

Do My

Memphis Bleek

Turn that motherfucker louder
It's the Roc in this motherfucker
Bi-otch!
Oh yeah, bounce, uh uhbounce
Yeah, yeah bounce, come on
Oh come on bounce, come on

Do my ladies run this motherfucker?
(Yeah, yeah, come on)
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?
(Yeah, yeah, come on)

Do my ladies run it
Fat asses and flat stomachs
Throw a hand in the air
If it's the year of the woman
Or my dogs run it
Let 'em know that you're still gunnin'
Throw a drink in the air
Let 'em know you still thuggin'

Yo I come through, few of my man's
Scoop you and your friends
You, you, and you with the Timbs
In tight jeans, Chinese eyes
Indian hair, Black girl ass
Let me pour you a glass of Belvi
Tell me all about your past
Let me console your soul
While I palm your ass
And your man did what?
He ain't give you?
He cheated with her
I can't diss duke
I tell you this though
Get with this dude
I'll teach you about dough
And show you what this do
(It's a secret society, all we ask is trust)
But I don't freeze bitches
Just skeeze bitches
Break up happy homes
Just seize misses
You'll never get her back once you get a yacht
How you love that?
How you love that?

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Ay yo back woods rollin'
Rap you can't hold 'em
ROC gear matchin' crews
Bleek is chillin', Murda is chillin'
What more can I say?
We still killin' em
Bags we still dealin' em
Four wheels, we wheelin' them
Chicks like I'm feelin' him
Yeah ma okay
Black jeans and Timberlands
Give them adrenaline rush
Ladies know the difference between them niggas and us
We the R-O-C and we don't stop
They don't make a gun that we don't pop
Matter fact they don't make a car that we don't drop
Thought you knew they don't make jewels that we don't cop
What you knew? You actin' like the ROC ain't hot
Or the car that I cop ain't missin' a top
And even if they don't make drops that kind
I tear da roof off like I'm Busta Rhymes motherfucker

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(Yeah, yeah, come on)
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Come on, come on

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Do my ladies run this motherfucker?
(Okay)
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?
(Uh-huh, okay, uh-huh)
Come on, come on

It's the R-O-C, we don't stop
It's the R-O-C, we don't stop
It's the R-O-C, we don't stop
Uh Memp Bleek, The Understanding niggas
Get your mind right, ha-ha