

Memphis Bleek "1, 2, Y'All"

Visit "[1, 2, Y'All](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hype + Verse 1]

Yo look im the best rapper not discovered
The other people raps is weak
How dey get discovered ya can't fuck wit me
Everybody know me im hype to tha d
Hangin with the R.O.C. we in the place to be
Chillin in the back of the club popin bub
When my spinnaz keep spinnin all the
Ladies show me love im here to takeover
I was oringanly suppose to replace hova
Not slim thug , east coST rappers weak
They can't hang with me b hype d tha name
Fuck all yall lames i was sent to take ya fame
And change the game yo i can spit a verse
But if these wack ass rappers stay in the game
This shit is gonna get worse 1 day im a make it big
Im the best and this goes down to all my niggz ohhh!

[Verse Two]

[Young Chris Of Young Gunz]

We pull up in them big boy trucks
Big boy drops
We be the only young boys that the big boys watch
Neef and C official like a ref wit a whistle
Protect shit a nickel
Its death on a whistle
Lose breath when I hit you
Your best bet is to get through
Fuck outta the lane I'm much outta my pain
The stronger the game is quicker
Live by the code fool
Dinner time cold food, aim is sicker
Much faster, blast ya
Tearin ya niggaz
We don't discriminate
Hoes get the same as niggaz
Comin straight out the North Of Death
We give a fuck about a level we extort the best
Who's the boss nigga

[Verse 3]

[Neff Of Young Gunz]

I came to set it off
Came to jump off
Nigga i came to set a 9 off
Maybe a A.K. i aint here to play ,
I just want to have it my way i
Don't face no fear im the rapper of the year
So repect me nigga

[Memphis Bleek + Verse 4]

It's gettin hot so the shorts is on
Gotta tote the snub it's too warm for the long, nigga
You could pass me to baby's zoo
One shot'll turn a nigga face into baby food; BLAAH!
Get it clear, now why they lookin for Saddam
Weapons of mass destruction is here
I got a few in my hood
In case a nigga ever get the feelin and he think that he
could
Or would, pull sket on me
I could show you first hand what's a felony
And a hobby and the process of gettin money is
nothing
I'm not Sosa, but the dogs is coming
This is not not, no, no, motherfucking game
Entertain you motherfuckers is not why I came
It's R.O.C. and M.O.P.
I wipe floors wit little niggas for fuckin wit my team

[Swizz Beatz + Chours]

Time to Set It Off Nigga
Time to Set It Off Nigga
Time to Set It Off Nigga
Time to Set It Off Nigga
Time to Set It Off Nigga

[Memphis Bleek + Verse 5]

Yo check it
Shit, I'm here now, where it's at?
I'm there now, when I walk through the club
The real have stare-downs
And I walk by, lil nigga play the short guy
Pockets is grown, when I cock it, it's on
You believe that, all the chickenz be where the treez at
Car hopping bitches be where the V's at
I plot to get mo, stacks and a crib
Sometimes I hear that Ele hold a gat in the crib
Can't relax in the crib
Niggaz did max bids
Niggaz clap shit, ain't no acting in this
You a playa? Well nigga who you working for?
'cause who coachin that team that you be otin for?

When I ride by, I know you looking to spray me
But I got a ghetto bird that go half on a three-eighty
It's the game of life, you it, so play it right
Bitches like you, M-e-m-p-h Bleek, yeah right

[Hype + Verse 6]

Do that 1 , 2, Yall There go the last call
Im a ghetto nigga hand always on my trigga
Now look all these niggaz think they dat nigga
Well you know what i came for ohhh!

[Swizz Beatz + Chours]

Time to Set It Off Nigga
Time to Set It Off Nigga
Time to Set It Off Nigga
Time to Set It Off Nigga
Time to Set It Off Nigga

[Verse 7]

[Young Chris Of young gunz]
Yessuh! Y'all know who the next up
Hopping out them thangs wit the fresh cuts, fresh uhh!
(c'mon!)
Watch right, nice bright, fin to do the rest up
This that knock, wit Swizz and the Gunnaz connect up
Big homie president, y'all can hang the rest up

[Verse 8]

[Neff of young gunz]
Yessuh, it's me, N-E double to F up
Young Gunz nigga indeed, double your bets up
We double them teecs up, we silence the violence
Nigga you fucked if you messed up

[Memphis Bleek verse 9]

I'm in the S-5, all black, no tint
With a nice dime - all ass, no tits
Still, rippin the glock (Bleek) playin the block
Fuckin with mine - M.E.M., gettin it hot

[Hype + Verse 10]

Im so rich that im sittin on the lock
Me and the roc be switchin lanes in
The maybach , nigga im hot aint fake
Ya raps is fake so do the jump off then nigga set it off

[[Swizz Beatz + Chours]

Time to Set It Off Nigga
Time to Set It Off Nigga
Time to Set It Off Nigga
Time to Set It Off Nigga

Time to Set It Off Nigga

[MEMPHIS BLEEK TALKING]

Its the roc mutha fuckas you bitch ass bastards

Visit [Memphis Bleek](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.