

# Rock N Roll

Clipse

Hmmm...yes sirrrrrrr  
Rock and roll, man roll and rock  
I got tens, got twentys, got fifty blocks  
I got smoke to buy, coke for sale  
Sold much coke, got coke in jail  
In the white Rolls Royce with my man Pharrell  
This lil' nigga got beats too fresh to be stale  
But I'ma take you back to the early eighties  
When my cousin Stacey had the pearl Mercedes  
My aunt cousin Wack had the black on black  
Ac' coupe Legend with the gold in the back  
I was just a lil' young'n runnin' wild as hell  
Runnin' round wild trynta get that mail  
Lil' shorty dudes trynta learn the grooves  
I was twelve years old brought it to the school  
Cause I was quick to flip, quick to sell that shit  
You ain't from the hood, y'all don't know bout this

But if you feel me, throw your bows up (Star Track)  
Try to set up shop get glowed up  
Hey, I'm the candyman, I got mo' than frozen cups  
I got your chop top sour diesel roll-ups  
Fam! we can roll up (Star Track)  
But Fam! don't try to roll up (Star Track)  
Don't make me pull these motherfuckin' fo's up  
Cause it's like that

The fiends is dyin', things is lyin'  
Missin' on the streets, so the fiends is still buyin'  
Right on time and money on the mind and  
On them twenty-fo's, them bit-ches straight shinin'  
But y'all niggaz don't know bout this  
Fresh new kicks with the new outfit  
Got the all black top with the black on black  
You ever see me creepin, just back on back  
Cause I got that pump and it is gon' spit  
I ain't no punk and I ain't no snitch  
From a place on Earth called Huntersville  
Where people out there got love for real  
Got love for all who got love for me  
If a coward ever ran then it wasn't me  
I'll be on the curb movin' dubs and d's  
And if you ever bought a dub then it was for me  
I ever get caught then it was to be  
I'ma just make bail by my cousin E  
Back on the Porsche with the mobile phone  
Like eleven in the mornin' them hoes to go home  
Trynta score and get this shit off quick  
You ain't from the hood, y'all don't know bout this

Aww shit, this is the part when the fight just start  
When the fists get to swingin' and the four-fifths spark  
And then the bitches get to runnin' and the bitch just scream  
And we spin off in Rolls and it's so damn clean

I stand on my block, the cam on the spot  
My hands in my pocket, both hammers is cocked

Waitin' for a nigga to just act up  
My right hand big six, got my bait back up  
Niggaz lookin' all jealous, lookin' mad as hell  
Actin' like lil' girls, like tattletales  
Mad cause my right hand bad as hell  
I would've kept shootin', but I had a sale  
See, I'm a crime boss three sixty-five  
Lookin' for a Nina Ross, she just can ride  
Picked up my cash and slide all sweet  
Nigga tried to snatch ass, knocked his heart off beat  
Nigga talk trash like the shit all sweet  
Wont'cha all take the cash dogg, not off me  
Hustlin's in my veins - you cannot stop it  
Walkin' on the block with life in my pocket  
I'm trynta score and get this shit off quick  
You ain't from the ghetto, y'all don't know bout this