

Jay-Z Feat. Memphis Bleek

"Intro - Hand It Down"

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Sorry boys but all the money in the world
Couldn't bring me back again
Lay down, lay down, gonna stretch my mic out
In Ponce Funeral Home on Marcy

All those new niggaz stop there
But a lot later than a whole gang of people thought
The last of the real hustlers
Well, maybe not the last

Bleek's gonna be a good rapper
New, improved Jay-Z, I quit, I'm retirin'
Ain't enough money in this game to keep me around

Sorry Big, I tried, honest
Can't go with me on this ride though
I'm callin' the shots, bar's closin'
Where we going to for breakfast?
Roc-a-Fella, y'all, okay, I reloaded

Bringin' the drama, tryin' to come up in the game
Marcy, had a couple of dollar signs to my name
Roc-a-Fella, y'all, one of the best
Waitin' for my day to come, just give me the word

Nah, this ain't Jigga, it's your lil' nigga, Bleek
Reportin' to these motherfuckers live from the street
Game, I peeped those, my mind so advanced
At nine, I used to geese hoes for Easter clothes

Peep the steez, I represent for all those
With 28 grams, on a come-up tryin' to creep the keys
Large niggaz told me park the car, keep the keys
Find a hood rat an' creep to Mickey D's

First gun, two bullets, niggaz know I do pull it
Niggaz tryin' to kill me, dog, who wouldn't?
Screw Gooden, I pitch in the PJ's
Lit off the EJ, I split Dutchies with my ring finger

You find a bitch that don't be cream, bring her
Last seen with Bing, he got dropped between us

Shit is constant, that's why I pack the Johnson &
Johnson
For the nonsense, who wants it?

I go to sleep with a picture of a Porsche on my wall
Man, I'm tryin' to come up on y'all
Get one up on y'all, that's why I hustle in these streets
From sundown to sun up on y'all

Mama said, "Keep bullshittin', they'll kill you
dead"
One week of this hustlin' brought a livin' room set
Went to [Incomprehensible] D's, niggaz mad, veins out
Copped the Jordan's, two weeks before they came out

Flashy, fly little nigga
Nosy bitch from the third floor like, "Why, little nigga?"
Bitch please, twist the trees
Took a long pull, like bitch to breathe
That's my answer, life's like cancer an' I'm serious

Waitin' for my day to come
Just give me the word

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