

# Who's Sleeping

Memphis Bleek

Yo, yo, yo, yo, aiiyyo who sleeping on bleek  
Wake his ass up  
I'm a show em all the money  
And the ass I pass up  
How I'm N-Y deep  
Who snitched to NYP (New York Police)  
You bitches been dropping D's (dimes)  
Since 86 striped Lees  
Dial 9-1 tips  
When I spit one clip  
Supposed to be killing niggaz but ain't really done shit  
I'm loco  
Tote the 4-4  
Smoke L's with duck doors  
Drow flow  
Blow the smoke slow  
And holler fuck hoes  
It's cash and money  
Nines grab the green weed exactly  
One shot lives and daiquiris  
My gat be stashed in the dash  
Mixed herbs and hash  
On a cruise for cash  
I might bruise some cats  
Spit 2 at you dudes that act  
Like you can't be touched  
Front and lose your cap  
I incinerate guns after bodies I caught son  
Never on the run stack mail by the tons son

Yo it's that Roc a Fella shit  
Hoes clothes to whips  
Act up and get hit  
Give a fuck who you with  
We them niggaz coming through  
Locking down your strips  
Some real niggaz that walk around with guns on their hips

I live my life now like none of y'all fagots  
You keep fronting like that  
I'm gone let one of y'all have it  
I keep the fours drawn  
When I wake up the war's on  
For the bread, butter and chips shit I go to war for em  
Tinted my whip now  
These cops ride dick now  
Money spend now  
I move work through my pen pal  
Niggaz hate bleek cause I live through this shit  
You niggaz keep hating cause I could deal with this shit  
I'm a street individual  
Sold it all criminal  
Weed just a minimum  
I'm a M-P emblem  
Rock syndicate and flips in the block  
You call it I lick a shot  
I'm street wise

Went up on my caps in size  
Who getting money over here contact these guys  
Let em know I set up shop to trey eight the block  
With 3 niggaz 1 gun and a buck 50 to shop

[Chorus 2x]