

# Crew Love (feat. Memphis Bleek & Beanie Sigel)

JAY-Z

\* the version on Belly has an extra[Memphis]  
Yeah, check it  
Yo yeah I smoke weed now I don't give a fuck  
And I also tote guns in case my dram pop up  
It's crew love I spit two at every few thugs  
Fo doves blow dubs holdin eight snub  
I hold it down my strip, goin nowhere  
Flip two eightballs trick the dough on low gear  
The next week two O's gone  
Nigga don't prolong  
Play the studio and get my flow on  
And sell weight on a later base  
My older brother kept guns on his waist in case he air the place  
And walk straight up on you fuckin crooked niggaz  
Comin out ya mouth sideways like some rookie niggaz  
I drink Henny mixed wit nothing  
My weed and the dutch is somethin  
What you niggaz sayin nuttin  
It's Bleek, controllin these streets holdin the heat  
Reportin for my live niggaz just like me WHAT  
Haha this is Roc-A-Fella for life  
This is Roc-A-Fella for life You know it's crew love, Roc-A-Fella till we die  
As long as you and I keep it movin like a drive-by  
We could stack dough sky-high  
Niggaz can't touch what they can't feel real recognize real  
Crew love, Roc-A-Fella till we die  
As long as you and I keep it movin like a drive-by  
We could stack dough sky-high  
Niggaz can't touch what they can't feel real recognize real  
Yo, I set up shop wit nick rocks that'll upset rookies  
Make 'em slide like li'l dicks in wet pussy  
Open up the whole strip, like Monopoly  
Dare one of ya'll to land on my property  
Think you get some dough for my community chest?  
Blaow blaow two to yo chest  
Ya'll niggaz can't pass go 'cause it cost to pass  
Ya'll niggaz cheap like Baltic Ave.  
Type ta land on jail can't pay your bail  
Wanna borrow from the bank, nigga what you think  
I'm the wrong one to lie to

Shit I'm the man who supply who supply who supply YOU  
And ya'll a bunch talk money  
I'm tryin to get it down for that motherfuckin boardwalk money  
Two-brick money new blue six money  
Paroo trip money flew in six money  
Taj Mahal trips orange chips money  
Long dick money all in yo bitch money  
Flow like the flu and spit sick money  
Peep hotty's Roc-A-Fella wools route  
All black mask down wit they tools out  
Beanie mack I'll move out  
I had niggaz runnin from school pickin new routes  
Then I'll run and lick a shot make 'em move south  
Switch up they last name get a new spouse  
Scrambled up some down-payment for a new house  
No matter where you go Mack gone find ya  
I'm like a shadow nigga I'm right behind ya  
I'll blow out ya brains and won't give ya no reminder Me and my road dog  
Been OG's for so long  
Spit raw rolled up niggaz can smoke on  
Shit I let 'em have it you faggots ain't know my status  
Fuckin with my mathematics you make us savage  
Five nine one six O, light brown  
M-E-M-P-H-I-S Bleek put it down Its crew love, Roc-A-Fella till we die  
As long as you and I keep it movin, nigga Aiyyo I pray to the God MC to bless me  
Wit a ill ass flow and sick ass dough  
Where it don't make no sense that hundreds and cents and  
Thousands of dollars ice freezes my collar  
Where I need a turtle-neck to rock my check  
And a pair of isotoners to rock my rings  
Get the signin bonus know mack toppin them thangs  
Flip twice rip that crew then I'm droppin my thang Nigga it's crew love

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>