

## 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  
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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  
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