

# Memphis Bleek "All Types of Shit"

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**(feat. Jay-Z)**

Yo yo

*[Verse 1- Memph]*

I swear to God I'm addressin all types of shit  
Tote big guns, with all types of clips  
See those cars I be in, all types of whips  
All those whores I got, all types of chicks  
See those sneaks I rock, all types of kicks  
In the double xl, in all types of flicks  
On my two way pager, typin' shit  
I made alot of records, all type of hits  
I was told to get dough, all types of chips  
Flip weed, coke, dough, all types of bricks  
I've been overseas, on all types of trips  
My coke come on a boat, all types of ships  
Catch me on hac(?) indica, S type and shit  
The new CL, type s and shit  
And I bust guns at all types of clicks  
Took four and made all types of flips, motherfucker

*[Chorus]*

We got the S class, the Cadillac, and excel  
We blowin up y'all, we got all types of V's  
We got the chocolate, Hawaiian skunk, and purple haze  
Roll it up y'all, we got all types of trees  
We got the 4-4, the glock nine, and bright ghost  
We throw it up y'all, we got all types of guns  
We got the pesos, the dolla bills, the yen and mar  
Throw it up y'all, we got all types of ones

*[Verse 2-Memph]*

Fuckin wit these records, I made all types of deals  
Fuckin wit these wild dudes, i tote all types of steel  
Fuckin wit these streets, Im in all types of beef  
And now, that I'm on, i got all types of creeps

Movie stars, chickenheads, all types of freaks  
Hydro, chocolate, all types of trees  
Bentleys, widebodies, all types of v's  
Yamaha's, snowmobiles, all types of skis

Know Bleek done it all, all types of things  
Know the squad rock ice, all types of bling  
And I learnt from the best, all types of vets  
You know I throw it up, on all types of sets  
And you know I hear it all, all types of hate  
But Bleek benchpress all types of weight  
When my shit drop, I'm gonna get all types of scans  
And rap the logo on all types of vans, motherfucker

*[Chorus 2x]*

*[Jay-Z]*

Yea man, it's Young Hova  
Coolin out, young Memphis Bleek, you know?  
Wha ya niggaz need man?, whacha do, wha ya 'vice  
man?  
You smoke, drink, do dope man, got dat shit man  
Wha'cha hoes wanna see us in, suv's, coupes, drops?  
We got all dat shit man  
Wha'cha like man, wha'cha u wanna see us in, five, ten  
bedrooms?  
We sleep in twenty, we sleep in twenty, man  
Wha'cha need, movie theaters, duplexes, triplexes, we  
got that man  
Wha'cha wanna see us in, rocawear furs, holla man  
Ma, what you wanna see us in?

*[Girl Talking]*

yo, you know what I need to see u in  
I need to see you in some briefs

*[music stops]*

*[Jay-Z]*

Briefs!?

*[singing]*

No we don't do that..hahaha....holla!

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