Roc-A-Fella Get Low Respect It

Memphis Bleek

Ayo Roc-A-Fella Records runnin the streets wreckless Get Low the future you gotta respect it The hood's still in back of me, guns still beside of me Still for the street, hoes they wanna ride wit me Big print like I just hit lottery Like y'all can't see a nigga straight from poverty We ghetto, we're gutter, where you don't come around Some dudes make records and say they underground, BUT I choose not to go that far cuz I was born there pa I don't gotta write bars you niggaz see my scars And you know my story I'm more for the war I'm bout guts & glory Them other dudes front for y'all I can't do it I don't gotta sell my soul to sell music I put the beat on, Murder'll roll the weed up Put it on the street one week, watch it heat up Heavy rotation rockin on Hot 9 You niggaz get your money right cuz I got mine And it's Roc-A-Fella Records runnin the streets wreckless Get Low the future you gotta respect it I been in it since 9-6 before I could drive whips To focus on gettin' paid before "Coming Of Age" Niggaz they understand the boy done became a man Loyal to all my peeps that's why I did for the fam Who the FUCK, WANT, WHAT None of you niggaz I'm right back cuz I aint done wit the bidniss Them niggaz owe me a check, niggaz owe me respect I give you that good game I told you I been M.A.D.E. And it's Roc-A-Fella Records runnin the streets wreckless Get Low the future you gotta respect it And I'm from the M to the A to the R-C-Y/why So many niggaz be hatin' they don't want me to ride But, you see Bleek just livin' his life Instead you wanna see a nigga throwin' that iron Well, so be it It's many dudes in the team that ain't family now And y'all see it Dynasty though, it remain the same So every time you throw it up you know who changed the game homie The ROC army; Get Low and State Property Caked up in real estate and never played Monopoly But why them niggaz wanna act all aggy Cuz of the bigger plate and I got more baggies? But shit where's the love I could tell you it ain't nuttin over here but new guns & slugs And it's all about the butter, you ain't listen baby boy? That the ROC'll never lose we just kill & destroy And it's Roc-A-Fella Records runnin the streets wreckless Get Low the future you gotta respect it