Future Of The Roc

Young Gunz

Young Gunz
Chris and Neef
The home of Philly
Tough love, first time around
We got now we don't care who got next
Check we the future we got like a dime left
To make sure our niggaz cool and our moms set
It ain't safe every day is a bomb threat
Game watered down you work harder or less
Just give it all to my daughter wit death
Until then love me
Cee and Neef baby give us a second
Stand tall when they give us the pressure
'Cause if we fuck up our first chance
Fans won't give us a second, check
Listen and learn you missin' the message
They will drop you and won't be missin' your presence
I'm the curse Young C he the present
It don't work nigga give us the weapons
When you murk from the Hearst leave you in the desert
Breeze through in a 7
45, 45's need two in possession
Got the Mack 11 two intertechers
So ain't no tellin' what I do to them vest's
We ain't just shootin' out reckless, nigga
Young, Young, Young Gunners
Chris and Neef, we the future
We the future
We pull up in them big boy trucks big boy drops
We be the only young boys that the big boys watch
Neef and C official like a ref wit a whistle
Protect shit a nickel, it's death on a whistle
Lose breath when I hit you your best bet is to get through
Fuck outta the lane I'm much outta my pain
The stronger the game is quicker live by the code fool
Dinner time cold food, aim is sicker
Much faster, blast ya tearin' ya niggaz
We don't discriminate hoes get the same as niggaz

Comin' straight out the North Of Death

We give a fuck about a level we extort the best
Who's the boss nigga
Kill em slow give a fuck who he know
Our only purpose is that money and blow
Ain't scared to put a tag on his toe
The pressures on so they lettin' us go
Before our time and you already know, yo
Young, Young, Young Gunners
Chris and Neef, we the future
We the future
Just when they thought it was over
The young'n soldier got focus
And notice negotiations about my closures but
Won't lose my composure
Buck a shot and be over
Just like that, just give up rap
Gives a fuck about the bitches
Got to change our only livin'
Get my niggaz in position
From the block into the kitchen
It's my decision if I do it or not
But who gon' come back to that slow ass block
Yeah, duckin' them cops extendin'
Them shots and meltin' them Glocks
Yeah, this might not be my permanent spot
But what ever happens it happens
I see you motherfuckers on top
It be the real ones that block
That's why I listen and watch
You gots to listen more than you talk
So keep your mouth shut
It ain't about rattin' then you walk
They say the bad come along wit the good
So keep your awards
Just make sure the cash come on home wit the hood
Young, Young, Young Gunners
Chris and Neef, we the future
We the future, we the future

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