

# The Game, Memph Bleek Iz

(The Game talking)

The young Roy Jones of this rap shit  
Somebody bout to get knocked the f\*\*ked out tonight man  
You better tell your boy somethin, you better tell him somethin

(Verse 1: The Game)

Skip through the blueprint one bang this what's mentioned  
Bleek you're one hit away but he didn't know The Game was pitchin  
Balls faster than Roger Clemens nigga you're too big for your britches  
Two gold albums not make you a hitter  
Might make you a little richer but don't forget the big picture  
All of those make you a fag but money like Little Richard  
Take your faggot ass picture put it next to Gulliany  
Run you for your roc-a-wear fit and beat you with the Tommy  
Drag your ass down to Alby Square  
Call Beans, Jay, Freeway, Biggs, Dame I'll be there  
Compton behind me ask Nas queens is with me  
You ain't never sold crack in your life I'm takin your fiends with me  
Come get me  
My guns smoke like Robert Downey  
Two shots and a pound he got a room in Kings County  
And you might live or sit in a box  
Depending on how long it NYPD to respond to the shot

(Chorus: The Game)

Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek  
Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek

(Verse 2: The Game)

See what the problem is too much east coast dick lickin  
And everybody tryin to do their best 2pac rendition  
Listen they wonder how I live with 5 shots  
Niggaz is hard to kill on my block  
When you was in the streets comin of age  
I was in the streets pumpin the gauge  
While you was rappin I was makin it happen  
On the block with a k  
While you was with the roc on the stage  
I had rocks on the stage  
On headliner for the front page we know that you front  
You be on sunset doin what? Gettin your punk ass stunt  
You gon respect us or that fo' rippin through the vests  
And you know who you are deaf nigga'll get the message  
Malik or M-E-M-P-H Bleek  
F\*\*k around and be a B-I-T-C-H sleek  
'cause all that yappin dude will get guns clappin dude  
And stop Memphis from rappin dude, huh

(Chorus: The Game)

Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek  
Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek

(Verse 3: The Game)

It took me a little while but I am now understandin  
Jay f\*\*ked up in the first round when he picked olo with candy  
Did olo in the second, nigga take it from me  
The Roc get knocked off the bounce till you picked up beans  
Add freeway to the team but move the ugly bitch  
Trade the Marcy reject for Cam'ron and Lil' Chris  
Now the squad 5 is live 6 man is Neef  
Fans in the stand yellin out f\*\*k Memphis Bleek  
You want beef I have your body parts all over New York  
Leg in jersey arm in Brooklyn head buried in central park  
You can't even borrow from New York no more like John Storch

And I ain't talkin to him I'm talkin to Malik Cox  
And I got a pine box for a nigga like you  
Streets is talkin how many real niggaz like you  
Hit LAX remember when you come to the coast  
Niggaz don't play with they lives when it comes to the toast

(Chorus: The Game)  
Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek  
Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek...Memph Bleek