

Roc The Mic (Remix)

Nelly

You know we had to do a remix right?
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! (free)
All you Young Gunnerz!
Hey Just, this the one right here baby!
I told you dog! It's B Sig in the place with State P
And we got what it takes to rock the mic right yeah!
Still watch what you say to B. Sig
'Cause I still will knock your ass the fuck out I bring the hood when I'm traveling
Scrap backwoods unraveling
Scrap smoke good when we traveling
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
You're 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 close It's 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)
Caught a play nigga?
(You fucking 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 ride! It's B Sig in the place with State P
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right yeah!
Still watch what you say to Young freak
'Cause 50 shots still will turn the club out ho! It's Freeway in the place with State P
And we got what it takes to rock the mic right Yeah!
Still watch what you say to B Sig
'Cause we got what it takes to dump the D-E yeah! It's Nelly in the place with Murph Lee

And I got what it takes to rock the mic right yeah!
You better watch what you say around herre
'Cause theres somethin on my waste to make the whole place breakIt's Murph dun in the place with Nelly
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right yeah!
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
Twenty-Twos to confuse 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 dumpIt's Mister countdown
I'm with ya dirty go head and lay down
Finance a pay-down, heard what I said now?
See how I procede with caution
My whip crack fast all you niggas in 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 swirve
Throw your hands up, if you didn't bang your rim on the curb
You gettin't hit while you was makin a turn
I strike a nerve and old MC's wantin' a comeback
I got repsect but it's lost and that's a fact
Like K, nooone here even said your name
R, You really feeling guilty bout something man
S, Sad to see you really just want just
One more hit please please!
You the first old man who should get a rapper's pension
No we ain't system call this mic invention
I'm snitching? Matter fact stay the fuck out the kitchen
Nelly kickin' 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? It's Nelly in the place with Murph Lee
And I got what it takes to rock the mic right yeah!
You better watch what you say around herre
'Cause theres somethin on my waste to make the whole place break It's Freeway in the place with State P
And we got what it takes to the rock the mic right yeah!
Still watch what you say to B Sig
'Cause we got what it takes to dump the D-E yeah All a y'all need to one yo self
Go get the burner nigga bang yo-self!
All a y'all need to one yo self
Go get the burner nigga bang yo-self!
Yeah yeah! It's the, it's the Roc nigga
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!

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