

Rock On

[Next](#)

Da "von" Mill

[Next](#)

Hey love, you got it goin' on
I watched you for years
Watch the bra size bloss
Shalont stay in ya ears
Make me wanna sex you raw
The thought alone make my dick draw
Spit a ball in your pregnature
Quite your night job, sounds good
But the age thing got me shook
Tell you what, let's hit the mall
We'll blow them condoms in your pocketbook
Alleviate the game girl
Your world don't stop
Come this time next week
I'll have that cat on lock, rock on

When you're walking down the street
With your casual wear
Rings on every single finger
With your braided up hair
Got your tatoo with your kid's name
And your anklet on too
What's the Next men gotta do
To get next to you, rock on

[1]- Rock on wit your bad self (Rock on)
Go 'head wit your bad self (Rock on)
I like the way ya swing it (Rock on)
Oh, girl you got me thinkin' (Rock on)
Rock on wit your bad self (Rock on)
Go 'head wit your bad self (Rock on)
Baby, rock on and on and on

Smooth skin, hair done, nails too
Juicy lips, phat hips, size five shoes
Girl, I'm feeling you
Two kids, nice crib, always clean
Put on Next when we flex, how you scream
It's so good to me, yeah

Oh, let me show you how I like your style
I'm crazy about you
So let me freak you now, oh

I see you like the game of hard ball
Refuse to choose, Shalont rules, baby girl
Third leg gong on the shack shoes
You all laugh
Cute face, breasts the bomb
Slum busts, blubber like Louis's Armstrong
Heard it from the grape'
Besides, you the grape that they like
Flirtin', mini skirtin' in your white Benz as buck
I'll shoot you up plus knock you down

And on the same note
It ain't over till I stop or get in my last stroak
Rock on

[Repeat 1 until fade]