

Billy Ocean

"Who Rock It"

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Follow me follow me follow me follow me to Tha CFG
Could it be Saint Sinna dat rock the mic, yeah that's me
This is my destiny to rock the party
It's time to get naughty when I pull off a hotty
I spit the talk, I pimp the walk
I'm rockin' the block, leave ya bodies lined with chalk
So check it the lesson I'm testin' of rockin' the mic 1-0-1
I spit the shit like a clip from a fully loaded gun

Let tha truth be told, let the story unfold
I'm that nigga wit a heart of stone
Hate in the eyes of every God damn grown man
Bio Killaz step on stage and take a stand
Take a bow to the corwd getcha screamin' out loud
Bumpin' this sound to make ya fuckin' eardrums pound
'Round and 'round as the turn tables take a twirl
Come on mutha fuckaz as we rock this world

Who Rock the mutha fuckin' miiic? BIO KILLAZ
Who Rock the mutha fuckin' mic? BIO KILLAZ
Who Rock the mutha fuckin' miiic? BIO KILLAZ
Who Rock, Who Rock, Who Rock, Who Rock (Repeat All)

Who Rock the show with tha Eastcoast flow?
Lemme see, could it be, Tha one and only Klepto?
Oh no, I spit it, and grip it, and pass it, and hit it
Forget it, admit it, I wrote it, you didn't,
You trippin', I rip it, don't quit it, get wit it
Don't slip it, or miss it, then you realize that you ain't
jack shit
Until you met my clique and jumped all up on our dicks

Life is like a lesbian, I took a big lick
I inflict to kick the slick shit every time I spit
And that's it, take a seat go down in shame
I bring the pain, flow insane, you just lame
I can't stop the rain, don't play that
Check the stats, yo, where my ladies at?
An' I'll toast to that, an' everybody get live
The Bio Killaz gonna rock the mic one time

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Now who rock the mic like a true Eastsida?
A rida, my flows sendin' shocks all up inside ya
Don't hate the playa, just hate the game bro
I kick shows for hoes, smokin' blunts and drinkin' 4-0's
I rock, the block, the glock, is hot
Gunshots tick tock, it's not never gonna stop
Now throw ya hand up and lemme see that lighter
Now put'em away 'cause tha roof (Now) is (that) on fire

Every mutha fucka, and they brotha is a rappa
I write tight shit, to spit quick to prove that we phatta
What tha matter? Why does everybody flow now?
Repetative, 'cause they don't even know how
It's all car this, truck that, fuck that, that's wack
No one care 'bout whut you wear, what's up on that?
Just stop it, drop it, you floppin', I don't cop it
Got one question for ya mutha fucka, Who Rock It?

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