

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>