

Fam-Lay

"Rock & 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 Mercedes 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 Missile 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 hoes 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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