

## God Gettin Funky

### "Rock N' Roll"

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[Verse 1: Fam-Lay]

Hmmm...yes sirrrrrr

Rock and roll, man roll and rock

I got tens, got twentys, got fifty blocks

I got smoke to buy, coke for sale

Sold much coke, got coke in jail

In the white Rolls Royce with my man Pharrell

This lil' nigga got beats too fresh to be stale

But I'ma take you back to the early eighties

When my cousin Stacey had the pearl Mercedes

My aunt cousin Wack had the black on black

Ac' coupe Legend with the gold in the back

I was just a lil' young'n runnin' wild as hell

Runnin' round wild trynta get that mail

Lil' shorty dudes trynta learn the grooves

I was twelve years old brought it to the 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

[Hook 1]

But if you feel me, throw your bows up (Star Track)

Try to set up shop get glowed up

Hey, I'm the candyman, I got mo' than frozen cups

I got your chop top sour diesel roll-ups

Fam! we can roll up (Star Track)

But Fam! don't try to roll up (Star Track)

Don't make me pull these motherfuckin' fo's up

Cause it's like that

[Verse 2: Fam-Lay]

The fiends is dyin', things is lyin'

Missin' on the streets, so the fiends is still buyin'

Right on time and money on the mind and

On them twenty-fo's, them bit-ches straight shinin'

But y'all niggaz don't know bout this

Fresh new kicks with the new outfit

Got the all black top with the black on black

You ever see me creepin, 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 movin' dubs and d's  
And if you ever bought a dub then it was for me  
I ever get caught then it was to be  
I'ma just make bail by my cousin E  
Back on the Porsche with the mobile phone  
Like eleven in the mornin' them hoes to go home  
Trynta score and get this shit off quick  
You ain't from the hood, y'all don't know bout this

[Hook 1]

[Hook 2]

Aww shit, this is the part when the fight just start  
When the fists get to swingin' and the four-fifths spark  
And then the bitches get to runnin' and the bitch just  
scream  
And we spin off in Rolls and it's so damn clean

[Verse 3: Fam-Lay]

I stand on my block, the cam on the spot  
My hands in my pocket, both hammers is cocked  
Waitin' for a nigga to just act up  
My right hand big six, got my bait back up  
Niggaz lookin' all jealous, lookin' mad as hell  
Actin' like lil' girls, like tattle-tales  
Mad cause my right hand bad as hell  
I would've kept shootin', but I had a sale  
See, I'm a crime boss three sixty-five  
Lookin' for a Nina Ross, she just can ride  
Picked up my cash and slide all sweet  
Nigga tried to snatch ass, knocked his heart off beat  
Nigga talk trash like the shit all sweet  
Wont'cha all take the cash dogg, not off me  
Hustlin's in my veins - you cannot stop it  
Walkin' on the block with life in my pocket  
I'm trynta score and get this shit off quick  
You ain't from the ghetto, y'all don't know bout this

[Hook 1]

[Hook 2]

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