

Rock It

PRhyme

You know I come around and rock it
They saying Oh my God, Oh my God
Word up
You know I come around and rock it
They saying Oh my God, Oh my God
Word up
You know I come around and rock it

I write for Sean Price and Dilla, my mic is Thriller
My ratchet blows is trapping souls like Bryson Tiller
They sprayed the crib, left lead in the ornans
And that's the very thing that gets me out the bed in the morning
I got the bread in the corner, got my career in the sauna
I got no fear of dishonor, I bled, lived through trauma
First the Fat Boys break up, then Bow Wow retires
Now, ya'll disrespecting the King
I come there with the street sweepers for niggas claiming they doing dirt
And get to just disinfecting the scene
I'm what you call the epitomizer of getting dark
I will spit a geyser that'll get these guys on the charts
To fit a liger of bars
I'm feeling like the diamond on the permanent throne
Weed like the Quran, burn it, you can get stoned
It's smelling like a megaphone in the coupe
Go in the two with extra zone in the booth
Flow in the tool, headphones, microphone, and new poems will prove
I'm the best to ever progress on the measured metronome in the loop
All I can do is turn your sister to my all-night masseuse
Zoning to Guru, this is my moment of truth

Can I rock it?
Yes, you can
Now, can I rock it?
Yes, you can
If she pretty, I'ma come around your city
I'ma hunt her down, I'ma hit it
I'ma come around and rock it
Can I rock it?
Yes, you can
Now, can I rock it?
Yes, you can
Anytime I come around your city, I'm gon' burn it down
Venue after venue, I'ma come around and rock it

You know I come around and rock it
You know I come around and rock it
You know I come around and rock it
Word up
You know I come around and rock it
You know I come around and rock it
You know I come around and rock it
Word up

Now, first the Dipset split up, then Azalea Banks hit twitter
And now you niggas hating on Nickel
I've just been the same stand-up nigga since the day I came in this game
I've just come to stay til' I'm crippled

I'ma combination of Kane, G-Rap, Reggie Noble, and James
Who still has Ashanti and Kelly Rowland in dreams
They tried to blackball me, but couldn't
I was too fucking good
They tried to run me out of my city, I was too fucking hood
So, all I'm trying to say
To artists trying to kill me: Hey, even Patron had to stand in line and wait
This is God's work handcrafted by karma
I'ma always be here laughing and clowning
Last til' I promise
And last but not least, I'ma finally retire my dad from that post office and
that's on my mama
I live my life for my girls and my boys
I took my soul back from the devil, now the world can enjoy it

Can I rock it?
Yes, you can
Now, can I rock it?
Yes, you can
If she pretty, I'ma come around your city
I'ma hunt her down, I'ma hit it
I'ma come around and rock it
Can I rock it?
Yes, you can
Now, can I rock it?
Yes, you can
Anytime I come around your city, I'm gon' burn it down
Venue after venue, I'ma come around and rock it

You know I come around and rock it
You know I come around and rock it
You know I come around and rock it
Word up
You know I come around and rock it
You know I come around and rock it
You know I come around and rock it
Word up