

Memphis Bleek "Just Blaze (Featuring Freeway)"

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Hey yo, guru, this Just Blaze, Bleek and Free, right?
So I could get a hook or verse or sumthin'?
Get that outta here
Stick to makin' beats, I stick to yo' moms, nigga

Just blaze, just roll up a L, pour glass in that Arme
Young E's had game since the days of Atari
Since the youth, I used to shoot her right back to the
path
My day goin' hard, mack the back of the cab

Did it all, little robbery, back cart of the G-train
Hood became a part of me, got a hell of a street game
Niggas don't want no part of me, bitches, they wanna
roll up roll out
Sit in the Ferrari, Breeze through Marcy

They know I'm gangsta in every way
I keep it gangsta, tech on me everyday but
P-Game, how I lean to fit it
Because mami don't act right
I got to leave these bitches, you know

I chase bread dog, I'm after the spread dog
The least you could do is give a nigga a lil' head dog
Parked by Marcy, this two door Ferrari
Can't believe mami deny me Poonani

But I guess she don't listen to rap
So I'm a slut her like a ghost in the hole
Missing the track
And I'm a P I M P fo' sho rap ROC NYC for short

F R two E's slide through deliver more, what?
ROC PHI for short, por favor
I twist backwards swerve in the jeep
Cheek deep, pick up the chicks, chicks lookin' for Bleek

Bleek sleep, makin' me sick won't answer the phone
Motorola Two way, you may answer to freeway
I think it's him pagin' me now, I hear the back strap
Where you at? Got a room full of freaks

And they tryin' to get right,
We could smut 'em all night and get them chickens
outta sight
Pass them hoes, then mack 'em G to K
Freeway known for movin' the yay

I could get 'em from point A to point G
Here's the deal, I stuff 'em in the wheel
For the right amount of bills I bring em where you
stay
Y'all hate freeway, scared when you see the freeway

But you wanna kill freeway
Your girl ride the freeway everyday
Up and down, back and forth
In and out, know every route

Well, bitches who stack niggas
Fuck wit a nigga like Memphis who gettin' that paper
But'll light you up with the jigga man
Where my bitches at? Where my bitches at?
Where my real bitches at? Come on

And all my niggas who took llamas, murda murda
Heard of a nigga named freeway, from Philly to the
'Linas
Where my niggas at? Where my niggas at?
Where my real niggas at? Come on

All day I be smokin', we all my niggas who tokin'
We hit the block with the potent, give 'em a week and
they blow it
You know and you know, there's some ofa's sittin' low
and my dogs
Know who all of us are, we sit low in the cars

Ain't no bitches wanna roll, they say I'm doin my thing
See its blue in the chain I was changin' my jeans but
Lil' mami is you rollin', you what? You fucka, you suck
For real I'm tryna see what's up with you

Introduce you to the pimp and the playas
This is no playin' 'cuz I'm a gangsta, I don't fuck with
them hatas,
And basic hatin' is the part I ain't feelin'
Hoe's wanna fuck 'cuz there's shit that I'm willin'

Once they see it, I just fuck up they head
And when I bang out in the hood, I just fuck up my
bread

Instead of lead, I save it when I see you face to face
Right now, I'm fucking wity hoes, they don't gimme
face shit

Where my bitches who stack niggas
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Just b-b-blaze, just blaze

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