

## U Know Bleek (Intro)

Memphis Bleek

Yea.. serious shit..

Aiyyo, this time it's for my family, we ride or die  
It's in the blood til the death, now aim for the sky  
My fo' blow for sure, for dough, for own land..

It's money, drugs, and hot slugs  
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Niggas said I can't do it  
Funny I done it  
The album is here, now who the fuck want it?  
I let niggas eat now I'm here to collect  
I admit they tried, but they ain't rep correct  
Now the dinner table's set and it's my time to eat  
Don't even wipe your mouth, get up, be out!  
Don't let the cars fool you, or the jewelry blind you  
My life's the realest nigga, I should write me a novel  
This for them broads that'll hold me down  
And my niggas on the Internet that download my style  
And my dog in line in at chow  
Just bangin with his walkman playin me loud  
And the nigga with that plate  
Choppin them grams, him and his man  
Listening to music that they understand  
And that white boy goin to college  
He don't know about the ghetto but know how to hold metal  
Them white boys, they'll shoot shit up  
They can listen to this shit, I don't give two fucks  
But back to it, sippin on that Cognac fluid  
In the Porsche, burnin the conduit  
This is ride music, get high music  
That M dot, hot supply music  
That's the answer, life's like cancer  
I thought I told y'all niggas I'm serious!

It's money, drugs, and hot slugs, you know Bleek