

DJ Clue, M.A.R.C.Y.

(feat. Memphis Bleek, Geda K)

[Memphis Bleek (DJ Clue)]

(Word up!)

Uhh..

I've become accustomed to goin through customs

Pound in my pocket hollerin "FUCK THEM!" (What!?)

I'm livin that life that you only talk about

I'm fuckin them hoes that you only thought about

I spend that money but you won't spend about

as much that I made off my last single out

Whatchu think of that? Niggaz, y'all know

that I kill niggaz slow when I live for this dough (Holla!)

Got labels sick, I know they hate that

I'm makin they artists push them dates back (C'mon!)

I don't need tattoos to prove I pack tools

Go 'head and act fool and become dog food

Memph Man, uh-huh, yeah that's me

Same nigga that don't give a "basically"

And I'm still smokin, it be like that

Ya blunt went out, nigga relight that

[Chorus: Memphis Bleek]

I'm from M.A.R.C.Y.

B.K. style, see Bleek how?

I'm from M.A.R.C.Y.

B.K. style, see Geda how?

[Chorus]

[Geda K (DJ Clue)]

Yeah..

I'm finally put in the game, right where I should be

And the gat laid right where it should be (Ha ha!)

Violate, you be put where you should be

Have your family and friends screamin "How could he?"

Walk the streets with a body on his back

Ride around in a V with the shottie in the back (Uh-huh)

And for y'all that swear, that I front for rep

Only thing that I front is hoes and coke and clips of tef

With a co-d, that's a, menace to the people

Yeah we sold D and made a livin off of people (Yeah!)

Ghetto, corrupted us, and we taught ourselves

How to add and scale plus bag and sell

And how to, aim and shoot

and I got brain when the wrist locked

wherever the dot spot leave the tape

You keep actin like you can't die in a blaze

and I let sixteen of 'em dive in your wake

[Chorus x2]

[DJ Clue over Chorus]

New shit! Memphis Bleek!

Geda! Marcy! Fresh out!

(?) Tata! B.I.!

[Memphis Bleek (DJ Clue)]

Picture me rollin in that five hundred Benz

I got no love for you niggaz it ain't no need to be friends (Clue!)

I give a fuck 'bout 'em, no need to talk 'bout 'em

He act bout it, I let the fo'-fo' pound 'em

The co-d's, nigga no statements

Just shots, empty shell casings

No prints, V's no tint
Phone, Sprint, Six, no chips nigga
R-O yeah M-A
Realist hood and clique nigga, comprende?
You bitch niggaz know I'm focused right?
You still catch M-E-M loc'n right? (Ha ha!)
In the black V, wit the gat on my lap
Shovel in the trunk, go 'head nigga, front
This M dot E-M-P-H-I-S Bleek
Coppin out to a one to three, you bitch nigga!

[Chorus x2]

[DJ Clue over Chorus]
Fat shout! Cuttino Mobley!
Steve Francis! Houston Rockets!
My nigga Chris Childs!
LaVar Postell! New York Knicks!
Word up!

[DJ Clue]
DJ Clue! Desert Storm!
Roc-a-Fella!
The Professional Part 2!
Ha ha!