

Unknown

"Crew Love"

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* the version on Belly has an extra verse

[Memphis]

Yeah, check it

Yo yeah I smoke weed now I don't give a fuck

And I also tote guns in case my dram pop up

It's crew love I spit two at every few thugs

Fo doves blow dubs holdin eight snub

I hold it down my strip, goin nowhere

Flip two eightballs trick the dough on low gear

The next week two O's gone

Nigga don't prolong

Play the studio and get my flow on

And sell weight on a later base

My older brother kept guns on his waist in case he air
the place

And walk straight up on you fuckin crooked niggaz

Comin out ya mouth sideways like some rookie niggaz

I drink Henny mixed wit nothing

My weed and the dutch is somethin

What you niggaz sayin nuttin

It's Bleek, controllin these streets holdin the heat

Reportin for my live niggaz just like me WHAT

[Jay-Z]

Haha this is Roc-A-Fella for life

This is Roc-A-Fella for life

[Chorus]

You know it's crew love, Roc-A-Fella till we die

As long as you and I keep it movin like a drive-by

We could stack dough sky-high

Niggaz can't touch what they can't feel real recognize
real

Crew love, Roc-A-Fella till we die

As long as you and I keep it movin like a drive-by

We could stack dough sky-high

Niggaz can't touch what they can't feel real recognize
real

[Beanie Siegel]

Yo, I set up shop wit nick rocks that'll upset rookies
Make 'em slide like li'l dicks in wet pussy
Open up the whole strip, like Monopoly
Dare one of ya'll to land on my property
Think you get some dough for my community chest?
Blaow blaow two to yo chest
Ya'll niggaz can't pass go cuz it cost to pass
Ya'll niggaz cheap like Baltic Ave.
Type ta land on jail ca

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