

# The Roc (Just Fire)

Cam'ron

Yeah yeah, nigga  
Just blazin' this shit, ya heard?  
It's ya main man I'm back niggaz hollaMy break I'm fresh off it  
I never change I'm stuck in these ways  
Nike Airs sweats and Taurus  
But I'm a do it for my enemies  
They wanna end my chill wanna see what that villa beNow what that sound like?  
Plus they know what a clip get down like  
Turn bags from bladders legs to wheels paint it peels  
'Cuz you fuckin' wit' a nigga that'll jump out raise the steel  
I live this way it's real dog no jokeBlow smoke in ya bitch face piss in ya wheels  
Slap ya custies, clap your workers, dead the strip  
Stick ya connect, yap ya bitchSo let it be known I'm back for my grizzly  
The sergeant, the cap, the mac holds 60  
For rookies and vets I'll bang 'til it click  
So run and tell ya duela the ruger come wit' two clips, dogM easy won't leave my hood need me  
Pop fa' sheezy who don't believe me?  
We all criminals but live like a diplomat  
We get low when the dough low get it backHere is something you can't understand  
How I could just kill a man for killa cam  
Me and my Roc killa fam, top billers man  
We run the spot, drop ceilings famHit the wall drop ceiling fans  
Listen boar, man I show you how to fill a van  
Up with killers man and line the trunk  
Keep a stash box for the nine and the pump  
The coach walk you through and he grind you upWhat chu want the dope or the weed?  
How you want it packaged, in the cap or the bag?  
How you want me packin' wit' the mac or the mag?  
Yeah that bent get back, but listen scrap act real fastAnd keep a wack that'll gag ya back  
Block style from ya swagger, ya swacks  
It's the broad street bully bitch  
I bully niggaz on the broadest streets  
I house niggaz on the narrowest blockKnow my rules when the barrel get hot  
When the gun blows and the shots fall and the smoke clear  
Man I be hearin' you murder  
Nobody hit up in the cross 'cuz I'm observin'Nobody be missin' your loss 'cuz you deserved it  
South Philly niggaz kill at will, I keep my Mac-Milli chilly chill  
On the really real  
'Fore I make you niggaz feel this steelGo 'head stupid niggaz go fuck wit' them chicks

I'm the third little piggy I'm a fuck wit' them pricks  
Better yet the bakery I got pies and cakes  
Nigga think doublin' is turnin' 5 to 8 I turn 8 to 20, 20 to 100, 100 to 1000  
That to 100,000, in front a housin'  
Closed 'em all down dog, no one's allowed in  
I'm coppin' everything I'm done wit' browsin' It's the top don, glock palm, dot com  
Get your shit rocked ma like Haseem Rahman  
And I'm extra scary  
CEO's all the frontin' ain't necessary, I fuck wit' secretaries All for information it ain't necessary  
They in love like the 14th of February  
Play 'em like April 1st right before I slide off  
It could be March 2nd, sound like July 4th Halloween or Memorial Day  
At your memorial be one year from today  
All y'all think it's peace and peachy  
I leave you reesy piecy all my bitches rock Christian Dior, BCBG  
'Round phony niggaz get the heeby jeebies  
Hungry hoes say "Killa feed me feed me"  
Calm down ma, easy, easy Talk greasy, please me, get my man wheezy  
Still rock ellesses, to squeeze appease me  
He ain't no tease but measly  
Not doggy's angels killa please believe me You now rollin' with them thugs from the R O C  
Niggaz wanna despise the team Roc a fella  
When the shit gets down you know who's doin' the poppin  
Killa easy Fuck those who disagree, my bullets you get 'em free  
Roc a Roc a  
Roc a Roc a Roc a Roc a  
Roc in this muh muh muhfucka

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