

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, chop
Ayy, fuck what you 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, 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, '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)