

Roc The Mic (remix)

Nelly

You know we hadda do a remix right?Ho, ho, ho
All you young gunnerz
Hey Just, this the one right here baby
I told you dawg
Its B sig in the place with state P
And we got what it takes to rock the mic right yea
Still watch what you say to B.sig
'Cause I still will knock your ass the fuck outI bring the hood when I'm travelin'
Scrap backwoods unravelin'
Scrap smoke good when we travelin'
Forget the Mac's cause the K's fit good in the caravan
I clap up your hood like the hammer man
Bring your gat, better bust it if you get that close
Scared to clap better strap your folks
(Strap your folks)
Who want beef with state P
Enemies try to speak to me
Negative they don't get that closeIts free, listen
Blow trees with mac mittens
(No we didn't)
Yes we did
(Switch beginnings)
Smith and Wesson precision
Bring the broads down with ribbons
(Leave a mess in your crib)
Not a brave nigga?
(Fuckin' with some made niggas)
Hit him with the AK nigga
(Free no you didn't)
Yes I did
Overpayed shit? Wait a minute
When this fakin, snatch the cake up out his crib
(Then slide, uh)
I'm like the baker with your pies
(Then rise)
Set up shop and distribute where you live
It's freeway in the place with my squad
And we got what it takes to dump the K
Flip your rideIts B sig in the place with state P

And I got what it takes to rock the mic right yea
Still watch what you say to young free
'Cause fifty shots still will turn the club outIts freeway in the place with state P
And we got what it takes to the rock the mic right yea
Still watch what you say to B sig
'Cause we got what it takes to dump the D EIts Nelly in the place with Murph Lee
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right
(Yea)
You better watch what you say around here
'Cause there's somethin' on my waste to make the whole place breakIts Murph down in the place with Nelly
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right yea
You better watch what you say to my face
'Cause I got what it takes to shake the whole placeMurphy Lee's eighteen entertainin 'em
Twenty one when I'm clubbin it
Fake ID for the fuck of it
I'm just a school boy, somewhat new boy
If you can't get Nelly you'a settle for who boy?
Two toy carrier, two stashes
One truck that seats six asses
Swing through to refuse the masses
Remove glasses, blow smoke up in my ashes
I used to drive my mama stuff
Now the school boy puttin' twenties on the bomb pop truck
I make rappers go back to the block
They be like "maybe I was better off selling rocks"
I'm Murphey Lee in the place to be punk
And I got enough skunk to fill the whole blunt
I take trips with chumps up in my trunk
And I take 'em real far to a safe place to dumpDown down, I'm witcha dirty go head and lay down
Finance a pay down, heard what I said now?
See how I proceed with caution
My whip crack fast all you niggas is horses
Randy Moss', I play when I wanna
Nut check, gut check, cause I say what I wanna
Around six in the six with the throwback
Sixers, number six, Julius IRV
Cris and the herb, make it hard to swerve
Throw your hands up, if you didn't bang your rim on the curb
You couldn't hit while you was makin a turn
I strike a nerve and old MC's wantin a comeback
I got respect but it's lost and that's a fact
Like K "know" one here even said your name
R you really feelin guilty bout somethin man
S sad to see you really just want just
One more hit please pleaseYou the first old man who should get a rapper's pension

No we ain't system call this mic invention
Snitchin? Matter of fact stay the fuck out the kitchen
Nelly cookin with too many dimensions
Mid west, and we aim about mid chest
Duked on my side, too many in my tribe
Coupe outside who the fuck want a ride?Its Nelly in the place with Murph Lee
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right

(Yea)

You better watch what you say around her
'Cause theres somethin on my waste to make the whole place breakIts freeway in the place with state P
And we got what it takes to the rock the mic right, yea

Still watch what you say to B sig
'Cause we got what it takes to dump the D E, yeaAll ya niggas, brand yourself
Go get the burnin' nigga, brand yourself
All ya niggas, brand yourself
Go get the burnin' nigga, brand yourselfShit, shit stop, stop

(Ho, ho, ho)

(Ho, ho, ho)

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