

N.E.R.D., Rock N Roll

[Verse 1: Fam-Lay]

Hmmm...yes sirrrrrr
Rock and roll, man roll and rock
I got tens, got twentys, got fifty blocks
I got smoke to buy, coke for sale
Sold much coke, got coke in jail
In the white Rolls Royce with my man Pharrell
This lil' nigga got beats too fresh to be stale
But I'ma take you back to the early eighties
When my cousin Stacey had the pearl Mercedes
My aunt cousin Wack had the black on black
Ac' coupe Legend with the gold in the back
I was just a lil' young'n runnin' wild as hell
Runnin' round wild trynta get that mail
Lil' shorty dudes trynta learn the grooves
I was twelve years old brought it to the school
Cause I was quick to flip, quick to sell that shit
You ain't from the hood, y'all don't know bout this

[Hook 1]

But if you feel me, throw your bows up (Star Track)
Try to set up shop get glowed up
Hey, I'm the candyman, I got mo' than frozen cups
I got your chop top sour diesel roll-ups
Fam! we can roll up (Star Track)
But Fam! don't try to roll up (Star Track)
Don't make me pull these motherfuckin' fo's up
Cause it's like that

[Verse 2: Fam-Lay]

The fiends is dyin', things is lyin'
Missin' on the streets, so the fiends is still buyin'
Right on time and money on the mind and
On them twenty-fo's, them bit-ches straight shinin'
But y'all niggaz don't know bout this
Fresh new kicks with the new outfit
Got the all black top with the black on black
You ever see me creepin, just back on back
Cause I got that pump and it is gon' spit
I ain't no punk and I ain't no snitch
From a place on Earth called Huntersville
Where people out there got love for real
Got love for all who got love for me
If a coward ever ran then it wasn't me
I'll be on the curb movin' dubs and d's
And if you ever bought a dub then it was for me
I ever get caught then it was to be
I'ma just make bail by my cousin E
Back on the Porsche with the mobile phone
Like eleven in the mornin' them hoes to go home
Trynta score and get this shit off quick
You ain't from the hood, y'all don't know bout this

[Hook 1]

[Hook 2]

Aww shit, this is the part when the fight just start
When the fists get to swingin' and the four-fifths spark
And then the bitches get to runnin' and the bitch just scream
And we spin off in Rolls and it's so damn clean

[Verse 3: Fam-Lay]

I stand on my block, the cam on the spot
My hands in my pocket, both hammers is cocked

Waitin' for a nigga to just act up
My right hand big six, got my bait back up
Niggaz lookin' all jealous, lookin' mad as hell
Actin' like lil' girls, like tattle-ales
Mad cause my right hand bad as hell
I would've kept shootin', but I had a sale
See, I'm a crime boss three sixty-five
Lookin' for a Nina Ross, she just can ride
Picked up my cash and slide all sweet
Nigga tried to snatch ass, knocked his heart off beat
Nigga talk trash like the shit all sweet
Wont'cha all take the cash dogg, not off me
Hustlin's in my veins - you cannot stop it
Walkin' on the block with life in my pocket
I'm trynta score and get this shit off quick
You ain't from the ghetto, y'all don't know bout this

[Hook 1]

[Hook 2]