

Memphis Bleek, U Know Bleek (Intro)

[Memphis Bleek]
Yea.. serious shit..

[Record scratch]
Ayyo, 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 fo' blow for sure, for dough, for own land..

[Record scratch]
It's money, drugs, and hot slugs
It's money, drugs, and hot slugs [Street Scholar]
It's money, drugs, and hot slugs [R O C]
It's money, drugs, and hot slugs

[Memphis Bleek]
Niggas said I can't do it
Funny I done it
The album is here, now who the fuck want it?
I let niggas eat now I'm here to collect
I admit they tried, but they ain't rep correct
Now the dinner table's set and it's my time to eat
Don't even wipe your mouth, get up, be out!
Don't let the cars fool you, or the jewelry blind you
My life's the realest nigga, I should write me a novel
This for them broads that'll hold me down
And my niggas on the Internet that download my style
And my dog in line in at chow
Just bangin with his walkman playin me loud
And the nigga with that plate
Choppin them grams, him and his man
Listening to music that they understand
And that white boy goin to college
He don't know about the ghetto but know how to hold metal
Them white boys, they'll shoot shit up
They can listen to this shit, I don't give two fucks
But back to it, sippin on that Cognac fluid
In the Porsche, burnin the conduit
This is ride music, get high music
That M dot, hot supply music
That's the answer, life's like cancer
I thought I told y'all niggas I'm serious!

[Record scratch]
It's money, drugs, and hot slugs, you know Bleek