

Choclair F/ Memphis Bleek, Young Gunz

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Miscellaneous

Young Gunz

Uh...umm-umm

Yeah

Breath on this one right here...ri-right here

Breath on it

Verse 1: I ain't changed, I still keep raw on the block
Nigga hate me, I ain't never gon' stop

Verse 2: [Memphis Bleek]

Yo, you see the Memph man laid up, paid up

Instead you wanna see a nigga sprayed up

Only use the waste up

And I still bust off nuts, with a numb dick straight up

Fuck y'all nigga wanna do, Huh duke

I know thug niggas creep with a gun duke

Me too, except, I got one in the hand for the jump off

Niggas still ain't learned the ledge, nigga jump off

It's real here, playa, you know what the deal here

Niggas in wheelchairs won't sit still here

Battery pack cats, get their cavity cracked black

In fact, I still ain't stop pointing the mack

At y'all niggas who hate me, don't mistake me

Nigga, the money ain't create Bleek

When I sold trays, in hallways, and had braids

Rob niggas, stomp niggas, for my P-Js

Chorus:

Verse 3: [Choclair]

Standing 6-foot-1, dark skin, smooth brother

Knee deep, up in your women, circle,

be my brothers underground in the gutters

Submerged under the nonsense

Those happy child's fronting with that coke-and-smile walk

Really big dick style, could stick your girl, make her smile

Listen in, niggas say they gonna fuck me up now

Need to understand paranormal land expands

People catching cock stand, when I touch mic stands

Even woolen hand strands, best believe I got lyrics up the sleeve

Little brother from the Bridgemont-C

People looking for a gig, your star's fading

I say step to the side when young guns blazing

Chorus: [Repeat 2 times]