

# Rock Da Spot

## DJ Premier

Rock da spot  
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I'm the bomb, ringin' off all types alarms  
My palms, be swift with the pen like Lynn Swann's  
Aggravated assault, against an MC  
Beat him down with the mic and all types of pedigrees  
It's mad real in Da Bricks, plus I roll thick  
You can quote this, I'm the Moby Dick of dopeness  
Bitch, walk the walk if you talk the talk  
I DK New Jerz, and DK-New York  
I don't push a lot of vehicles, but I push a used one  
With a tape deck, if it's feasible  
Tell the truth, I don't own a Lex Coupe  
But I get you souped when I rock respect due  
I'sa nice nigga that wanna get diced  
Slice the mic device like the body of Christ twice  
E Double if you feel me hit me once, a breaker one, a breaker two  
'Cause trouble to you family and friends  
Let me cut the bullshit, just hand me yo ends  
Got caught out there 'cause you a Mack without 10  
Punch you in your chin  
The rucker, bringer, live from Hell, but stay cooler than a double L  
Turn a felony to a misdemeanor  
Now the court subpeonaed me to get my act cleaner  
Fuck that, still walk out holdin' my strap  
Blunt, grabbin' my weiner  
When I'm gonna [Incomprehensible] rock da spot  
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Now first of all I go for broke, check the third quarter note  
I make you feel like your water broke  
Can't tell whether male or female  
I fucked up your frame well, the monogram can't tell  
All aboard my balls, 'cause my dick don't got a lot of room  
For the rest of y'all  
Grab on my pubics, let my music take flight  
Rock indo and out-do', dick run in and out yo'

Bitch, about nine inch up the clit  
Can you feel me comin', yeah I usually make 'em shit  
I shines MC's up for auction  
So I can sell 'em on Saturday, Keith put the bat away  
Let's lay in the cut, so we can break his whole anatomy down  
And turn into an ass-kicking holiday  
Word, I rolls with the Funklord  
With more flavors than them motherfuckers on them Benetton billboards  
He's bleeding get the gauze  
He shoulda knew Def Squad crew is who I kill for  
Push the clip in, slide the top back  
Make sure it's off safety, in case he wanna counteract  
Shit like that get me vexed  
So I crack your ass like corn while your bitch crack my Beck's  
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Aiyyo, catch this picture, of me in the mixture  
So you won't forget the, black Jack the Ripper  
Sorceror offin' y'all with techniques  
A universal lingo, with the odd speaks  
Control more blacks than Harlem week, freak  
Smokin' that leak at full peak  
Peace to Greg Street, and underground radio technique  
College radio, no I mack shit like Maceo  
Yeah, the East Coast West Coast dick giver  
I oughta be an alkie, the way I hit liver  
Deliver, the milk to your door, real raw  
Shit you never seen before  
So when you come inside, and do the front  
Watch the double-pump shotgun and please don't run  
Relax your minds, let your conscious be free  
And get money, and G's and roll these trees  
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This is DJ Saywhat, on this motherfucker  
Comin' to you live from WFDS radio from da Brick City