Rock Like That

Critical Bill

[Juvenile]
U.T.P. in the buildin'
Sinista on the motherfuckin' track, nigga...

I'm ridin' dirty, way low to the grass
Whole hood payin' attention to me showin' my ass
I just cooked up and the tube was fulled up
I sold my whole thang 'cause my dude and them pulled up
They talkin' about a nigga like a hurricane forecast
Boy kinda ignorant but he could move the coke fast
To hell with the talkin' nigga, we could go do it
The package right here nigga, let's roll through it
I'm down South bred, that's what my mamma and my daddy say
Acts like New York and smoke cush the Cali way
Gutter, I hustled the corner, cuts and alleyways
Word mean nothin' to me, I'm goin' that-a-way
I 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 Alizee

[Chorus]
We 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 niggaz 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

[Juvenile]
I 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 shit, bitch I'm in these streets
When Cash Money didn't pay me, I still got sleep
Get 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' pussy for a G at least
I move a lil' work, ain't nothin' to brag on
Somethin' to keep me nice and my homie to tag on
24 inch shoes on the rag on
I got shit poppin' in my hood and I'm that strong
Fiends keep smokin', please don't quit
You want another hit? - fiend on this
But watch it, the gun is under the shirt now
Me lead love and me will keep sendin' the work down

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[Bun B]
Keep it trill, keep it gangsta, pimpin' keep it 100
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 niggaz bringin' all the 'dro 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, dogg)
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'

[Chorus]
We rock like that 'cause we rock like that
These 3rd Coast niggaz we rock like that
Cause we rock like that 'cause we rock like that

These Rap-A-Lot niggaz 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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