

Memphis Bleek, Just Roc

Yo Just man, gimma a heat rock
Man DGL we back in the club again, ya know? Holla
Bounce! Easy we back bitches
Don't be scared now, its the Roc
We here, never left this bitch ya know?

[Verse 1]

I pull up on deuce decues, still roofless
No security I move with shooters
V Twizy, dual exhaust
Stashbox like a childseat, tucked in the baby Taurus
VGL I'm on skinnies, two with me
Bottle of army, '89 in it I'm blowin on Phillis
and yeah I'm high as fuck
and the Roc's the realest click nigga I'm a buy as fuck
What? Say I'm bug cause I walk with a hund jawn
Nah two hund fifty, don't disrespect me
I call my nigga seal the deal
Cause he just bought a G2 steal a deal
Prick, and I got that on stand by (stand by)
What you commercial niggas fly stand buy, won't stand by
and let a nigga do his dues
Fuck these hoes, get this bread, rep the crew

[Chorus - repeat twice]

The
R - realest niggas puttin it down
O - other niggas can't see us now
C - come through the hood snatch reef up
But keep a cannon on me to clear streets up
R!

[Verse 2]

You talk jewels, my ears got 2K blazers
Roc jeans, Airs in all flavors
White tees and fitteds
Backwoods and spittage
Thats haze for you dudes who dont get it
I smoke silver and strawberry
Easy ball like Maurberry you know I'm not the ordinary
Keep one that keep one
Yeah my bitch bag bitches too
We the illest crew
Nothin change but the rims upgrade
Its quarters now, and I'm on it now
So hop in, I pull off like toupes
The only thing I rock on my hip thats two ways
My bitch, my beeper, Bleek keep two heaters
Still fillin the city with two seaters
And you know how I does it when I'm doin it
Black coupin it bitch I keep two in it

[Chorus - repeat twice]

[Verse 3]

I live wild, I ain't Q cousin Day-Day
Anytime I want, I take they K
Next Friday, till November
Take two more weeks I'll be home in December
You know I move like that
The game all mad cause I'm back with my tool like that
I'm in that big body truck
That I whip through the sky like I don't give a fuck
Got trucks with drivers, cars low mileage

Just copped it, I drove it and parked it
Truthfully thats my Sunday wheel
And your wife, real nice, she my Sunday feel
Nigga, I got one day for her still ok for her
But by sunrise I go to one high
You know I'm up and out
Hit the brake clutch throw it in first, easy gone

[Chorus - repeat twice]