The Roc (just Fire)

Cam'ron

Yeah yeah, nigga
Just blazin' this shit, ya heard?
It's ya main man I'm back niggaz holla
My 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 be
Now 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 joke
Blow smoke in ya bitch face piss in ya wheels
Slap ya custies, clap your workers, dead the strip
Stick ya connect, yap ya bitch
So 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, dog
M 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 back
Here 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 fam
Hit 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 up
What 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 fast
And 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 block
Know 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 steel
Go '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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/