

Rock & Roll

Rondinelli

[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're kidnappin' 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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