

Hell Rell

"Cock-A-Fella"

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All of this cuz Jim wouldn't sign you (All of this)
C'mon man, fuck a Tru-Life, he's a Tru Dyke
I think him and Bleek is engaged to each other
I know what's going on over there
Ruger

Keep talkin', I'ma hang you by your tongue
Off the Def Jam building, wait for the cops to come
Little bum, fuck rap, let' really talk gwop mane
Those small diamonds, watch more than that Roc chain
Pinky cost more than that whip that you're riding in
My bracelet cost more than that house that you hiding
in
Got gangstas with me right here oh I can fly 'em in
Shoot you in your face, back on the plane, 'bout 9 or 10
Shit, time to get this lame outta here
They only signed cuz they got Biggs and Dame outta
there
We the hottest group that came outta there
My nigga Cam went plat, Dip album went gold
Jay was on Bleek albums that's why his shit sold
Yo Bleek, don't play with me, I'm hard in Brooklyn
And why you keep gettin' robbed in Brooklyn
Ta-Ta got the first chain back but he didn't get the
second one
They know me in the Stuy nigga, Tomkins, Jeffersons
Every club, heavy snub, gettin' love from every thug
Waitin' for Drew to walk through the dog but he never
does
Damn Cash, tell me where this nigga be at
Or do he got a grind, where this nigga eat at
Somewhere suckin' HOV dick, happy he got a deal
Wearing Roc-A-Wear panties and some S-Dot heels
I'm in the S5-50 circlin' the 40/40
Wanna shoot the shit up but I ain't tryna do 40
Cuz I know HOV gon' come outside and probably tell on
me
Got rid of them things, don't need another felony
After that Un shit he ain't goin' back to jail
Know he gon' tell, and I got bail
Rest of them muthafuckas mad cuz I got paid

Tru's a little cockroach and I got Raid
And for real, nobody knows you, how many niggaz you
shot
You ain't a hustler, if you is, you don't get 'em in blocks
Before you talk, get to know me money
Your toughest nigga in ya hood probably owe me
money nigga
Ruger

What the fuck is wrong with this nigga man
He's running in place, gettin' nowhere fast
Nobody believes him
He's not even signed to the real Roc
You signed to Roc La Familia nigga
Who's over there, hahahahaha
Yo, we just smoked Bleek's budget the other day
Oh, what HOV gave you, we spent that on champagne
And poured it on bitches that we will never see again
in our life, nigga
Dipset, respect us or check us nigga
And we ain't a pair of Air Force 1s so there ain't no
checkin' over here nigga
Ruger

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