

Memphis Bleek, What You Think Of That

(feat. Jay-Z)

[M.Bleek]

That's right, Up front and personal

[Chorus]

Where my niggaz at?

Where my bitches at?

I love these streets, what you think of that?

My whole team rock rocks, we don't speak to cats

I'ma ball till I fall what you think of that?

What you think of that? What you think of that?

I'm a real ass nigga, what you think of that?

Where my niggaz at?

Where my bitches at?

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What you think of that? What you think of that?

I'm a real ass nigga, what you think of that?

[Verse 1]

Yo, light the treez up, my hoez, D cupped, G's up

Memph Bleek, nigga, what?!?

Ride shotgun in the range,

bitches pay the price for thangz, rock ice and chains

Yo they change under the weather, it got a little cold, too iced out

You can hardly see the gold,

that's the way a nigga rock now, don't stop now

Still on the block now, shorty, hold the glock down

Only thingz changed, the bitches I pressed,

the way they fit in the dress

Like em big in the breasts,

shoes gotta be the shit, don't walk in kicks

Yo you rollin wit the Memph, twitch the dutch and split

Break the fuck out, bang, back a truck out,

often see the rims these bitches'll bug out

You know what though?

I don't give a fuck though, Still in the cut, let the .44 blow

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

Yo, it's all about a brick kid, gettin bent kid, slide wit a chick kid

Where the benz kid? Creep on it, make catz sleep on it

You know what your song lack, Bleek on it

It's straight for stacks, where you hatin cats

World premier type broad, I'ma make you that, stay shapin that

Yeah, make a stack, show them niggaz where they girls be fakin that

What you think of THAT? Where my niggaz at?

We all around the streets where them figures at
New Acc, put the top down, nigga, crack sold out now
Where it's at? Ball out now, straight to the morgue, play? Yo we ball
Y'all gon hate till I fall so I spray till I'm gone,
gotta push the coupe and do what he do
I ride in the truck, I'm high nigga, wha?

[Chorus]

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I'ma ball till I fall what you think of that?
What you think of that? What you think of that?
I'm a real ass nigga, what you think of that?
Where my niggaz at?
Where my bitches at?
I love these streets, what you think of that?
My whole team rock rocks, we don't speak to cats (Uh)
I'ma ball till I fall what you think of that?
What you think of that? What you think of that? (Uh Oh)
I'm a real ass nigga, what you think of that? (Uh Oh)

[Jay-Z]

Know niggas ain't frontin like i'm a clown or sumthin
Like I don't get down or sumthin
Like I don't tote a 4 pound of sumthin
Round here frontin like my shit don't sound like nuttin
Like I ain't got the crown or suttin
Like I ain't the nigga you base ya life on
I guess i ain't the reason you got that ice on
Like I ain't the muthafuckin dude wit the shoes
I guess I ain't the reason you rhyme the way you do
Like I ain't the nigga who mastered all flows
And the reason they can't sell them four point O's
Like I ain't 5 mill, and what do ya joint go?
Excuse me? Nigga don't confuse me
I ain't one of you rappers who got a deal
I'm one of the few niggaz spittin it and got it for real
And even if you hatin, you gotta knock it in yo wheels
And the day that i stop it.....ILL!!

[Chorus]

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