

Roc Reunion

Freeway

Guess who's back, motherfuckers?!
Out with the old, in with the new
So, just when I thought I was out...
They pull me back in!
It's the Roc, you bastards!
Let's take it back to the street...
(Benji style, Benji style, Benji style...)
Look at these fuckin' guys
They're not hungry anymore
They're sloppy
The way they think, the way they move
Remember me, man?
Pain In Da Ass from the Roc?
Okay, we're reloaded!
Freeway!

Best spitter, rapper - I'm a bitter animal
Rock icy charms, bear arms that's mechanical
Burnt down booths, burnt beats, they all flammable
It's the return of the Roc, bitch,
The Loch Ness Monster of rap
Still here after a decade (I'm here)
You sick of all this bullshit rap? Here's your antidote
Flame things, we the A-Team, no Hannibal
Jay-Z my nigga, kill a nigga over camel toes
Bitch, you say it's a Ace of Spades, I'll break your legs
Hit you with the sawed-off, gettin' ate
You'll make the news
I'm willin' to break out the Uz to get the pay
And wake up on these niggas to make my day, and make 'em move
Right to the East, and I represent for the East Coast
If we go to work, I got .44s in each holster
Furthermore, the .44 revolver'll put you under more
You dyke bitches one-sided
This ain't no tug of war
Naw!

(You gotta look at a guy's eyes next to you)
(You're gonna see a guy who's willing to sacrifice his life for the good of this squad)
(That's what loyalty's about - that's what Roc-A-Fella's about)
(That's all it's ever been, gentlemen...)

Big watch, heavy chain, stones whiter than cocaine
Chyeah they all lames, gassed up off propane
No indirect, we come straight at your neck
Like them GD boys, we demanding the check
I'm a man of respect
Before I met ya, I never knew ya
It's all up in this, everything goes on a ruler
Whips for my chicks, bag of guns for my shooters
And I be blowin' Buddha, sippin' slushies in Bermuda
I'm a D-Boy, rap is just my decoy
Homie, you ain't sure enough or cut up like Bruce Lee, boy
George Jetson, to your lil' youngins you just Elroy
Y'all playin' with water guns, we playin' with real toys
Clips that clear the mall out, make the love back down

Ts with your picture on it, roses in the background
Turn out your lights, no Teddy P. you come through Nicetown
Where your fake friends come around when the price down
Alright, clown?

(Times have changed - where's all the gangsters at?)
(Now all I see is skinny jeans and dancers, I don't dance)
(But some shit never changes, like the Roc)

Dark Rays, Marc J's, my nigga with a tall K
From Killadelph to Marcy, with Jigga at the Barclay
We kill them niggas easy,
Like "fuck, I had a hard day"
We walk up, not far away, we shoot right through that hard clay
Bullets like Brady, ya vest can't help ya
I form you gon' catch everything, West welcome
Salsa dancin' on this shit, Victor Cruz
Ridin' with the chopper like I ain't got shit to lose
I'm a make the first page, every channel, peep the news
Neef pull out a bag of straps, let our shooters pick and choose
I'm a lively nigga's child, boy, you niggas dead (I tell ya)
But a heavy award on niggas' heads
Kill 'em quicker than cancer, don't fuck with a nigga bread
It's the Roc, you bastards, a classic, you niggas scared?
Third time's a charm, they say three strikes you out
Well I rumble, I'll fight again, I will Marquez a bout

(See, you missin' what we had)
(We stay on the streets)
(And you can forget about the glitz and the glamour, 'cause they don't mean
shit)
(Real hustlers stay on their grind)
(No matter how much you have, you can always use more)

I'm a, street nigga, real coke flipper
I got some freaks that'll deep-throat niggas
Bullets that'll hit ya, sittin' in that brick house
Or, niggas'll catch you slippin', comin' out your bitch house
Or, goin' to the store for that early-morning Dutch
Hop out the cut with the mack like "what up?"
If you ever disrespect us, talkin' all reckless
You ain't never make enough money for you to check us
Them boys back at it, white sheets for the static
Yellow tape's for the scene, .45 mixed from the 'matic
So trust me, you don't want nothin', homie
I put this thing back together, no instructions, homie
And then I'm in the club, bottle sippin', model gettin', hater dissin'
You niggas ain't heard me when I said it, ain't no competition
It's the Roc - ain't nothin' stopped
I still'll set up shop on any block
Motherfucker!

(Here at the Roc, we use words like familia, hood, and honor)
(We use these as a backbone of a life meant defending something)
(You use it as a punch line)
(I suggest you pick up a mic)

Tippin' strippers, lickin' pictures with niggas that should've been dead
They said "Crack, we respect the fact that you in here"
Blowin' hoop smoke, thick like a Newport
Life too short, good to see some old friends here
PA and BK, back up in the CH
A-N-G, somebody call up the DA

Pedro C, you know me, we with Philippe
Between him and Ceeto, that work be finito
Wide by the ego, get hit in the causeway
One thing I learned from Jay is to do it my way
The sweetest taboo, bitch, you look like Shaday
Forehead big, and that ass Louis Thunder
Tryin' eat, so, I'm a see my brother for an entrée
Memphis Bleek know, he can call on his Property compadres
What they say out in the A? They're my partners now
Remember them Roc-A-Fella days? We was wildin' then

It's the Roc, motherfuckers!
Snitch that!
Twenty years deep in this game
We make history on a daily basis
The reign is never over
It's only just begun