

Cmx**"Memph Bleek Iz"**Visit "[Memph Bleek Iz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[The Game talking]

The young Roy Jones of this rap shit
Somebody bout to get knocked the fucked out tonight
man
You better tell your boy somethin, you better tell him
somethin

[Verse 1: The Game]

Skip through the blueprint one bang this what's
mentioned
Bleek you're one hit away but he didn't know The Game
was pitchin
Balls faster than roger Clemens nigga you're too big
for your bitches
Two gold albums and I'll make you a hitter
Might make you a little richer but don't forget the big
picture
All of those make you a fag but money like Little
Richard
Take your faggot ass picture put it next to Gulliany
Run you for your roc-a-wear fit and beat you with the
Tommy
Drag your ass down to Alby Square
Call Beans, Jay, Freeway, Biggs, Dame I'll be there
Compton behind me ask Nas queens is with me
You ain't never sold crack in your life I'm takin your
fiends with me
My guns smoke like Robert Downey
Two shots and a pound he got a room in Kings County
And you might live or sit in a box
Depending on how long it NYPD to respond to the shot

[Chorus: The Game]

Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek
Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek

[Verse 2: The Game]

See what the problem is too much east coast dick lickin
And everybody tryin to do their best 2pac rendition
Listen they wonder how I live with 5 shots
Niggaz is hard to kill on my block

When you was in the streets comin of age
I was in the streets pumpin the gauge
While you was rappin I was makin it happen
On the block with a k
While you was with the roc on the stage
I had rocks on the stage
On headliner for the front page we know that you front
You be on sunset doin what? Gettin your punk ass stunt
You gon respect us or that fo' rippin through the vests
And you know who you are deaf nigga'll get the
message
Malik or M-E-M-P-H Bleek
Fuck around and be a B-I-T-C-H sleek
Cuz all that yappin dude will get guns clappin dude
And stop Memphis from rappin dude, huh

[Chorus: The Game]

Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek
Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek

[Verse 3: The Game]

It took me a little while but I am now understandin
Jay fucked up in the first round when he picked olo with
candy
Did olo in the second, nigga take it from me
The Roc get knocked off the bounce till you picked up
beans
Add freeway to the team but move the ugly bitch
Trade the Marcy reject for Cam'ron and Lil' Chris
Now the squad 5 is live 6 man is Neef
Fans in the stand yellin out fuck Memphis Bleek
You want beef I have your body parts all over New York
Leg in jersey arm in Brooklyn head buried in central
park
You can't even borrow from New York no more like john
Storch
And I ain't talkin to him I'm talkin to Malik
And I got a pine box for a nigga like you
Streets is talkin how many real niggaz like you
Hit LAX remember when you come to the coast
Niggaz don't play with they lives when it comes to the
toast

[Chorus: The Game]

Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek
Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek

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