

Just Blaze, Bleek & Free (feat. Freeway)

Memphis Bleek

(Just Blaze)

Hey yo guru, this Just Blaze, Bleek & Free right?

So I could get a hook, or verse or sumthin?

Get that outta here!

Stick to makin beats...I stick to yo' moms, nigga!(Memphis Bleek)

JUST BLAZE!!!

Roll up a L, pour glass in that Arme

Young E's had game since the days of Atari

Since the youth, I used to shoot her right back to the path

My day, goin hard, mack the back of the Cab

Did it all, little robbery, back cart of the G-train

Hood became a part of me, got a hell of a street game

Niggas don't want no part of me, Bitches they wana roll up roll out

Sit in the Ferrari, Breeze through Marcy YUP!

They know I'm gangsta in every way YUP!

I keep it gangsta, tech on me everyday BUT!

P-Game, how I lean to hit it, don't act right,

I got to leave these bitches you know!

I chase bread dog, I'm after the spread dog

The least you could do is give a nigga a lil' head dog!

Parked by marcy, this two door Ferrari

Can't believe mami deny me POOnani

But I guess she don't listen to rap, so ima slut her like a ghost in the hole,

Missing the track HUH!

And I'm a P I M P fo' sho rap ROC NYC for short

(Freeway)

F are two e's slide through deliver more WHAT!

ROC PHI for short, por favor

I twist backwards swereve in the jeep,

Cheek deep, pick up the chicks, chicks lookin for bleek

Bleek sleep, makin me sick won't answer the phone

Motorola Two way, you may answer to Freeway!

I think it's him pagin me now, I hear the back strap

Where you at? Got a room full of freaks!

And they tryin' to get right,

I could smut 'em all night, and get them chickens outta sight

Pass them hoes, then mack 'em

G to K, Freeway known for movin the Yay,

I could get 'em from point A to point G]

Here's the deal, I stuff 'em in the wheel

For the right amount of billsm I bring em where you stay

Why'all HATE freeway, scared when you see the freeway

But you want to kill freeway!
Your girl ride the freeway everyday
Up and down, Back and forth
In & out, know every rout
(chorus)(memphis)
Where my bitches who stack niggas?
Fuck wit a nigga like memphis who gettin that paper
But'll light you up with the jigga man!
Where my bitches at? where my bitches at? Where my real Bitches at, see'mon!(Freeway)
And all my niggas who took llamas,murda murda
Heard of a nigga named freeway, from philly to the 'Linas
Where my niggas at? where my niggas at? where my real niggas at see'mon![Verse 2
(memphis)]
All day I be smokin, We all my niggas who token
We hit the block with the potent, give 'em a week and they blow it
You know and you know, there's some ofa's sittin low and my dogs
Know who all of us are, we sit low in the cars
Ain't no bitches want to roll, they say I'm doin my thing!
See its blue in the chain! I was changin my jeans but,
Lil mami is you rollin, you what?, you fucka you suck
For real I'm tryin'a see what's up WIT you
Introduce you to the pimp and the playas
Ain't no playin 'cause I'm a gangsta, I don't fuck with them hatas,
And basic, hatin is the part I Ain't feelin
Ho's want to fuck, 'cause there's shit that I'm willin
Once they see it, I just fuck up they head,
And when I bang out in the hood, I just fuck up my bread
Instead of lead,I save it when I see you face to face
Right now, I'm fucking wit hoes, they don't gimme face shit!
[Chorus]

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