

# Everybody

Memphis Bleek

Yea (uh huh)  
What they want god?  
Niggaz know the deal here  
It's real...yea

I was told Óget moneyÔ, stack what I can  
Born In the Vile, a nigga never ran  
Seen niggaz get cut, shot, stabbed up and kidnapped  
Ran over, double crossed, killed for a stack of green one's  
Now I live life, do or die, Marcy, son, evrybody trying to survive  
Maintain yo strip, cokaine this shit  
We ain't leavin till we drain this shit  
Playin this shit, street life, but most of y'all hate Bleek right?  
I'm supposed to keep heat right?  
So you can haul the heat right, who really give a fuck though  
I grew up amongst cut-throats, nigga, we all want dough  
It's a all out thing, drugz produce cream, gunz produce human beingz  
Nigga what you think? I got one, stop one, Naw  
Drop one, can't stop one, I'm here till the copz come

If you got money, everybody wants some  
If you got a dope flow, everybody wants some  
Yo drug game is tight, everybody wants some  
When a nigga get right, everybody wants some  
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By my area code, you know I'm able to roll  
I'm a Brook-Nam nigga, we lock and load  
Dodge y'all, my hungry niggaz spot y'all  
Ready to bury niggaz wit 50 shots y'all  
You hot god  
Stop y'all, from poppin y'all lil nickels to morocan zones  
I'm making somebody cripple  
The strip's the issue and my dogz will siC you  
While yo body bag flow, the body bag's full  
I twist Kelly over backboard, ready to puish the Caddy on the curb  
And smack dudes, I'm wit O.G cars, flip Oz's huh?  
Don't sleep huh  
I'm tryin to eat huh  
Real to the heart, you real?  
We can start a lil somethin togetha, start frontin togetha  
Get this money right, muthafuck, hater niggaz  
Shots to them traitor niggaz, and fake niggaz  
Yo, muthafuckazz...

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Yo Dead or alive  
I'm forced to put the metal to guyz  
Raise my right under oath, I ain't tellin no lies  
I'm wanted alive, last nigga try to survive  
Blast niggaz, you can ask niggaz how to get by  
Stay rollin alive, brand choclates huh  
Gunz so big, by time you see the spark, you die  
Niggaz ordered a spy, won't stop till we all in the sky  
Or get caught bustin down the pie  
Crack a bottle for niggaz who ain't here or doin time  
In the box, gettin stops, burnt blocks for dimes  
All my niggaz sittin, tented wit .9mm's  
Been doin or still in it wit crimes, Fuck the innocent kind  
I ain't repentin till I die, gettin head is my aliby  
I wasn't there when niggaz blazed and that coward died  
I'll make a stiff make you niggaz raise up, blaze up  
Yo last days is up, Mufuckazzz....

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Muthafuckaz.....  
Faggot ass niggaz always want some when  
A nigga get some Get yo own u bastardz  
My clique gon forever shine for Nine-Nine  
Past three like the year, want it?  
Get it nigga.....