

## Janet Jackson

### "Just Roc"

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Yo Just man, gimma a heat rock  
Man DGL we back in the club again, ya know? Holla  
Bounce! Easy we back bitches  
Don't be scared now, its the Roc  
We here, never left this bitch ya know?

[Verse 1]

I pull up on deuce decues, still roofless  
No security I move with shooters  
V Twizy, dual exhaust  
Stashbox like a childseat, tucked in the baby Taurus  
VGL I'm on skinnies, two with me  
Bottle of army, '89 in it I'm blowin on Phillies  
and yeah I'm high as fuck  
and the Roc's the realest click nigga I'm a buy as fuck  
What? Say I'm bug cause I walk with a hund jawn  
Nah two hund fifty, don't disrespect me  
I call my nigga seal the deal  
Cause he just bought a G2 steal a deal  
Prick, and I got that on stand by (stand by)  
What you commercial niggas fly stand buy, won't stand  
by  
and let a nigga do his dues  
Fuck these hoes, get this bread, rep the crew

[Chorus - repeat twice]

The  
R - realest niggas puttin it down  
O - other niggas can't see us now  
C - come through the hood snatch reef up  
But keep a cannon on me to clear streets up  
R!

[Verse 2]

You talk jewels, my ears got 2K blazers  
Roc jeans, Airs in all flavors  
White tees and fitteds  
Backwoods and spittage  
Thats haze for you dudes who dont get it  
I smoke silver and strawberry  
Easy ball like Maurberry you know I'm not the ordinary

Keep one that keep one  
Yeah my bitch bag bitches too  
We the illest crew  
Nothin change but the rims upgrade  
Its quarters now, and I'm on it now  
So hop in, I pull off like toupes  
The only thing I rock on my hip thats two ways  
My bitch, my beeper, Bleek keep two heaters  
Still fillin the city with two seaters  
And you know how I does it when I'm doin it  
Black coupin it bitch I keep two in it

[Chorus - repeat twice]

[Verse 3]

I live wild, I ain't Q cousin Day-Day  
Anytime I want, I take they K  
Next Friday, till November  
Take two more weeks I'll be home in December  
You know I move like that  
The game all mad cause I'm back with my tool like that  
I'm in that big body truck  
That I whip through the sky like I don't give a fuck  
Got trucks with drivers, cars low mileage  
Just copped it, I drove it and parked it  
Truthfully thats my Sunday wheel  
And your wife, real nice, she my Sunday feel  
Nigga, I got one day for her still ok for her  
But by sunrise I go to one high  
You know I'm up and out  
Hit the brake clutch throw it in first, easy gone

[Chorus - repeat twice]

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