Who Ya Love

R.O.C.

Yo Bent, let's get to the club man[Hook]
R-O-C, if this is what ya want
Then put cha' hands up high and keep em' up
My dudes, my dimes then this is what cha' get
All playa, makin' paper, breakin' haters represent
So So, let's go, the D to the EF
Now put cha' hands up high and keep em' up
Let's drink and smoke and tear the party up
Now put cha' hands up again and tell me who ya love[Verse 1]
Clothes, cash, cars, glass
Mary Blige or the cranberry and naj
22 wenches are so often witches
A couple of mansions, a couple of Benz's
Flows is endless, dough tremendous
No one comprehends is the way I pen this
All of my men's is in jeans and Tims's
Came to get the club doors off the hinges
Wired right now, turn these lights down
The DJ booth's on fire right now
Middle of the club with the thugs, I'm iced down
Half grape juice, half papaya right now
All my ladies, let's be swayzie
My man got the Bentley, I got the Mercedes
So let's just say we, hit 280
And rep for the Bricks cause my hook is crazy[Hook][Verse 2]
Say (HIT ME ROC!)
All of the women in the club
Who love feelin' the villains and thugs
Say (HIT ME ROC!)
Maybe I will
But the dress, heels, head gotta be ill, but still
I tear they brain up with hella game
Numb chicks like novicaine every time I flow a game
The best that has ever came
Remember Mary Blige told you I was everything
It's still the same, reala game, illa chain
Used to pump cane up in Jersey, over where Lauryn Hill would hang
But now it's just an overseas villa thang
I love to hear my name, ladies would you say again[Hook][Verse 3]

Like this, like that, and like this and uh
My machine gun funks like Christopher
Now let me see y'all jump, bounce, get up
Puff something, pop something, slug till ya spit up
I'm so lit up
Used to have love fuckin' girls in my heart but my chain froze it up
You know what's up, 9-7 grid
I come through in a crooked letter UV
Dippin' missin' competitions
Only wishin' for the mortician
6-4 sits on hydro suspension (Bounce)
Manuscriptin' my intuition (Bounce)
Shine and glitzin' my mind is missin'
But any beat chu' find, the rhyme just sits in the loop (Uh huh)
And ain't no substitute
I'm a fly motherfucker all about the loot, come on[Hook][Verse 4]
Say (PICK ME ROC!)
All of my mommies in the party, movin' they body
When you see me at the bar say (PICK ME ROC!)
Then show me ya thong, and it's on
Come on all my ladies sing along[Hook]

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