

# Rock Shit

Hush.

May I have your attention please  
I'm sorta like a motivation speech on vintage keys  
You'll see I ain't the same nigga I used to be, but you'll get used to me  
I've changed, got some shit on my brain I want the youth to see  
Twisted like a tuba, got boys in the hood like Cuba do  
Words like a movie that move ya that's so beautiful  
And that's because I can't leave the studio 'til it's suitable  
To have you in your cubicle groovin to this musical  
And off this chronic, yeah, you'll be astonished  
When I shoot like a comet & put his lights out like the Amish  
So you better watch your comments before you vanish, kapoof!  
I'm sick as vom in the booth, I told you I was the truth  
A block smoker I'm blazin like I'm diagnosed with severe glaucoma  
Shockin' like Oklahoma  
Niggaz know I'm just that nigga from the dirty Murder Mitten  
Where bullshit is forbidden and haters never forgiven got me

[Chorus]

This that Rock-Shit, pump on your block shit  
This that hot shit, got ya doin toxics  
Turn it up (Turn it up) {\*4X\*}

This that Rock-Shit, pump on your block shit  
Just can't stop it, 'til your speakers poppin'  
Turn it up (Come on) {\*4X\*}

[Verse 2: Hush]

I was born to chop verses and slice words from cursive  
With slurs so diversive when I spit so perverse  
This new tyrant who's flows just like a hydrant  
Will have you sweatin' bullets 'til you bust when your perspiring  
There's no denyin' it once I put my stamp on it  
Detroit's the Newcleus of this blaze like Jam on it  
We're focused in your face like Sean Dalon  
With Bareda's in your grill and Low down like Mr. Wrong  
See it's just magic cause the heat is so poetic  
And we ain't dramatic we just spit you're so pathetic  
And it's done daily like Carson, it's arson  
Like a four-alarm fire on beats we're Molotovin'  
So call a medic cause the crew's about to set  
Like Detroit in '84 when the Tigers won the Pennant  
Cause we reinvented this game and to us it's hats off  
So pass the mic with the serial numbers scratched off

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Los]

You don't know me I'm sick as Ebola and walk wit OG's  
Black Cobras under your pillow while you sleep  
I'm like glaucoma, I'm impossible to see  
Now I'm locked on you and it's impossible to leave  
I crush 'em like dominos wit hollows and watch him holla  
And spit on you coppers there's no alliance who could stop us  
A dog without a collar and my chamber's open  
Leave your brains on the ground While you're reaching' for holsters  
Fuck the jury and the judge only verdict is blood  
My appearance is what you muthafuckers mimic in mirrors

You're too scared to come near us duck your head cause you fear us  
Infra-red while you stare your passenger's incoherent  
From all the guns that they're hearin' my attitude is explosive  
Handle feuds with explosions I get moved when overdosed with  
Congac and Molsons never heard a man cry  
Cause my barrel was choking him, let him die ain't no hope for him

[Chorus]