

Rock Stuff

MC Shan

(Well, the definition of 'rock stuff' is
cocaine broke down into the form of a rock
which is why we call this here cut 'Rock Stuff'
Well, everybody out there listen to this
cause Shan and I have a lot to say)

[VERSE 1]

'Just say no' and 'Don't do it' is the wrong approaches
Drugs can make respected folks live like roaches
Life is a scale, drugs can unbalance it
Captivate your mind and lessen your talents, it's
Controlled by corrupt politicians
Instead of fiends they call you spies cause you're always on a mission
Modern day kamikaze killer elite
Once cast out you remain in the street
This kid named Charlie used to be legit
But he died from some messed up [edited]
Bad enough everything is so tough
He need to get up offa that (rock stuff)

(Get up offa that) (rock stuff)

[VERSE 2]

Drugs is not butter, eggs is not brains
This is what you're seein, but you're thinkin cocaine
Talkin bout 'smooth criminal'
Think of what it does to a man subliminal
Forget about it - you're done tryin?
You fool, you're the egg fryin!
The cream that will rise starts from the seed
It really would help if you proofread
Shoulda never called it 'free', just plain old 'basin'
A high you never catch, so you keep on chasin
Some are not confined to a portable stem
No joke to you, but it's funny to them
That you imprisoned yourself in a breakable cell
Makin heavenly clouds with the flames from hell
Somethin's wrong, slow down, kid
Yo, you better not ever get ahead of me
You can believe what you read in the books
Like Hitler's whole Reich was coked out crooks
There's presidents, lawyers, executive mayors
At least it does benefit the tax payers
Let's play a game of blind man's bluff
Let's say 'jails, guns and handcuffs'
You're so stupid, you can see how smooth I blend it
Your locked up and chained slave days have ended
"C.O., I wanna see my kids" - that's tough
You shouldn't have been sellin that (rock stuff)

[VERSE 3]

Gettin high is not an art, it isn't conventional
All the money that they're gettin and it isn't intentional
Here's some nursery rhymes that me and my son kick
So when he grows up he'll be wise to the trick
Little Miss Muffet who sat on her tuffet
All she did was beam all day

She went to reach for the lighter
With the smoke still inside her
She's been dead one week today
Mary sold all her little lambs
For this dust that looked like snow
Now Mary oughta quit
Cause she gotta have a hit
It woulda helped if she just said no
Now Jack and Jill went up the hill
To cop this half a quarter
Came back, put it down
And surprisingly found
That the sniffers had a crackhead daughter
Now remember Miss Lucy's baby?
He's now called Basehead Tim
Cause all he ever thought of
Was when could he hit the stem
He always asked people who's got em
And used his teeth to crack the top
But everybody cried when little Tim died
But he beamed till the day he dropped
These are all fatal accidents, unfortunate mishaps
Livin in bottles with assorted colored twist caps
Listen my man, it's about to get rough
You should get up offa that (rock stuff)