

# Roc Cafe

Clinton Sparks

[Chorus: Memphis Bleek]

Sawed-off shotgun, hand on the pump  
Sippin that Arme', puffin on a blunt  
All I know is my shit better bump  
What? La la la la la-la la lahhhh (yo, yo)

[Verse 1: Memphis Bleek]

("Memph' Bleek always smokin that (La La La)") You right  
Groupies they be actin too crazy, tell 'em they too hype  
They want leave with a G like Eas'  
Educated the bullshit, got a degree in these streets  
But, I dare a nigga act all crazy  
The Tec'll tear his back all crazy  
And you know I stay bent off the Arme'  
Regardless if solo or I'm deep with my army  
I rep, straight from the jacked M-P  
If I put the Tec up I gotta tote the D.E  
But wait! You know I'm ridin with Sauce  
And we ridin this song from out the Robb Report  
Dawg, I'm from the street, from the best I'm taught  
I'll get your man tied and lost, fuck the cost  
Got a couple of my killers who stand by  
And I'm G-Force stat' nigga, never fly stand-by

[Hook: Jay-Z samples]

"It's the R.O.C. Cafe - ya mean?"  
"Memph' Bleek, Young and Mack - ya mean?"  
"Get back - ya mean? Get clapped - ya mean?"  
"Get back - ya mean? Get clapped - ya mean?"

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Beanie Sigel]

Mack keep the weapon drawn, see you niggaz that rat  
And keep them dresses on; it's gettin outta hand  
Niggaz takin a stand, pickin out they man  
Liftin they right hand and snitch on they right-hand  
What's behind that shit? You both push bricks  
But you gon' make a statement, and sign that shit?  
After that anything goes - the kids crack the bridge of they nose  
I stand, react and live out in the cold  
I'd rather die than be labeled a snitch, snake, rat or a bitch  
I hate a D, but I know I'm a prick (uhh)  
You fuckin lames in the game actin sweet, never came from the streets  
Type to get locked and change your name to Shareef  
It's fucked up when your team got a bitch on it  
With bench warmers, you got bench warrants  
Detective got a Tec with two prints on it  
But you the only one who get arrested, and pinched for it

[Hook + Chorus]

[Interlude]

I kinda wanna make an announcement  
I'm not sure if it's too early but fuck it I'ma do it anyway  
Joe Budden is officially on Roc-A-Fella  
Holla back

[Verse 3: Joe Budden]

Oh oh, get familiar whattup!

Who you gon' tell boy, caked up, spend it well boy (ohh)

Talkin 'bout big faces like "Hellboy" (ohh)

Oh well, still get compared to rappers

hangin onto another rapper coattail (nah)

Keep the punches, I'd rather get substance

Good knowin they get it from Budden

Good knowin they jackin from the guy (tell him) use his own style

Hang 'em and nail him down like "The Passion of the Christ" now

That gray thing I'm in

A red stripe is spaced like the 18 van

(BUT) And y'all don't wanna see Jers' (why?)

Cause it's full of them toys that e'rybody keep rockin on t-shirts

(Welcome to the uhh) 'Bout to cop the Crossfire

Cause e'ry time a truck stop I'm in crossfire

(And I) I been away y'all, handlin these court priors

(BUT) Album out this August and it's on fire

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

[Hook + Chorus]

[scratches]

"The the Roc, the-the the Roc" - "R.O.C."

"The the Roc, the-the the Roc" - "R.O.C."

"The the Roc, the-the the Roc" - "R.O.C."

"The Roc, Roc, Roc, Rrrr.." - "R.O.C."

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"G-g-get familiar!"