R.O.C.

Roc 'C'

Yo just man, gimma a heat rock man
DGL we back in the club again, ya know? Holla
J-Jeah j-jeah j-jeah bounce! easy
Ya heard? We back, bitches
Don't be scared now, it's the Roc
We here, ya know? As if we left this bitch
Really though, ya know?
Marcy holla, uh oh, Brooklyn
Let's do this shit right, yo
I pull up on deuce deuces, still roofless
No security I move with shooters
V Tweezy dual exhaust
Stashbox like a childseat, tucked in the baby Taurus, DGL
I'm on skinnies, two with me
Battle of Armi, '89 in it I'm blowin' on Phillies
And yeah I'm high as fuck
And the Roc's the realest click nigga I'm a buy as fuck
Say, I'm bug 'cause I walk with a hung John
Nine two hund' fifty, don't disrespect me
I call my nigga seal the deal
'Cause he just brought a G to seal the deal prick
And I got that on stand by
What you commercial niggas fly stand buy, won't you stand by
And let a nigga do his dues
Fuck these hoes, get this bread, rep the crew, the
R, realest niggas puttin' it down
O, other niggas can't see us now
C, come through your hood snatch and reap up
But keep cannon on me to clear streets up
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O, other niggas can't see us now
C, come through your hood snatch and reap up
But keep cannon on me to clear streets up
You talk jewels, my ears got 2K blazers
Roc jeans, Airs in all flavors
White tees and fitted's, backwoods and spinage
That's haze for you dudes who don't get it
I smoke silver and strawberry
Easy ball like Maurberry you know I'm not the ordinary

I keep one that keep one
Yeah my bitch bag bitches too, we the illest crew
Nothin' change but the rims upgrade
It's quarters now ma, and I'm on it now
So hop in, I pull off like toupes
And the only thing I rock on my hip that's two ways
My bitch, my beeper, Bleek keep two heaters
Still peeling the city with two seaters
And you know how I does it while I'm doin' it
Black coupin' it bitch, I keep two in it
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Look here, I live wild like Q cousin, day-day
Anytime I want, I take they K
Next Friday, till November
Stay two more weeks I'll be home in December
You know I move like that
The game all mad 'cause I'm back with my tool like that
I'm in that big body truck
That I whip through the sky like I don't give a fuck
Got trucks with drivers, cars low mileage
Just copped it, I drove it and parked it
Truthfully that's my Sunday wheel
And your wife, real nice, she my Sunday feel nigga
I got one day for her still okay for her
But by sunrise, I throwed her one high
You know I'm up and out
Hit the brake clutch throw it in first, pull out easy gone, it's the
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R

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