

Faithless F/ Dido

"1, 2 Y'all"

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[Intro: (Memphis Bleek)]

Ya know, it's the... ROC (bounce)

Yea I see ya, let's go... drop one

Yeah, Yo, Yo..

[Chorus: (Memphis Bleek)]

1, 2 y'all, you know I rock ya

Step in the rounds of the ROC mafia

1, 2 y'all, you know I stop ya

Dirty Get Low nigga we gotcha

1, 2 y'all (y'all) uh

1, 2 y'all (y'all) uh

1, 2 y'all (y'all) uh

Yea... Yea... Yea

[Memphis Bleek]

I tote P89's on me all the time

My rhymes is serious I'm kill'em every time

While I'm... sunk in that 745

I am... feel like a jet when I ride (when I ride)

So I ride nigga feel me on cruise control

Game tight nigga lose your hoe

I smoke... take a few pulls of the refer

Ridin under the tint doin the duece fever

Need some so I check the beeper

Before B.I.G. pasted he passed the number to Katrina

Get it right the game still remain

And I'm married to the shit, you niggas still engaged

Nothin change, twelve gauge still POP!

If you niggas wanna jump at the ROC!

You can come witcha BLOCK! If you want to

Yea Ease the same

I bet it all on dice so I could freeze the chain (now thats game)

All you hoes is a show (your truck come with a chauffeur?) Ma fa'sho

You know Ease the truth, they say sex is a weapon

You'll be dead when I shoot

[Chorus: (Memphis Bleek)]

1, 2 y'all, you know I rock ya

Step in the rounds of the ROC mafia
1, 2 y'all, you know I stop ya
Dirty Get Low nigga we gotcha
1, 2 y'all (y'all) uh
1, 2 y'all (y'all) uh
1, 2 y'all (y'all) uh
Yea... Yea... Yea

[Geda K]

Yea... Yea..

It's Get Low and the ROC ain't a click out touchin'em
Doe doublin bitch niggas not discussin'em
Block tick rabbit when I'm finger fuckin'em
Fuck a vest, tell ya boys have a bullet proof truck
with'em
It's Geda K the young horse, and M. Ease of course we
gettin cheese
Draw we don't squeeze, and SUV's on two-fours with
t.v.'s
Probably with your bitch, playin the backseat
And you know I hit it, ain't the type to chill with it
Type to get rid of and never go to the crib with her
Shit, I move according to plans and still visit... park
And still kick it and pick my niggas up
And you know we be dro smokin, toten, loc'n
Live from PR or Oakland, bitch its Get Low let me know
whats up
If you get it the truck get in postion to fuck
I'm ghetto, Hero Flynn, hot like heroin, young pimps
thoro'in
I pimp through their boroughs in
Ya better keep your chicks intact... cause I walk like a
pimp, talk like a mack

[Chorus: (Memphis Bleek) + *Lil' Cease*]

1, 2 y'all, you know I rock ya
Step in the rounds of the ROC mafia
1, 2 y'all, you know I stop ya
Dirty Get Low nigga we gotcha
1, 2 y'all (y'all) uh *uh huh*
1, 2 y'all (y'all) uh *Cease A Leo*
1, 2 y'all (y'all) uh
Yea... Yea... Yea

[Lil' Cease]

Aright, check it out... check it out..Uh oh..Uh oh... Yo
Code name Cease A Le, crack on the AVE
BK grimmey MC, rap wreck machine
My niggas on the scene with the machine guns, the
infa-red beams
Hand gun with silencers, ride up on the side of ya

Flash this gun up in ya face like photographers (camera flash noise)

Stay in the hood with ice, ain't nobody robbin us

When it come to rappin ain't nobody stoppin us dog (Ha Haaa!)

It's ROC mafia who live as us, Jay ridin on side, B.I.G. on top of us

Get Low firing my Phillie niggas ride with us (reloading noise)

Dutch this blunt up if you wanna get high with us (puffing noise)

BK yo we reppin, I'm like cash... everywhere I'm accepted

From Marcy to Stuy, the West to the Chi

I keep it all hood till the day that I die

[Chorus: (Memphis Bleek) + {Jay-Z}]

1, 2 y'all, you know I rock ya

Step in the rounds of the ROC mafia

1, 2 y'all, you know I stop ya {GET LOW!!}

Dirty Get Low nigga we gotcha

1, 2 y'all (y'all) uh {WOO!!}

1, 2 y'all (y'all) uh {WOO!!}

1, 2 y'all (y'all) uh {I'M DANCIN!}

Yea... Yea... Yea

[Jay-Z]

Uh Oh..

Raps in trouble, HOV bout to double back

And lock the streets again, ain't no police and him

Got cops on the payroll, killers on the lay low

Niggas be careful what you sayin on LayYy LowWw

Are nextel radio niggas have'em at the radio before you exhale nigga

The cats out the bag, but blast out the mag

Send them words back in your mouth... out ya ass

Talkin shit, all you get is cleaned the fuck up

I ain't steamed the fuck up either

Hire the team but me, myself, and I-rene

I come through and lean you fucker, I'm tryin to keep niggas from killing you

You still talkin shit to me, you now as smart as you appear to be

I got dum-dums for dumb-dumbs

I'm a right man, got a educated left hook in a right hand

Fuck like whoa, got a flow like damn

The new thug life be the Roc-A-Fella fam

No disrespect intended

But if you offended can't take it back... handle your business

I'm just staten facts, the whole worlds against us
And we will not surrender, and we will survive
Turn out ya lights like Teddy Penta-Grass
Get ready for the coldest winter ass, I proceed..

[Chorus: (Memphis Bleek)]

Yea, Yo, Yo..

1, 2 y'all, you know I rock ya

Step in the rounds of the ROC mafia

1, 2 y'all, you know I stop ya

Dirty Get Low nigga we gotcha

1, 2 y'all (y'all) uh

1, 2 y'all (y'all) uh

1, 2 y'all (y'all) uh

Yea... Yea... Yea

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