

# Rock

## Plies

We've been down 'fore Lee, before I had my fans (Ayy)  
And before I had a deal (Yeah), we spend that check like in advance (Yeah)  
Kinda feel like the Vance (What?)  
Tore this thing like it was a van (Yeah)  
She realer than all of her friends  
She throw with her nigga and fight 'til the end  
We got the win  
Now her Rollie won't tick, Rollie won't tock (What?)  
Her nigga got paper, she don't wanna talk (What?)  
These niggas mad, they wanna stalk (What?)  
My niggas gangstas, they do not talk (What?)  
They used to chop, chop, chop, chop, chop, chop  
Ayy, fuck what you thought, thought, thought, thought, thought, thought, thought, thought  
Shawty my rock, roll down the spot  
Missin' the pot, she ain't a thot  
They say like waterfalls, she scared of none of y'all  
If I got beef, I could give her the Glock  
I know she gon' pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop  
Been down since the block, block, block, block, block, block, block

She is my rock, bust at the op  
Hold down the spot, beast with the box  
Shawty be wet, dope in the pot  
Beat down the block, the best thing I got  
She is my rock, 'ock, 'ock, 'ock, 'ock, 'ock, 'ock  
She is my rock, 'ock, 'ock, 'ock, 'ock, 'ock, 'ock

She get the bag, she get the drop (She get the drop)  
She get my laugh, she get the spot (She get the spot)  
She get the tag, she get to shop (Shop)  
She get the cash and I got a lot (Oh)  
I do the work, she get to play (She get to play)  
I do the dirt, watch what you say (Watch what you say)  
Give it a bull, she scream "olé" (Ah, yeah)  
I give it full, she might be late (Ayy, ayy)  
Oh, oh, she the realest bitch (She the realest bitch)  
Yeah, I call her that  
She was with a snitch (Woah)  
We know with all of that (We know with all of that)  
She done nail a nigga down (Down), from the trap to the hills (Trap to hills )  
And I protect her ass no matter how many niggas I gotta kill (Ah, nah, nah, nah, nah)

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Shawty she love me, she say that a lot  
A beast with a box, the best thing I got  
She came to Chicago, I took her to shoppin', her pussy was good, waterfalls  
She make the money and bring it right back to me just to put some in the pot  
(Ayy)

She bring her friend and she with it, she like to run bitches with me  
She like to party but stay on her business  
Re-sold the books, no it don't make a difference  
She like Patrón, she like Chanel  
She don't like lames, she don't like twelve  
Her friends fine, she like to help  
But she run bags all by herself  
She hold me down like cocaine on the scales  
Bet I won't sell it to nobody else  
She be whatever I be on  
When saw I call, she pick up the phone  
You held me down when the time has called  
Just for that, I bought a bigger stone  
Yeah, for my rock, rock, rock, rock, rock  
To show off the rock, rock, rock, rock, rock (Yeah)