

Rock Like That (feat. Bun B) [Explicit Version]

Juvenile

U,T, P, in the buildin'
Sinista on the ' trackI'm ridin' dirty, way low to the grass
Whole hood payin' attention to me showin'
I just cooked up and the tube was full'd up
I sold my whole thang 'cause my dude and them pulled upThey talkin' about a nigga like a hurricane forecast
Boy kinda ignorant but he could move the fast
To hell with the talkin', we could go do it
The package right here, let's roll through itI'm down South bred, that's what my mamma and my daddy say
Acts like New York and smoke the Cali way
Gutter, I hustled the corner, cuts and alleyways
Word mean nothin' to me, I'm goin' that-a-wayI got a dynasty and I ain't throwin' that away
I've been investin' my rhyme up on my strategy
And I don't feel that it's time to put the strap away
It's either that or just I'm full of that AlizaeWe rock like that 'cause we rock like that
These U, T, P, we rock like that
We rock like that 'cause we rock like that
These Magnolia, we rock like thatYou can get it quick to your head, homeboy
I don't think you wanna fuck with me
You can get it quick to your head, lil' mama
I don't think you wanna fuck with meI don't cut no corners to jip for no figures
I ain't kissin' no ass to live with no nigga
I don't need this rap, bitch I'm in these streets
When Cash Money didn't pay me, I still got sleepGet capped, you're on the phone, tell her I need the teeth
To set the nigga up to get his Jesus piece
She used to run it with Nate Dean, now she's a beast
Got her daughter sellin' for a 'G' at leastI move a lil' work, ain't nothin' to brag on
Somethin' to keep me nice and my homie to tag on
Twenty-four inch shoes on the rag on
I got poppin' in my hood and I'm that strongFiends keep smokin', please don't quit
You want another ?, Fiend on this
But watch it, the gun is under the shirt now
Me lead love and me will keep sendin' the work downWe rock like that 'cause we rock like that
These U, T, P niggaz we rock like that
We rock like that 'cause we rock like that
These Magnolia, we rock like thatYou can get it quick to your head, homeboy
I don't think you wanna fuck with me
You can get it quick to your head, lil' mama
I don't think you wanna fuck with meKeep it trill, keep it gangsta, pimpin' keep it hundred
Before a nigga be done got killed

And I'm the one who done it
I'm in H-Town baby, the home of the hoe sale
Where niggaz don't just give you a brick
They give you the whole deal Drug deals goin' down at ten dollar motels
Keep it on the down-low
'Cause somebody might go tell
Like it, get you what you need, just have yo' mail
And send your people 'round here
So I can get some more sale Know that I got more yayo that most niggaz goin'
I'm gettin' it from the same bringin' all the in
I'm 'bout to get it dropped off, I'ma let you know when
(Shit, I'm tryin' to spend like fifty wit ya, dog)
Shit, fo' sho' then Bring your money with you, counted and wrapped up
And move like you 'sposed to be movin' because we strapped up
Don't get yourself clapped up for no reason
'Cause we won't hesitate
When it come down to the squeezin' We rock like that 'cause we rock like that
These Third Coast, we rock like that
'Cause we rock like that 'cause we rock like that
These rap, a, lot, we rock like that You can get it quick to your head, homeboy
I don't think you wanna fuck with me
You can get it quick to your head, lil' mama
I don't think you wanna fuck with me

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