

Jay-Z, The R.O.C.

(feat. Beanie Sigel, Memphis Bleek)

[Jay-Z]

Nah motherfucker
Ge-ge-geah-geah
Geah-geah-ge-ge-geah-geah
Geah-geah-ge-ge-geah-geah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

[Beanie Sigel]

We be the R,O,C .. y'all get your dope from us
We runs the R,O,C.. yeah, keep up niggaz, c'mon

Aiyyo you niggaz talk a lot of nuthin, like you always God or sumthin
Like you always shot at sumthin, niggaz never shot at nuthin
Like you shotty sumthin, like you body sumthin
nigga your body duckin is nuthin you're bluffin
You niggaz talk shit like you draw quick
but when the 4's grip, I floor quick; you, your man, your bullshit
Your man bullshit? Might get him four quick
All up in his fore shit; c'mon, stop the bullshit
It's B Sig dog, straight in da league y'all
Straight out da school yard Hoover, I schooled y'all
Now school's out, lights out tools out
You fools out c'mon y'all pick a new route
while I pick the new flow, kick it to your new ho'
to get next to your new dough
Your new crack spot you know Mac steal crack to crack pot
niggaz know I spit on every track hot

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

It's the R, O, C, stop
From Tower to ma'n'pop we move out the stop
R,O,C, stop
We shower your mom block and move out with glocks

[Memphis Bleek]

Uhh, yeah, uh-huh, yo this for my G's
Yo yo
Aiyyo, this for my G's, hoes, gangstas, foes
niggaz who get dough rep for get lo
I got cake (cake) weight (weight) shanks (shanks)
eights (eights) bank (bank) bitch act straight
I'm hot son

[Beans] Stop son they livin a lie duke

You plot son I pop one still in the sky duke
M to the A to the R-C-Y duke
niggaz die here can't nothin revive you
I'm still here niggaz see what I drive through
Sittin on dubs with screens inside too
I'm simply street, I'm Memphis Bleek
Catch me with them green jars in the tinted jeep
On, B-L-A-D's I get C-L-A-P's
Catch me not givin a fuck I'm on these LA Trees
One for Sigel Sigel, two for the Jigga and
Three for Amil-lion and four for Memph Man

[Chorus]

[Beanie Sigel]

Aiyyo you shouldn't have been talkin that like you was walkin that
And Mac with this mac ..
and let off fifty shots where you be walkin at
Where your apartment at

You fuck around and have me creepin in the dark where you be often at
or where you be.. creepin at
Where your birds be.. shh
Oops mean (chirpin at) damn I'm hurtin that
Workin that spittin that shit like that's on purpose
That's, some freestyle shit, I don't know
Hey playboy take that back a bit
Yo you shouldn't have been talkin that like you was walkin that
and Mac with this mac ..
and let off fifty shots where you be walkin at
Where your apartment at
You fuck around have me creepin in the dark where you be often at
or where you be.. creepin at, sleepin at
Where your birds be, cheepin at
Oops mean chirpin that, damn I be workin that
Hurtin that, ayyyo playboy (?) that

[Chorus]

[Outro]

R,O,C, stop
R,O,C.. mom block and move out with glocks
Uhh uhh, geah, uh-huh-uh-uh
Uh-huh-uh-uh, y'all can't fuck with us
Un-stop-pa-ble-Roc, y'all can't fuck with us
Un-stop-pa-ble-Roc, y'all can't fuck with us
Un-stop-pa-ble-Roc, y'all can't fuck with us [*fades out*]