Slangin' Rocks

The Game

Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Day and night, night and day

Nigga gotta get some pay
Standing out, with my rocks and my glock
Chiefin' Hay, anyway that I can
My nigga you understand?

Gotta bring twenty strong Before I can serve your jaws

Double up, man what's up?

Got the pot, rock it up

Mixed it in some B-12's

Now my shit done blown up

Shake the ball, round the chop

Til the ball get real hard

Cut me down some twenties

Then I'm standin' out in the yard

Junkies coming back and forth

One tried to run off with dope

Caught him round the corner

And I shot the maggot in the throat

Don't be playin' with my cheese

All I get is 2-0-Z's

One day I'm gone be the fucking man Out here slangin' keys until then

I'm the nigga runnin' from the undercover Narcotic boys jumpin' fences tryna catch a brother

Happy things is all I hear

But I'm stayin' 'bout my hog

One day I'll be pushin' Lex

But today it's Cutlass dog

Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block

Slangin' rocks all good with me
Downest bitch that would be me
I be on your side like hip-bone
And nigga you will see
That your misses lady, your baby
Will cover up what you didn't
You saw that dope that I stuffed in my pussy
I ain't bullshittin'

So send me out on a mission
We can take they position
We got that china, canary yellow
We on all you bitches, so come on down
You're the next contestant on my dope list
I'm tryna put some shoes on Rover that I rode in this bitch
And we bout our paper, we shuttin' your block down

We takin' full charge
Can't nothin' be done 'til Project Pat said
"Yo, fuck all of y'all", I'm from the south
So what you mean, you ain't heard about?
All them birds that's flyin' south
That's flyin' straight into your mama's house
Don't be sayin' you got the clout
'Cause we all know who really runnin' thangs
All you bustas must behave
'Cause since we came, it ain't gone be the same
I hope you are feeling that

I'm lovin' it if you liking it

If you wanna get caught up in the realest shit
I'm the one who your ass need to deal with, whooh
Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block
Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block
Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block
Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block
Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block
Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block
Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block
Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block
Slangin' rocks, non stop, non stop on your block

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/