

## Fluke

### "Rock Stuff"

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[ +taken from cd booklet/cd bonus track+ ]

(Well, the definition of 'rock stuff' is  
cocaine broke down into the form of a rock  
which is why we call this here cut 'Rock Stuff'  
Well, everybody out there listen to this  
cause Shan and I have a lot to say)

[ VERSE 1 ]

'Just say no' and 'Don't do it' is the wrong approaches  
Drugs can make respected folks live like roaches  
Life is a scale, drugs can unbalance it  
Captivate your mind and lessen your talents, it's  
Controlled by corrupt politicians  
Instead of fiends they call you spies cause you're  
always on a mission  
Modern day kamikaze killer elite  
Once cast out you remain in the street  
This kid named Charlie used to be legit  
But he died from some messed up [edited]  
Bad enough everything is so tough  
He need to get up offa that (rock stuff)

(Get up offa that) (rock stuff)

[ VERSE 2 ]

Drugs is not butter, eggs is not brains  
This is what you're seein, but you're thinkin cocaine  
Talkin bout 'smooth criminal'  
Think of what it does to a man subliminal  
Forget about it - you're done tryin?  
You fool, you're the egg fryin!  
The cream that will rise starts from the seed  
It really would help if you proofread  
Shoulda never called it 'free', just plain old 'basin'  
A high you never catch, so you keep on chasin  
Some are not confined to a portable stem  
No joke to you, but it's funny to them  
That you imprisoned yourself in a breakable cell  
Makin heavenly clouds with the flames from hell  
Somethin's wrong, slow down, kid

Yo, you better not ever get ahead of me  
You can believe what you read in the books  
Like Hitler's whole Reich was coked out crooks  
There's presidents, lawyers, executive mayors  
At least it does benefit the tax payers  
Let's play a game of blind man's bluff  
Let's say 'jails, guns and handcuffs'  
You're so stupid, you can see how smooth I blend it  
Your locked up and chained slave days have ended  
"C.O., I wanna see my kids" - that's tough  
You shouldn't have been sellin that (rock stuff)

[ VERSE 3 ]

Gettin high is not an art, it isn't conventional  
All the money that they're gettin and it isn't intentional  
Here's some nursery rhymes that me and my son kick  
So when he grows up he'll be wise to the trick  
Little Miss Muffet who sat on her tuffet  
All she did was beam all day  
She went to reach for the lighter  
With the smoke still inside her  
She's been dead one week today  
Mary sold all her little lambs  
For this dust that looked like snow  
Now Mary oughta quit  
Cause she gotta have a hit  
It woulda helped if she just said no  
Now Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To cop this half a quarter  
Came back, put it down  
And surprisingly found  
That the sniffers had a crackhead daughter  
Now remember Miss Lucy's baby?  
He's now called Basehead Tim  
Cause all he ever thought of  
Was when could he hit the stem  
He always asked people who's got em  
And used his teeth to crack the top  
But everybody cried when little Tim died  
But he beamed till the day he dropped  
These are all fatal accidents, unfortunate mishaps  
Livin in bottles with assorted colored twist caps  
Listen my man, it's about to get rough  
You should get up offa that (rock stuff)

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