

# Walk With Me (feat. Big Scoop)

## Jay Rock

J-A-Y Rock not Jigga  
Tryna stack figures  
I'm that nigga  
Sitting in a parking lot, truck on sixes  
Bad bitch with me, got a ass like delicious  
Listen, I can paint pictures  
so vivid you would think I got a art degree  
Walk with me, through my town where them killers dwell  
Wild, wild Watts  
Where we sell rocks, shots go off  
Babies get chalked like hop scotch  
She fifteen three kids?  
Fucking for some Js  
Stripping for some change  
Her baby daddy locked in chains  
And he wanna blow his brains  
cause he lost his only girl to the game  
Stress on your brain, it'll kill ya  
Outta sight, outta mind  
Tip bottles and roll swishas  
Detectives at the precincts roll  
and post pictures while your homie pointing fingers  
It's a cold world, nigga  
Walk with me  
I can show you them ins and outs  
Stay in the house when them feds is out  
Yeah, talking on your cellie  
That'll get you twenty  
Talking 'bout you got a spot around the corner booming  
Not only that, niggas get jealous you better watch em  
Soon as they catch you slipping, then they got ya  
Hit you with them maracas  
Stay sharp as Baraka  
Prepare for the mortal combat  
Push a button like Obama, drop bombs on ya  
Hold my mama  
It's a problem if you fucking with my family or my dollars  
Ride out in them Impalas  
Four niggas with four choppers, four hundred rounds

Guaranteed heart stoppers  
Walk with me (walk with me)  
I can show you them ins and outs  
I can show you what a real nigga's about  
Get money, fuck bitches  
Stay solid, stay sharp, stay, say wise, stay polished  
Nigga, just walk with me  
I can show you them ins and out  
Show you what getting money's about  
Mind your own, live long  
Don't be out running your mouth, talk is cheap  
Niggas'll run at your house  
Just walk with me  
Walk with me as I journey through the five block???????????? for my nigga Rock  
Ain't much different in my gutter than them Watts gutters  
The only difference in my gutter: I'm the motherfucker  
Take shots, call shots, I'm a big shot  
Run the point, pass the rock, switch the last shot  
Gutter soldier with a second chance to rock a mic  
So I'm a give it to you raw how I live my life  
Corner dweller, rock seller  
I done seen it all  
From a small pup all the way to big dog  
Legendary in these Kansas City gritty streets  
If I ain't eating there, a motherfucker better eat  
Bleed the weak, and keep some heat, and trust the liquor bottle  
Only living for the moment, nigga, fuck tomorrow  
Without a conscience, I can get dirty  
Back to talk  
And I'm hoping that you heard me on this gutter walk  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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