

Memphis Bleek, Everyday

(feat. Carl Thomas)

[Memphis Bleek (Carl Thomas)]

Yeah (oh), yo (oh)

Ay yo, you niggas know the Memph stay high and shit

Eleven hundred on Sunset burn the strip

Tryna choose which freak can drive the whip

You know the five double oh

You know how it go

You know all the hoes be bad to the toes

Pose centerfolds, smoke in the gold

You know how I be, drop Z3

Meet one freak, Bleek two heats

Nigga that's the rules, get at you dudes

Niggas see my feet be like look at them shoes

Straights dubs, hoes wanna fuck

Before they get a nut, first head in the truck

Shit we do 60, cranberry Bentley

This what'chu want, ho come and get me

You know the move

It gotta be right before you push the Z

Give me head at the lights

[1] - [Carl Thomas]

Everyday it's just the same though

We just tryna see tomorrow

As we try to pay attention to the people we are

I'm just trying to have some fun

Live my life and own my gun

I know I can't live forever

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo, yo she coul push the Plymouth, switch while I'm in it

You know how I do, we could fuck for a minute

She know that the Memph give a hundred percent

She can see the jewels shine from under the tints

Might see the fifth reflect from under the tints

Or your wife giving head from under the tints

You know that the crew wil'in in the turtle top

State to state, you know the hoes me and murder got

Cause when they see the plat-i-num, that be them

In the Range gettin' brains or the drop BM

Who you know that can stop these mens?

I'm come through in the Cadi, the color of gin

Somethin' clear you can see right in

Don't mistake the passenger, your wife was in

I let her underhand me, give me brain in the Banji

While I do a wheely with my hands in her panties nigga

[Repeat 1 (2x)]

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo check it, uh ay yo

Watch the wife, she don't play

You seen how she scratched the CLK

She hate ma-mas cause they roll shotgun

And when they smoke they like to take shotguns

And when I fuck I hit like shotguns

Violate me, get beat with shotguns

I can fight, I know I'm a boxer

See Bleek in the hardtop Boxer

Down in 'Frisco poppin' my collars

Smoke champelly, all black Impalla

3 Wheelin', Hennesey spillin'

Fuck the world, that's how Bleek feelin'
Cherry red M3, that's me
When you be like damn you killin' 'em, that's me
You know me, eye-cocked, twin buggy eyes
Blue as the watch face
The watch stay faced - nigga

[Repeat 1 (2x)]

[Carl Thomas]
I'm just trying to make it, whoa, yeah, yeah
I'm just tryna do what's right
Though the devil tries to tempt me, oh no, oh no, oh no...