

1, 2 Y'all (feat. JAY-Z, Lil' Cease & Geda K)

Memphis Bleek

feat. Geda K, Jay-Z, Lil' Cease
[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 why'all, you know I rock ya
Step in the rounds of the ROC mafia
1, 2 why'all, you know I stop ya
Dirty Get Low n**** we gotcha
1, 2 why'all (y'all) uh
1, 2 why'all (y'all) uh
1, 2 why'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 n**** feel me on cruise control
Game tight n**** 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 pa**ed the number to Katrina
Get it right the game still remain
And I'm married to the s****, you n*****s still engaged
Nothin change, twelve gauge still POP!
If you n*****s want to 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 that's 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 why'all, you know I rock ya
Step in the rounds of the ROC mafia
1, 2 why'all, you know I stop ya
Dirty Get Low n**** we gotcha
1, 2 why'all (y'all) uh
1, 2 why'all (y'all) uh
1, 2 why'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 b**** n****s not discussin'em
 Block tick rabbit when I'm finger f****in'em
 F*** 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 b****, 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
 S***, I move according to plans and still visit... park
 And still kick it and pick my n****s up
 And you know we be dro smokin, toten, loc'n
 Live from PR or Oakland, b**** its Get Low let me know what's up
 If you get it the truck get in position to f***
 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 why'all, you know I rock ya
 Step in the rounds of the ROC mafia
 1, 2 why'all, you know I stop ya
 Dirty Get Low n**** we gotcha
 1, 2 why'all (y'all) uh *uh huh*
 1, 2 why'all (y'all) uh *Cease A Leo*
 1, 2 why'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 n****s 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 noboby robbin us
 When it come to rappin ain't noboby 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 n****s ride with us (reloading noise)
 Dutch this blunt up if you want to 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 why'all, you know I rock ya
 Step in the rounds of the ROC mafia
 1, 2 why'all, you know I stop ya {GET LOW!!}
 Dirty Get Low n**** we gotcha
 1, 2 why'all (y'all) uh {WOO!!}
 1, 2 why'all (y'all) uh {WOO!!}
 1, 2 why'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
 N*****s be careful what you sayin on LayYy LowWw
 Are nextel radio n*****s have'em at the radio before you exhale n*****
 The cats out the bag, but blast out the mag
 Send them words back in your mouth... out ya a**
 Talkin s***, all you get is cleaned the f*** up
 I ain't steamed the f*** up either
 Hire the team but me, myself, and I-rene
 I come through and lean you f***er, I'm tryin to keep n*****s from killing you
 You still talkin s*** to me, you now as smart as you appear to be
 I got dumb-dums for dumb-dumbs
 I'm a right man, got a educated left hook in a right hand
 F*** 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-Gra**
 Get ready for the coldest winter a**, I proceed..[Chorus: (Memphis Bleek)]
 Yea, Yo, Yo..
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 Step in the rounds of the ROC mafia
 1, 2 why'all, you know I stop ya
 Dirty Get Low n***** we gotcha
 1, 2 why'all (y'all) uh
 1, 2 why'all (y'all) uh
 1, 2 why'all (y'all) uh
 Yea... Yea... Yea

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