

# They Will Never Play Me

Memphis Bleek

This for my thug, thug  
Drug, drug  
And guns, guns  
Come on, come on  
Come on, it's the ROC nigga  
Yo, yo

Ayo niggas wanna hate me cause I run thugs  
Show no love and my guns bust  
And I got your bitch on my nuts and I push two trucks  
You niggas out here gone do what?  
Nothing but talk about it  
You niggas ain't bout it, bout it  
You see Bleek  
J-I-G from the hat to sneaks  
Dem them jordans but what's important  
You niggers scheming  
I told y'all, I got my mind right  
And my money right  
I brought a new tech and believe my shit air right  
The game nigga love it, leave it  
It ain't gone change nigga  
From my hood to your hood  
This shit the same nigga  
You see me hopping out  
Coping that Bel Öv  
I ride for my family  
Fuck could you tell me  
Its ROC La Familia  
No one down with us  
No one ride with us  
No one side with us  
We came gunning  
Busting fuck it, it aint nothing  
I got mine now get yours  
And nigga stop frontin'

[1] - Still these niggers hate me  
But I sit back and laugh  
I got cash, I play the back  
And I be counting my math  
And they will never play me  
I got guns, I got ones, I got sons  
I got niggas who could get that done

And still these niggers hate me  
But I sit back and laugh  
I got cash, I play the back  
And I be counting my math  
And they will never play me  
I got guns, I got ones, I got sons  
I got niggas who could get that done

Yo, ayo I get's it crunk with that pump  
Or letting that pistol blow  
Niggas hate but I'm sticking this dick down they bitches throat  
I hear them saying

He only sold half a mill  
You know what I'm saying nigga I spend half your deal  
So go ahead with that dumb shit  
I push tinted SUVòs  
Which is one bitch  
With that fifth in just one clip  
My fans asking me bleek, you dissing squads?  
Ma im dissing everyone  
And everyone feel they involve  
Who ever hating  
Contemplating about my situations  
Wanna know my moves  
Wanna find out if a nigga station  
Wanna know the coòds  
Wanna know if I get low my company  
Do I got chrome  
Nigger donòt compare me to Jay-Z  
I pop my collar, hollar  
All about the drama blowing scama  
Pockets stay filled with that good marijuana  
But you lames hating  
Cause I'm in the lake on them daytons  
Taking pictures, hitting switches  
Pulling over bad bitches  
I'm laying right  
My dogs stay they eating right  
Guns looking right  
And dog I bust them right  
For that brick  
For that check  
For that coke  
For that flow  
Dog I let's them go  
Set up shop and blow

[Repeat 1]