

Memphis Bleek "Roc-A-Fella Get Low Respect It"

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Okay, I'm reloaded, yeah, y'know
It's Young E, Get Low in the bulding, we back
M.A.D.E., everybody ready? It's that new shit ya hear
Yo, Guru, let's do it for these niggas, yeah

Ayo, Roc-A-Fella Records runnin' the streets reckless
Get Low, the future, you gotta respect it

The hood's still in back of me, guns still beside of me
Still for the street, hoes, they wanna ride wit me
Big print, like I just hit lottery
Like y'all can't see a nigga straight from poverty

We ghetto, we're gutter, where you don't come around
Some dudes make records an' say they underground
But I choose not to go that far 'cuz I was born there, pa
I don't gotta write bars, you niggaz see my scars?

An' you know my story
I'm more for the war, I'm 'bout guts an' glory
Them other dudes front for y'all, I can't do it
I don't gotta sell my soul to sell music

I put the beat on, Murder'll roll the weed up
Put it on the street one week, watch it heat up
Heavy rotation, rockin' on Hot 9
You niggaz get your money right 'cuz I got mine

An' it's Roc-A-Fella Records runnin' the streets reckless
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I been in it since 9 to 6 before I could drive whips
To focus on gettin' paid, before 'Coming of age'
Niggaz, they understand the boy done became a man
Loyal to all my peeps, that's why I did for the fam

Who the fuck, want what? None of you niggaz
I'm right back 'cuz I ain't done wit the bidniss
Them niggaz owe me a check, niggaz owe me respect
I give you that good game I told you I been M.A.D.E.

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An' I'm from the M to the A to the R C Y
So many niggaz be hatin', they don't want me to ride
But, you see Bleek just livin' his life
Instead you wanna see a nigga throwin' that iron

Well, so be it, it's many dudes in the team
That ain't family now an' y'all see it
Dynasty though, it remain the same
So every time you throw it up
You know who changed the game, homie

The ROC army, Get Low an' State Property
Caked up in real estate an' never played Monopoly
But why them niggaz wanna act all aggy?
'Cuz of the bigger plate an' I got more baggies?

But shit where's the love?
I could tell you it ain't nuttin' over here but new guns an'
slugs
An' it's all about the butter, you ain't listenin', baby,
boy?
That the ROC'll never lose, we just kill an' destroy

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