

# Rerock The Hook

Drakeo The Ruler

Worry 'bout yourself, you live long  
My fans sell guns and pills to me  
Send shots that you can't appeal from  
A C cup, nigga, that's a real drum (Duse makin' slaps, trick)  
I got it out the mud and spilled some  
Why niggas wanna rob and steal from me?  
My life, I don't have a chill button  
My eyes say I got the steal on me  
My eyes say I got the steal on me  
Send shots that you can't appeal from  
A C cup, that's a real drum  
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Send shots that you can't appeal from  
A C cup, nigga, that's a real drum  
I got it out the mud and spilled some  
I just re-rock the hook, but, shit, nigga, yeah  
I know you like how I just re-rocked the hook, nigga (Yeah, phew, yeah)  
I had to re-rock the hook (Shit, skrrt)  
Shit, I know you like how I just re-  
rocked the hook (How you rocked that work, nigga, Mud, though, phew)

Phew, yeah, niggas want my racks, so I be spendin' fast (Spendin' fast)  
We gon' up the score, we call it tit-for-tat (Yeah)  
Take a nigga shit, bet he won't get it back (Nah)  
Got two hundred hundred shooters with me when I'm in the 'Raq (No cap)  
Why these pussy niggas hatin'? It must be contagious  
Yeah, we know that nigga told, you should've seen the statements (You should  
've seen his shit)  
Hundred thousand dollar L and ain't even famous (Nah)  
Fuck a fade, let that 40 sing like Aretha Franklin (Bah, bah, bah, bah)  
Haven't pape' for minute, bitch, I'm thumbin' to it (Bitch, I'm thumbin' to  
it)  
Fuck with any nigga music I make money to (Yeah)  
My ex bitch sick as hell, she ain't want me movin' (My ex ho)  
Yeah, yeah, if it's on the floor, bitch, I'm runnin' to it (I'm runnin' to i  
t)  
Shit be feelin' like a dream, million dollars cash (Wake me up)  
Know some niggas in the streets with million dollars bags (On God)  
Bust Ice, he wear dances in by the mask (Phew)  
Smart enough, don't really splurge 'em up, bitch, I'm just tryna last, ugh

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I had to re-rock the hook  
Shit, I know you like how I just re-rocked the hook, yeah