

Amil feat. Beanie Sigel, Jay-Z & Memphis Bleek,

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Miscellaneous

4 Da Fam

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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 frurniture

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