

Rock 4 Rock

Pimp C

Uh! Uh! Check one two, one two, one two bitch! (bitch!)
It's goin down (goin down!).. know what I'm talkin 'bout!? (talkin' bout!?)
Sweet Jones! (Jones!) It's goin down! Hold up...

They wanna rob like us, wanna talk like us (us!)
Pussy ass niggaz wanna bark like us (us!)
Suckin hoes' pussy that I used to fuck with
In ya mind, you a bitch, you really wanna suck my dick (you a bitch!)
I'm puttin fresh coke on the corner (uh!)
Got the ghetto set hot as a sauna (uh!)
I-10, I'ma win if I make it back (uh!)
Gotta tell you shit slow, through the anti-wet (anti-wet!)
The laws colder than an icicle (icicle)
Uh! And mine sour as a diced pickle
Uh! My pie rest game is legit
Microwave, I'm the shit, rippin business from 36 (36!)
You wanna know how I did that?
Get my blow from Mexico, that's where the scammer at (scammer at!)
I'm talkin 'bout that flaky, flaky
'Cause you ain't gon' win the life, hittin strippers like the dykes get

More bounce to the ounce, 'cause the porm is shit
I done got me 50 ounces, I done permed this bitch
Tightened up, no slack, bitches checkin my stock
Got some birds that set a nigga, some I go rock for rock
More bounce to the ounce, 'cause the porm is shit
I done got me 50 ounces, I done permed this bitch
Tightened up, no slack, bitches checkin my stock
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I started small time dope game, you know the tale
Tennis balls, flipped to 7 ounces on the steel
Open pot full of yellow bag of razors and resumes
Nigga standing at the door with AK's and Desert's
Stash spot for the glass, I was pushin the tinted
Low hats, college shirts on, lookin to get it
Hit a small town, get a room close to the block
Hit the scene and shoot that bitch up and wait for the cops
When it cool, put my work out, issue the passion
Shoot that motherfucker up again when niggaz get back
These motherfuckers got a death wish, fuckin with "AK"
Playin games like it ain't no consequences of that
Yeah I said it and I meant it, I got brave for a rep
Playin cool, put my bait out and just wait for the cat
Bloodline, purified, I'm so gangsterous with it
Can't a motherfucker out here breathe and tell you no different, bitches

Here it is, motherfucker, let the champagne hold
K-si-si pimpin, Willie D in the do'
It's a free world, gon' hustle, get yo' scrill
You can do what you wanna do, just not 'round here
'Cause this is, my hood, my block, my street
You wanna sell a cool cup? You gotta go through me

If the po' po's jam you up, I ain't to talk
I'm the cat with the H-Town, gangster walk
Baby want me 'cause she saw me in that Chinchilla coat
I'ma fuck her in the mouth, let the nut in her throat
Before buddy get out of line, I'ma get him fo' sho'
But it's gon' be about my respect, not over no hoe
Let my work come up missin, you gon' kick it with dead men
'Cause bitch I'ma beat yo' head in
I been paid, been makin fast bucks
Nigga you work with Whitney, shut yo' broke ass up!

I'm in the project, parkin on the Westside of town (town)
In the kitchen tryna cook myself up a couple of pounds (pounds)
With a 4 gallon pot, a beaker kit and B-12 (twelve)
Try to whip me up a 5 piece my muthafuckin self! (self!)
The focus's on how to win, doors cracked open
Niggaz peekin through the blinds, (for what?) incase somebody scoping
Rag tied around my face, (why?) the fumes real strong
And I'ma be over the stove 'cause it's all night long
O.G. rock bone done been out on the scene (scene)
A cocaine cowboy just like Will-Lean (Will-Lean)
My reputation is stronger than rat piss
Legendary for the lyrics and my muthafuckin wrist (huh!)
The brokedown seven, brought back fifteen
That was still so strong, (and what?) it killed ten fiends
That's a mean whip game (game), if ever there was
But it ain't nothin 'cause a trill nigga do what it does with more bounce