

Charlatans

"Rock N' Roll"

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[Pharrell Williams]
Hmmm yess sirrrrr..

[Verse: Fam-Lay]
I rock and roll and roll and rock
I got 10's, got 20's, got fifty blocks
I got smoke in back, coke for sale
So much coke got coke in jail
In the white Rolls Royce wit my man Pharrell
This lil' nigga got beats too fresh to be stale
But I'm a take it back to the early 80's
Where my couzin Stacey had the pearl Mecerdes
My aunt-couzin Wamp had the black on black
Ac' Coupe Legend wit the gold in the back
I was just a lil' youngin running wild as hell
Running 'round wild trying to get that mail
Lil' shorty whose trying to learn the rules
I was twelve years old brought the tool to 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

[Chorus: Fam-Lay + (Pharrell)]
But if you feel me, throw your bows up (Star Trak)
Try to set up shop get clothed up (Star Trak)
Hey I'm the cannon man I got more than frozen cups
I got ya chopped, tossed, sour, diesel roll ups
(Fam!) We could roll up (Star Trak)
(Fam!) Don't try to roll up (Star Trak)
Don't make me pull these motherfucking fo's up
Cause it's like that!

[Verse: Fam-Lay]
The fiends is dying, fiends is lying
Missle on the streets of the fiends is still buying
Right on time and - money on the mind and
On them 24's them bitches stay shining
But y'all niggas don't know bout this
Fresh new kicks wit the new outfit
Got the all black top wit the black on black
You ever seen me creeping 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 moving dubs and D's
So if you ever bought a dub then it was from me
I ever get caught then it was the B
I'm a just make bail by my couzin E
Back on the porch wit the mobile phone
Like eleven in the morning them ho's don't go home
Tried to sco' and get this shit off quick
You ain't from the hood y'all don't know bout this

[Chorus]

[Bridge: Kelis]

Aww shit, this is part when the fight just start
When the fists get to swinging and the 4-5th spark
And then the bitches get to running and the bitch just
scream and
We speed off in the Rolls and it's so damn clean

[Verse: Fam-Lay]

I stand on my block, the gamblest spot
My hands in my pocket both hammers is cocked
Waiting for a nigga to just act up
My right hand big six got my big back up
Lookers lookin all jealous lookin mad as hell
Acting like little girls like tattle tales
Mad cause my right hand bad as hell
I woulda kept shooting but I had to sell
See I'm a Crown Boss 365
Lookin for a nina raw sheet just to ride
Picked up my cash and slide off sweet
Nigga tried to snatch ass knocked his heart of beat
Nigga talked trash like the shit all sweet
Won't ya all take the cash dog, not off me
Hustlers in my veins, you cannot stop it
Walking on the block wit life in my pocket
I'm tryin' to sco' and get this shit off quick
You ain't from the ghetto y'all don't know bout this

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

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