

Rock Shit (Ft. Bareda & Lo-Down)

Hush

[Verse 1: Bareda]

May I have your attention please
I'm sorta like a motivation speach on vintage keys
You'll see I ain't the same nigga I used to be, but you'll get used to me
I've changed, got some shit on my brain I want the youth to see
Twisted like a tuba, got boys in the hood like Cuba do
Words like a movie that move ya that's so beautiful
And that's because I can't leave the studio 'til it's suitable
To have you in your cubicle groovin to this musical
And off this chronic, yeah, you'll be astonished
When I shoot like a comet & put his lights out like the Amish
So you better watch your comments before you vanish, kapoof!
I'm sick as vom in the booth, I told you I was the truth
A block smoker I'm blazin like I'm diagnosed with severe glaucoma
Shockin' like Oklahoma
Niggaz know I'm just that nigga from the dirty Murder Mitten
Where bullshit is forbidden and haters never forgiven got me[Chorus]
This that Rock-Shit, pump on your block shit
This that hot shit, got ya doin toxics
Turn it up (Turn it up) { *4X* } This that Rock-Shit, pump on your block shit
Just can't stop it, 'til your speakers poppin'
Turn it up (Come on) { *4X* } [Verse 2: Hush]
I was born to chop verses and slice words from cursive
With slurs so diversive when I spit so perverse
This new tyrant who's flows just like a hydrant
Will have you sweatin' bullets 'til you bust when your perspiring
There's no denyin' it once I put my stamp on it
Detroit's the Newcleus of this blaze like Jam on it
We're focused in your face like Sean Dalon
With Bareda's in your grill and Low down like Mr. Wrong
See it's just magic cause the heat is so poetic
And we ain't dramatic we just spit you're so pathetic
And it's done daily like Carson, it's arson
Like a four-alarm fire on beats we're Molotovin'
So call a medic cause the crew's about to set
Like Detroit in '84 when the Tigers won the Pennant
Cause we reinvented this game and to us it's hats off
So pass the mic with the serial numbers scratched off[Chorus][Verse 3: Los]
You don't know me I'm sick as Ebola and walk wit OG's

Black Cobras under your pillow while you sleep
I'm like glaucoma, I'm impossible to see
Now I'm locked on you and it's impossible to leave
I crush 'em like dominos wit hollows and watch him holla
And spit on you coppers there's no alliance who could stop us
A dog without a collar and my chamber's open
Leave your brains on the ground While you're reaching' for holsters
Fuck the jury and the judge only verdict is blood
My appearance is what you muthafuckers mimic in mirrors
You're too scared to come near us duck your head cause you fear us
Infra-red while you stare your passenger's incoherent
From all the guns that they're hearin' my attitude is explosive
Handle feuds with explosions I get moved when overdosed with
Congac and Molsons never heard a man cry
Cause my barrel was choking him, let him die ain't no hope for him[Chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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