

Memphis Bleek "Regular Cat"

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[Chorus]

Yo I grew up like a Regular Cat
Some nigga hit me wit a signing
Shit, yo I'll settle wit dat
Went to my block, got it off and coped metal wit dat
So if a nigga ever frontin, I'ma wet im wit that
Yo I grew up like a Regular Cat
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[Verse1]

My gunz, my credentials, I'm geased up
Hate a nigga that don't know me and swear that Bleek
front
cause I'm a little nigga, so what, I did my thang
Now I came up, fuck a nigga gon tell me?
Before this Bleek shit, a nigga couldn't eat and shit
I sold drugs, fascinated by this sneaker shit
On hot days I found ways to clock pay
Had yellow tops now my topz is gray
Cause one these lame niggaz got the color of mine
But one problem, niggaz work ain't as butter as mine
And you got to believe, yo I'm dope in the drawers
form, poppy seed
And you got to be weed, I got a ounce of D and no
clientele
But when the sun goes down I hit the strips for sales
Clock mel, half of my dogz ain't rottweil
We bout to work wholesale, and flip the price the retail
Wha.....

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[Verse2]

I got the hood in me, so I guess I'm no good, nigga
I stay strapped Cause I know a nigga could, nigga
I chop grams in the crib wit my man
We blew L's and politiced on how to expand
We supplied the Vein
Promised to go out in a blaze
Before them pigz lock the game
We gotta maintain in this world of cold blood
It's no love, niggaz will back out heat and let you hold
slugz
We took re-up money
Rollin dice, and I neva thought a game of Cee-Lo
Could take my man life, Over 3 cdnt, My son was a little
bit
A nigga flash heat, he flipped and seen the end of it
A cool cat, and nobody seemed to like him
Dat was my dog so nobody had to like im
I closed the vein down, I couldnt hustle no mo
But still I hold heat ready to ride to war
Cause I could die by this game
Spit in the Mic and my life aint no different
Just a Regular Cat

[Chorus]

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[Verse3]

Yo Yo
Why niggaz throw Ice grills and I see you tight grill
But I know if i squeeze you faggots gon squeal
I laugh at y'al flash cash at y'all
In the tinted whatever, ried right past y'all
Me and my cod-ee and we all know Bleek
Tight, the whole heat, you niggaz don't know me
Where the fuck niggaz know me from? (Marcy, son)
You niggaz frontin you ain't have heart to come
Besides you niggaz mad cause yo bitch ride shotty
Round town, malibu mixed wit Bicardi
She relaxed in da drop, Fendi shades matchin the

watch
Accent osets, the bitch kinda prop
But her man think he untouchable
Put his ass where he ain't comfortable, Lay him up for a
few
He'll realize, Bleek ain't the one to fuck wit
Provoke me to spit, consider it dealt wit
I'm not the type to hit shotz and miss you
The type to play you close to kiss you
nigga describe the pistol, you hit wit
When they fillin yo body wit liquid
Now I'm on the low cause you told em it was Memphis
Who blazed you up, yeah, layed you up
Yo mouth got you like that, and thats plain as fuck
I'm a Regular Cat, wha...

[Chorus]

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Shit, yo I'll settle wit dat
Went to my block, got it off and coped metal wit dat
So if a nigga ever frontin, I'ma wet im wit that
Regular cat, wt em wit dat
I'm just a regular cat
Yo I'll settle wit dat then I'ma wet em wit dat

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