Rock & Roll

HIIO & John Dish

[Treach (Method Man)]
And why'all thought it was over
(Nah nah it ain't over 'til the fat bitch sings my nigga)
We ready to Rock & Roll God damn it?
(Fuck Yeah)
Dirty Jers' New Jerusaluem
(Shaolin)
Naughty by Nature motherfuckers
(Wu-Tang my niggaz)
Grab your hat bitch
(C'mon!)

[Bridge: Method Man]
Dumb-dumb-dumb there they go [Repeat: x4]

[Treach]
Getting the realism, stating the great prism
Journalism, the Moses writing, graffiti on the state prison
Hard to steal, last year, slash a pop hit
Hate related, he's the closest that I lost since Pac (Tupac)
Got the glock blown, ready to Rock & Roll
Give me a shot that go up the most
Cop the blow, nock us no
Finger fuck the fair place, that's in the stairway
Gut a motherfucker, gotta die to get airplay
If I can't spray the airwaves, like a great AK
You stay where you lay babe, "fuck you" is what I dare say
Hatin' niggas cause it ain't passion for rappin' or axin'
So sell extortion and jackin', what's happenin'?
What's that? The clappin', they'rekidnappin' Sergeants and Captains
I'll be mackin' and actin' like a nigga scratchin' for super passion
(Blap! Blap! Blap! Blap! Blap! see'mon!)

[Chorus: Treach (Method Man)]
Rotten and dazed cause I may not be here tomorrow
World feel the sorrow, click clack, blah blah blah bloaw yo
Bullets in, barrels off, urban apparel
Like I told you before, click clack, blah blah blah bloaw yo
Ready to Rock & Roll (bum bum bum bum bum) {Ready to Rock & Roll}

Ready to Rock & Roll (bum bum bum bum bum) {Ready to Rock & Roll}
Ready to Rock & Roll (bum bum bum bum bum) {Ready to Rock & Roll}

[Method Man]
M.C.'s have the right to remain silent
Everything you say can and will be held against why y'all punk motherfuckers
And Mef can only trust ya as far as I can see ya
Me need ya? That'll be the, day, ya busters
Son suffer, the consequences, for askin'
Competition get an ass kickin' so tremendous
I throw my draws in it
Who representin' for The Projects tennants since Day One?
Shit is gettin' deep out here, run your garments son
Like niggas when the police department come
Yes why y'all, Mef why y'all, stank ass an' all
I'm too off the hook it don't make no sense to call
1-900-Eat-shit, I get get my cobra cock
Might death blow, close your eye

[Chorus]

[Redman]
Ready to Rock & Roll, I lock your load
I blow the block some more
Undercover like sellin' cops some blow
Bring a pain killer, my name ring a bell
Orangutan, I throw it up like gang members
Crunk as fuck, walkin' in with the pump tucked
Punks get it nigga, we even jump sluts
How 'bout a dump truck sellin' 2 for 5
I ride with tools I made out of school supplies
I show you it's not serious for why y'all
Trouble, I got a phone on my wrist to call (bubble)
You niggas know when you pissed 'em off
I turn gorilla with football equipment on
Cla-cloaw-cla-cloaw, I'm 'bout to tap ya foul
Danger, when the last Rotten Rascal out
Hang up, phone calls ain't goin' happen now
An' I'm straight facin', you niggas can't ask around

[Chorus: x2]

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