

# Rock Out

## DC the Don

They took that nigga X  
I'm starting to think a nigga next  
All this pandemonium this shit weigh hard up on my chest  
When I'm walking out the house I always gotta wear a vest  
Because it's lurkers in the streets and they gone try to snatch my neck

Know it's niggas that'll kill me for some power and respect  
But I know his soul is empty I don't blame him for the stress

But you supposed to be here with me  
I don't think you gave your best

Just don't forget them casualties don't equal to a fucking check  
That's why I grind hard go and get it if I want it

Said fuck the league ima make it with no diploma  
Mama proud of me she finally doing what she wanted

She said finally cause DC is doing what he promised

Bitch I got problems  
See I'm coming in stupid if he want it

Lil nigga want beef go head and cook that bitch up with the cheese on it  
Yeah I got baggage just like you but mine got double c's on it  
(Channel!)

Bitch I'm so tired of blessing you  
You gone have to go sneeze on it

I got extra beans on it  
Heem got hella steez on it  
Powell no Celine on it  
Strip the scene on it

I been on the low  
Don't nobody know  
I been ducked off on my own tryna make these pockets fold

But the industry been aiming at my head top  
They tryna take me off my shit tryna take my deadstock

Bitch ima make yo fucking bed rock  
Aye you fucking with a rockstar nigga

Girl you fucking with a real trap nigga  
Tell yo nigga watch his ass lil nigga

Where the fuck yo hall pass lil nigga?  
Get up off my territory  
Tarantino terror story

Because I've been blind  
So many taking before they give to me  
Said you love me twice but don't act like that it don't make no sense to me

Gotta double back

Gotta bring it back  
Gotta bring more sense to me

Who can live like that  
Got a knife in my back you ain't never been ken to me

Bae what's on your mind?  
I know you scheamin on the low  
Gotta get the backend for my show  
Collecting my check then  
Back on road

Gotta put Vlone on my clothes  
Revenge on my toes

Dripping in Versace  
Got hickies on my body oh yeah

He said he don't want smoke he won't static  
Bitch I keep that Pikachu up in the attic

Bitch we love them choppas they say ima addict  
(We love all them choppas!)

I ain't even wanna have to do him like that  
This shit a habit

Aye pop out  
I might have to pop out  
Cop out or get socked out  
Rock out with our Glocks out

Real thorough nigga I ain't slipping bring the mops out  
And I'm swerving switching lanes keep the 30 I ain't bowing out

So far gone  
It's been way too long  
It's been way too long

And I can't feel my toes snow  
No I can't feel my toes in the cold  
I'm all alone making plays in the snow  
Don't say that you miss me it's gets old