

Rell, Ghetto Stash

(feat. Memphis Bleek)

(Rell singing)

(Verse One: Memphis Bleek)

Yo, I be's the M Easy
I got a wife but still ain't nothing change
I still fuck you easy
Sittin on buttons my eight white binge
You see it's the half dozen, mamis ask nothing
But niggas wanna snitch why you all in my shit
Cause when I creep off, they wonderin if I got the shit
But it wasn't me, matter fact you could see off
Why she with me, I guess it's that playing with Bleek
Now let's go

(Chorus - Rell)

Now who going to blame when they ran they mouth
Talkin bout shit they nothing about
Spittin straight lies when they baby's here
Telling the thing she don't need to hear
Somebody know it gon flush me out
Got my shorty reaching all up in the couch
She lookin for my stash tryin to find me out
Gotta get at her see what this be bout

(Chorus - Rell singing)

Why it gotta be like that? (Oh why, why why why why it gotta be?)
She all up in my ghetto stash (Why you all up in my stash?)
She want to listen to them broke niggas friends
(And then you want to listen to them broke niggas friends)
Tell me why is in my glass, all up in my stash
Just listen to her face, I better leave her live, I'm sayinn

(Verse Two: Rell)

I jumped up in the rain about five to four
Tryin to think of a place where she could blow the dough
I bet she out shoppin in the prada store
Frontin with that no dawg bitch that pay the tolls
Runnin past fast with the trailer smoke
She spendin all my money tryin to leave me broke
She actin all funny like this shit is a joke
But when I catch her I'm gonna throw that ass in the door

(Chorus - Rell)

Why it gotta be like that? (Why? Why it gotta be like that?)
She all up in my ghetto stash (Why you all up in my stash?)
She want to listen to them broke niggas friends
(She'd rather listen to them broke niggas birds over me)
Oh tell me why is in my glass, all up in my stash
Just listen to her face, I better leave her live, I'm sayinn

Why it gotta be like that? (Why, why why why, why why?)

She all up in my ghetto stash
(Cause that shit ain't funnny when you messin with my money)
She want to listen to her broke niggas friends
(Listenin to your broke niggas friends)
Oh tell me why is in my glass, all up in my stash
Just listen to her face, I better leave her live, I'm sayinn

(Verse Three: Memphis Bleek)

Yo, yo any bitch that know Bleek know that bread on top
And I only fuck wit you ma if yo head on butt
I don't play games, you tryin to fuck with my case

I could take you, divide you but you won't see my say
And you never get my combo
The only thing that the little fingers gonna twirl is the
??? (This line is cut off in the edited version)
You know what you get when you fuck with my chip
I'm takin out so now you gotta search for her crib
I'm through now, why it gotta be like that
Cause you's a fool while listenin to your friends like that
Like Memph ain't the nig that'll keep you jig
Send you in and out of prada keep your neck frost bit
Make you shiver, ma it ain't even the winter
It's the middle of June you wearin more colors than cartoons
Now you done fuckin with my dollars
Bitch, beat your feet, Bleek wearin collars

(Rell singing)
I'm sayinn why it gotta be like that?
She all up in my ghetto stash...