

Cam'ron

"The ROC Just Fire feat Beanie Sigel Memphis Bleek"

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Memphis Bleek]
Yeah...yeah, nigga...
Just Blazin' this shit, ya heard?
It's ya main man...I'm back niggaz...HOLLA!

My break I'm fresh off it
I never change, I'm stuck in these ways
Nike Airs, sweats and Taurus (uh?)
But I'm-a do it for my enemies
They wanna end my chill, wanna see what that villa be
Now what that sound like?
Plus they know what a clip get down like
Turn bags from bladders, legs to wheels, paint it peels
Cuz u fuckin' wit' a nigga that'll jump out, raise the
steel
I live this way it's real...dog...no joke
Blow smoke in ya bitch face, piss in ya wheels
Slap ya custies, clap your workers, dead the strip
Stick ya connect, yap ya bitch
So let it be known I'm back for my grizzley
The Sergeant, the Cap, the Mac holds 60
For rookies and vets I'll bang 'til it click
So run and tell ya duela the Ruger come wit' two clips,
dog
M-Easy, won't leave, my hood need me
Pop fa' sheezy, who don't believe me?
We all criminals but live like a diplomat
We get low, when the dough low, get it back

[Beanie Sigel]
Here is something you can't understaaaaaaaand
How I could just kill a man for Killa Cam
Me and my Roc killa fam, top billers man
We run the spot, drop ceilings fam...
Hit the wall drop ceiling fans
Listen boar, man I show you how to fill a van...
Up with killers man
And line the trunk
Keep a stash box for the nine and the pump
The coach walk you through and he grind you up
What-chu want the dope or the weed?

How you want it packaged? In the cap or the bag?
How you want me packin'? Wit' the mac or the mag?
Yeah that Bent get back, but listen scrap...act real fast
And keep a wack that'll gag ya back

Block style from ya swagger, ya swacks
It's the Broad Street Bully bitch
I bully niggaz on the broadest streets
I house niggaz on the narrowest BLOCK!
Know my rules when the barrel get hot
When the gun blows...and the shots fall...and the
smoke clear...
Man I be hearin' you murder (you ain't here!)
Nobody hit up in the cross cuz I'm observin' (you ain't
here!)
Nobody be missin' your loss cuz you deserved it
South Philly niggaz kill at will, I keep my mac-milli
CHILLY CHILL
On the really-real, 'fore I make you niggaz feel this
steel...

[Cam'ron]
(Killa! Killa!)

Go 'head stupid niggaz go fuck wit' them chicks
I'm the third little piggy, I'm-a fuck wit' them bricks
Better yet the bakery I got pies and cakes
Nigga think doublin' is turnin' 5 to 8
I turn 8 to 20, 20 to 100, 100 to 1000
That to 100,000, in front-a housin'
Closed 'em all down dog, no one's allowed in
I'm coppin' everything I'm done wit' browsin'
It's the top don, glock palm, dot com
Get your shit rocked ma like Haseem Rahman
And I'm extra scary
CEOs all the frontin' ain't necessary, I fuck wit'
secretaries
All for information...it ain't necessary
They in love like the 14th of February
Play 'em like April 1st right before I slide off
It could be March 2nd, sound like July 4th
Halloween or Memorial Day
At your memorial be one year from today
All y'all think it's peace and peachy
I leave you reesy piecy, all my bitches rock...
Christian Dior, BCBG...'round phony niggaz get the
heeby jeebies
Hungry hoes say "Killa feed me feed me..."
Calm down ma, easy easy
Talk greasy, please me, get my man Weezy
Still rock Ellesses, to squeeze appease me

He ain't no tease but measly
Not Doggy's Angels...KILLA...please believe me...

[scratches]

You now rollin' with them thugs from the R-O-C... [Jay-Z]

Niggaz wanna despise the team... [Beanie Sigel]

ROC-A-FELLA

When the shit gets down you know who's doin' the
poppin! [Jay-Z]

[scratches]

KILLA! [Cam'ron]

[scratches]

EASY!

Fuck those who disagree, my bullets you get 'em FREE!

[Bleek]

Roc-a-roc-a [scratches]

Roc-a-roc-a [scratches] Roc-a-roc-a

ROC in this muh [scratches]

muh-muhfucka... [Jay-Z]

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