

Cam'ron "The Roc"

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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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