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
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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/