

Future Of The Roc

Young Gunz

[Young Chris]
Young, Gunz
Chris and Neef
The home of Philly
Tough love, first time around
We got now we don't care who got next[Verse One]
(Young Neef)
Check we the future
We got like a dime left
To make sure our niggaz cool and our moms set
It ain't safe every day is a bomb threat
Game watered down you work harder or less(Young Chris)
Just give it all to my daughter wit death
Until then love me
Cee and Neef baby give us a second
Stand tall when they give us the pressure
Cause if we fuck up our first chance
Fans won't give us a second, check(Young Neef)
Listen and learn you missin the message
They will drop you and won't be missin your presence
I'm the curse
Young Cee he the present
It don't work nigga give us the weapons
When you murk from the Hearst leave you in the desert(Young Chris)
Breeze through in a 7
45 45's need two in possession
Got the Mack 11 two intertechers
So ain't no tellin what I do to them vests's
We ain't just shootin out reckless, nigga[Chorus]
"Young . . Young, Young Gunners"
"Chris and Neef", "We the future"
"We the future"[Verse Two]
(Young Chris)
We pull up in them big boy trucks
Big boy drops
We be the only young boys that the big boys watch
Neef and see official like a ref wit a whistle
Protect shit a nickel
Its death on a whistle

Lose breath when I hit you
Your best bet is to get through
Fuck outta the lane I'm much outta my pain
The stronger the game is quicker
Live by the code fool
Dinner time cold food, aim is sicker
Much faster, blast ya
Tearin ya niggaz
We don't discriminate
Hoes get the same as niggaz
Comin straight out the North Of Death
We give a fuck about a level we extort the best
Who's the boss nigga(Young Neef)
Kill em slow give a fuck who he know
Our only purpose is that money and blow
ain't scared to put a tag on his toe
The pressures on so they lettin us go
before our time and you already know, yo[Chorus][Verse Three]
(Young Neef)
Just when they thought it was over
The young'n soldier got focus, and notice negotiations about my closures but
won't lose my composure
Buck a shot and be over
Just like that, just give up rap
Gives a fuck about the bitches
Got to change our only livin
Get my niggaz in position
From the block into the kitchen
Its my decision if I do it or not
But who gon' come back to that slow ass block
Yeah duckin them cops extendin them shots and meltin them glocks
Yeah this might not be my permanent spot
But what ever happens it happens
I see you motherfuckers on top
It be the real ones that block
That's why I listen and watch(Young Chris)
You gots to listen more than you talk so keep your mouth shut
It ain't about rattin then you walk
They say the bad come along wit the good
So keep your awards
Just make sure the cash come on home wit the hood[Chorus: repeat 2x]
"Young . . Young, Young Gunners"
"Chris and Neef", "We the future"
"We the future"

Songwriters

BELL, THOMAS RANDOLPH/BELL, LEROY/JAMES, CASEY/HARRELL, ROOSEVELT

III/MUHAMMAD, HANIF KAILLI/RIES, CHRISTOPHERPublished by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is
protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>