

# Hell No

Memphis Bleek

Yo, yo, yo, it's tha roc in tha house  
Nigga, we got Hype-D here, we fixin' to go down  
You know what it is tha song is hell no  
Yo, I'm Bleek and this is tha ROC, yo, let's spit at 'em

When you up in tha club nobody showin' ya love  
You say, hell no  
When yo girl call up a snitch and she call you a bitch  
What you say? Hell no

When you start beff and it get start  
What cha say? Hell yeah  
When tha ROC is in tha house  
What cha? Hell yeah

First it was Bleek then it was tha Reff  
Then it was Chris and Neff, now who back in tha game?  
Who take ya fame? Who dash dame? How he get fame?  
'Cause look nigga, I'm a crook, I got tha mood  
I like some of y'all niggaz but I'll eat ya food  
Just like anybody else would so do what cha can do

When I lock 'n' load and head to tha boat  
And take ya black coat and take ya 9  
Take ya fine take ya dine Hype-d , Roc , Memph Bleek  
Smokin' tha reff, growin' tha leaf, startin' beff  
Stealin' ya lines and beats and packin' tha heats  
Steppin' on ya toes and fuckin' ya hoes

Nigga, I bust ya ass up and then take ya cup  
So throw ya hands in tha air like ya don't care  
And face ya fears 'cause when I come through expect to die  
'Cause nigga, ya will be fried, niggaz don't crie

But I know you do you fake  
You can't compete with me you'z ain't free  
I smoke on trees and I trap and rap in tha atl  
Shit, I can put ya shit in a basket and ship it to Alaska

Don't fuck with D or hey girl, just call me Hype-D  
14 in tha rap game takin' ya fame  
Ain't that said you faggots ya get to mad easy ya songs are chessy

Listen to me ya know me, I ain't gotta be D  
I'm hype to tha D, don't ya see?  
Or H to tha I to tha l nigga, you goin' to hell  
So ring tha bell and shut tha fuck up  
Before I get some girls just to buck yo ass up  
I know they can, nigga, I ain't scared

You weared out, that ain't no doubt  
I rap forever, I'm here forever  
Rev up tha rever and take tha teveria  
Got tha marriata and 45 choopa Z and 9's lock 'n' load that shit

And then hit 'em up and for all my hoes  
I'm gonna beat that thing up and lemme pour some drink

And yo, I'm here and I'm under 14 with a black card, nigga  
You act hard, nigga, you soft as a pop tart  
You want beff, I got ya beff, come steal my reff or smoke ya own

I don't knock ya hustle, I just bust it and then I cut it  
So this is a southern toast and have a boast and get tha roast  
This is bars, just don't know how many  
Hey to all ya snitch niggaz, go suck on y'all's mommas tittys