

AZ "Rock Me"

Visit "[Rock Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[J.D.]

SoSoDef (what?)

Huh, yeah I don't dance ... I mash

(It's like dis doe)

AZ, come on

[AZ the Visualiza]

It's a new one, time for a Range, baby blue one

The crew won, out of formilli, feel I'm due one

Focus right, one hit -- blow me overnight

Holy mics, bein guarded -- by Jehovah's light

Jewels drapin, in a Coupe slidin cruise tape in

for my troops I was sworn in like a true Mason (yeah)

Tables turned, left the youth engaged and learned

Thoughts raised concern just like blunts made to burn

I play this life, homey besides on the status

either play it right, or then vibe until the madness

Monopolize, position wise watch the rise

It's prophesized, see the two and drop fives

Chorus: Jermaine Dupri

Erybody hands up, AZ and JD

Whole club get it krunk, the drinks is on me

I keep the dancefloor lit, ladies shakin they hips

spendin all the chips makin nuttin but hits, what?

(A, Z, play my song

Rock me all night long, rock me all night long)

[AZ the Visualiza]

Salute me, rock silk and linen over Gucci's

Iced out, platinum Roley -- with the rubies

Baby uzis, Perrier make me woozy

Sweet ja'causezi, it's live my life like a movie

Connect doe, pimped off the Henny X-O

Sex slow, *fuck* on Chanel velcro (ha ha ha)

Visualize that, bought a sailboat, try and buy that

Besides that, hustle forever -- never sidetracked

Sightseein, pretty ladies in the white B.M.

Out of state plates invitin me in

Got my mind on this paper chase -- sorta strung

No longer gotta scrape the plate -- it's more to come

Respect how these streets made me -- why play me
I'm half crazy - half Marines, half Navy
So who it be? You or me, ten a key
Intensively, I know you players envy me

Chorus

[JD] C'mon

[AZ the Visualiza]

Come mingle with the illest minds, of mankind
Taught to shine, built out of crew and crime
Respect squares, straight shots burn your chest hairs
Chancin black, wish I had less shares
It's like a roller coaster, street life'll comatose ya
Cologne's kosher, a man's own is through his culture
Trapped in the arms of Satan, congregatin
Conversatin, thoughts way beyond relation
It's truth or deal, chose ones move sincere
Keep the youth aware, Supreme Court -- the proof is
here

Chorus

[Jermaine Dupri]

Ha ha, now everybody in the house just
Clap your hands, uh, clap your hands
Uh, stomp your feet, uh-uh-uh, stomp your feet
Just, clap your hands, uh-huh, clap your hands
Uh, stomp your feet... AZ and J.D.

Visit [AZ](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.