*k bringin your name up  
It's beef I'ma see you, and bang til you hang up  
Your life on line, but here's the truth  
You aint hype to die, but you hype to shoot  
You let the Henny talk for you, you really a bitch  
Why the Ds know your name 'cause you really a snitch

CHORUS 2X:

Got my mind right, money right, ready for war  
\*Memph Bleek Is\* [Murda] yeah told you before  
I got the streets locked, Bleek hot as before  
You know the game and the name now I'm ready for war

[Verse 2]

\*Memph Bleek Is\*, back for the streets  
Knowin that \*Coming of Age\*, controllin the creep  
Put in work on these streets, bustin my heat  
Dodgin the Ds, you know it's a margin between me  
And only a few fit in, your lifestyle's written

So who you supposed to be, play your position  
I used to write to the wall, about the Porsche  
Now I write for the house and the rob report  
I used to think, Bleek and the baddest bitch  
Now the, baddest bitch is a average bitch  
All I need her is for head and to stash my lead  
Push my V, take this key to hempstead  
And you run through backwoods, I twist backwoods  
And greenery, sha shoo with heavy machinery  
You know exactly who these streets belong to  
B.I.G. done warned you, and I'ma run up on you, nigga

CHORUS

[Verse 3]

Ayo I think I'm the best, from coast to coast  
I'm above rap cats, they know what I gross  
What they make from they album, I do at my show  
Your advance is what, I spent that when I was broke  
I ship gold, you better watch me now  
Many middle in this game, at the top I'm found  
I wanted these cats, reppin my hood, then go back  
Be on the same old bench, with the same old rap  
I'm from Marcy, you see them cars we buy  
Seats up, smoke blunts, with my concubine  
Twin, P-89 for you two fake faggots  
Tucked under the lining of the Roc-A-Wear fabric

F\*\*k y'all, you know the squad be 'bout  
Anything that involve dollar signs and accounts  
It's the M dot E M P H man stop  
I bought C a watch, next day I bought a house

CHORUS