Memphis Bleek, P.Y.T.

(feat. Amil, Jay-Z)

[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 braclets, 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 dont 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 dont care She like when I shine up them jewels that blind her And drive by the projects while a nigger hollar

[Jay-Z]
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
She's my pretty young thing
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

[Memphis Bleek]
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
Thats 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
Twenites on the truck that'll piss you off
In return I sent her on a tour thru Sacks
With tengrand shoping 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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Yeah she's my down ass bitch

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

[Amil] Uh I'm right beside Pull the gat out of my Pr-ada 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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Ride with me my pretty young thing Let her my pretty young thing Let her my pretty young thing My down ass bitch