

## Unknown

### "4 Da Fam"

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[Memphis Bleek]

Yeah yeah (Uh uh)

Memph Man, my nigga Tah Phife

This ones for the family (What's Up?)

Understand me, yeah (Uh-huh)

We gonna do it right

for all these bitch ass niggas talkin gangsta (R-O-C)

We dem killas, real, and in studio

Check it out, yo

Aiyo, this time it's for my family, we ride or die

It's in the blood til the death, now aim for the sky

My four blow fo show, fo doe, for only

It's money, drugs and hot slugs

You know Bleek squeeze hammers til they nail me

Fuck wha niggas tell me

Street scholar, keep firin is wha they tell me

Drug chemist, thug nigga be named Memphis

Straight from da borough of dem B.K. niggas

Where we rob for the fun of it, hustle for the drug of it

Rap money in rubba-bands, just for the love of it

Straight from my ghetto, we listen to heavy metal like

Desert Eagles, street sweepers, loud metal

It's hit an run now, motherfuck anyone of you

We dem niggas be in ya crib just like frurniture

Pop up wit the gun in ya

Release one for zero-zero M (Yeah)

Bleek-R-O-C (Yeah yeah) dot com (Yeah)

[Beanie Sigel]

This Philly cat back at it

Still throwin crack at it

Still fuckin wit them crack-atics

Still bust'em wit them black Matics

It's ain't the bucks, it's the rush

You tryin to get my ass at it

They say I think ass backwards

Fuck how I act, as long as I stack, it's all math-matics

Our tracks nice, hug the block ta tract dice

Late night, club night, Mac attract dikes

I pull up, Cadillac truck nice

Two guns, you know Mac pack gat twice  
Gets that crack back wit that ice  
No joke wit the coke, i wips that right  
No doubt, never droubt, gets that price (Uh)  
It gets

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