

## Memphis Bleek

### "The Code"

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Kg nigga, let's get loud  
It's that music right here that make broke niggas clear  
the road, hahaha

Tell them romies who stink, all I need is a drink  
Tell shawty come here, I need something to squeeze  
Look at her, she bad, louie shoes and the bag  
She asked me what was my name  
I told her whole lot of cash  
All I need is some ace, tell em bring me a case  
If they ain't got it then brown  
I preffer deuce say  
Balle sneaks on my feet, make the outfit complete  
And what I hold on my hip, it makes you cowards  
retreat  
Everything turnt up, with my team turnt up  
And I lean, like I'm on promethezene, word up  
Tell my rodie roll up, show these shawties roll love  
And I been drinking from the bottle while I'm holding  
this cup

[Hook]

I'm on that 1,2, that's the ace deuce  
And I don't dance I just got a 1,2  
I get a bad bitch everytime I come through  
And I touch paper like a bank teller do  
And I got my weed rolled, got 2 bad hoes  
Got a stereophone cup sipping the coke slow  
Repping bk still, niggas know how it go  
I got a stereophone cups sipping the coke slow  
Let's go

So many bad bitches in here man, I'm confused  
Tell shawty shake it, like she having a seizure  
Hit it once and forgot her, I done caught the amnesia  
Ask these niggas who want it, I'm the realest that done  
it  
These niggas out here keep it 80 me, I keep it 100  
On that deuce I be trippin, niggas say I don't listen  
Mama say I'm follow women, grandma say I was  
pimping

Groupie hoes catch feelings, me I'm sort of a villain  
Fuck the walls in that box, her shit ain't got no ceiling  
Like the coupe I whip, I need soup I sip  
Whole team rock hoods, on that trevon shit  
Hit the club and I ball, I end up spending it all  
Bad bitches with the tan, niggas know what we on

[Hook]

I lay low for a minute, now I'm back in the spot  
I don't throw off liquor, but I throw off rock  
I'm still propellor fly, my marting margellas on  
My deuce, mixed with the goose, that's what's in my  
stereophone  
My bitch bad like a bully, niggas mad like how could he  
Make the moves like he do, he keep it hood with no  
hoodie  
When I'm gone on that ace, you can tell on my face  
That I'm fucked up, and I need a bitch to fuck in new  
ways  
I mean, show me shit I never seen  
Come and hop upon this dick like you hop in them jeans  
I ain't playing, fuck real love  
Come fuck a real thug, and I do that code  
That's what you need

[Hook]

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