

# Memphis Bleek & Jay-Z, Do My...

Jay:

Turn that motherfucker louder  
It's the Roc in this motherfucker  
Bi-otch!  
Oh yeah, bounce, uh uhbounce  
Yeah, yeah bounce, come on  
Oh come on bounce, come on  
Do my ladies run this motherfucker?  
(Yeah, yeah, come on)  
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?  
(Yeah, yeah, come on)

Memphis Bleek:

Do my ladies run it  
Fat asses and flat stomachs  
Throw a hand in the air  
If it's the year of the woman  
Or my dogs run it  
Let 'em know that you're still gunnin'  
Throw a drink in the air  
Let 'em know you still thuggin'  
Yo I come through, few of my man's  
Scoop you and your friends  
You, you, and you with the Timbs  
In tight jeans, Chinese eyes  
Indian hair, Black girl ass  
Let me pour you a glass of Belvi  
Tell me all about your past  
Let me console your soul  
While I palm your ass  
And your man did what?  
He ain't give you?  
He cheated with her  
I can't diss duke  
I tell you this though  
Get with this dude  
I'll teach you about dough  
And show you what this do  
(It's a secret society, all we ask is trust)  
But I don't freeze bitches  
Just skeeze bitches  
Break up happy homes  
Just seize misses  
You'll never get her back once you get a yacht  
How you love that?  
How you love that?

Jay-Z:

Do my ladies run this motherfucker?  
(Yeah, yeah, come on)  
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?  
(Yeah, yeah, come on)

Memphis Bleek:

Do my ladies run it  
Fat asses and flat stomachs  
Throw a hand in the air  
If it's the year of the woman  
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Let 'em know that you're still gunnin'  
Throw a drink in the air  
Let 'em know you still thuggin'  
Ay yo back woods rollin'  
Rap you can't hold 'em  
ROC gear matchin' crews  
Bleek is chillin', Murda is chillin'  
What more can I say?

We still killin' em  
Bags we still dealin' em  
Four wheels, we wheelin' them  
Chicks like I'm feelin' him  
Yeah ma okay  
Black jeans and Timberlands  
Give them adrenaline rush  
Ladies know the difference between them niggas and us  
We the R-O-C and we don't stop  
They don't make a gun that we don't pop  
Matter fact they don't make a car that we don't drop  
Thought you knew they don't make jewels that we don't cop  
What you knew? You actin' like the ROC ain't hot  
Or the car that I cop ain't missin' a top  
And even if they don't make drops that kind  
I tear da roof off like I'm Busta Rhymes motherfucker  
Jay-Z:  
Do my ladies run this motherfucker?  
(Yeah, yeah, come on)  
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Come on, come on  
Memphis Bleek:  
Do my ladies run it  
Fat asses and flat stomachs  
Throw a hand in the air  
If it's the year of the woman  
Or my dogs run it  
Let 'em know that you're still gunnin'  
Throw a drink in the air  
Let 'em know you still thuggin'  
Jay-Z:  
Do my ladies run this motherfucker?  
(Okay)  
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?  
(Uh-huh, okay, uh-huh)  
Come on, come on  
It's the R-O-C, we don't stop  
It's the R-O-C, we don't stop  
It's the R-O-C, we don't stop  
Uh Memp Bleek, The Understanding niggas  
Get your mind right, ha-ha