

5 Seconds

Roscoe

You niggaz just don't get it, do you?
Young Roscoe, the sodo
YA, Dogg PounG, Kurupt, Young Gotti
Yeah, started November 23rd, 1972 an' 83Put me on lockdown an' sneak out back
An' when the cameras ain't rollin', I sneak a sack
Let's make one thing clear, this ain't no democracy
Not while you listenin' to my CDYou see right now, ain't no other rappers hot but me
Oh, yeah, Pac an' B.I.G., R.I.P.
But if you ain't feelin' the same way, press 'Eject'
I'll even give you 5 secondsYeah, Tabasco, yeahThe wait is finally done with, the time is now
YA, like who want it, we in it to run it
The album's done, nigga, Volume 1, nigga
Tabasco sauce all over the trackThat nigga, Roscoe'll boss all over the track
He make the 'Girls All Pause', yeah, they open to that
Now who you know the flow talkin' about approachin' a mac?
Without a stack of doe with some dodo to roll fatI'm a top notch nigga, hand an' cotch trippa
Cut your arm off to get to the watch quicka
Not tryin' to do it all, can't see Juvy Hall
Too many booty calls, my nigga, duty calls
I'm used to ditchin' classes, roamin' through the halls
I roam with the Young Assasins, that's where I belongPut me on lockdown an' sneak out back
An' when the cameras ain't rollin', I sneak a sack
Let's make one thing clear, this ain't no democracy
Not while you listenin' to my CDYou see right now, ain't no other rappers hot but me
Oh, yeah, Pac an' B.I.G., R.I.P.
But if you ain't feelin' the same way, press 'Eject'
I'll even give you 5 secondsThese young niggaroes comin' with sicka flows
Hit you with the Figure 4, Rock Bottom
Me an' my dogs gettin' paper'd up
Rippin' 'em up after sherds an' YA it up from top to bottomRocks? Yeah, we got that but we don't wear 'em
What about glocks? Yeah, we got those but we don't carry
Well, what about plots?
Fo' sho' we got those but we don't ever share 'em
We bury 'em in the back of our mind until it's time to smashOnly in it temporary for cash
An' stearin' clear from the phonies 'coz they scary to blast
But where were the mass murderin', Young Assassins murderin' tracks
To linguish an' we all know how to actIt's YA 'til we die, do or die, homicide
When we rob, when we ride, nigga, side
We oblidge by the rules, ride by the fools

Throwin' up my squad, holdin' up high for the crew
You know how we do Yeah, it's plain, simple, I got a plan
Go, get this money an' shake I'm breakin' 'em off like the umbilical cord
Takin' 'em off the billboard, chargin' through at full force
An' first to walk in, torch 'em hot to death
Ready to scorch 'em, I'll leave 'em all stiff like starch I noticed a lotta y'all pups like to bark
But don't never hit the fence at night when it gets dark
You better hope the Pitbulls never get loose
'Coz best believe, we comin' to get you Shitzus I'm scopin' so many sheep in wolves clothin', it's pitiful
Analyze the situation, hypocritical
Cynical criminals, indespicable individuals
Supplyin' the heat, rocks bumpin' through yo' digital Whenever you dippin' through the ghetto
Whippin' the '62 Chevy, blowin' heavy, goin' 70
With one hand on the steerin' wheel
Tryin' to hold it steady, hittin' the switch
'Coz only Dogg Pound Gangstas could spit it like this An' that's on the intro, so big, so big

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>