

## Jay-Z

### "The R. O. C"

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[jay-z]Nah motherfuckerGe-ge-geah-geahGeah-geah-ge-ge-geah-geahGeah-geah-ge-ge-geah-geahYeah, yeah, yeah[beanie sigel]We be the r,o,c .. yâ'all get your dope from usWe runs the r,o,c.. yeah, keep up niggaz, câ'monAiyyo you niggaz talk a lot of nuthin, like you always God or sumthinLike you always shot at sumthin, niggaz never shot at nuthinLike you shotty sumthin, like you body sumthinNigga your body duckin is nuthin youâ're bluffinYou niggaz talk shit like you draw quickBut when the 4â's grip, I floor quick; you, your man, your bullshitYour man bullshit? might get him four quickAll up in his fore shit; câ'mon, stop the bullshitItâ's b sig dog, straight in da league yâ'allStraight out da school yard hoover, I schooled yâ'allNow schoolâ's out, lights out tools outYou fools out câ'mon yâ'all pick a new routeWhile I pick the new flow, kick it to your new hoâ'To get next to your new doughYour new crack spot you know mac steal crack to crack potNiggaz know I spit on every track hot[chorus: repeat 2x]Itâ's the r, o, c, stopFrom tower to maâ'nâ'pop we move out the stopR,o,c, stopWe shower your mom block and move out with glocks[memphis bleek]Uhh, yeah, uh-huh, yo this for my gâ'sYo yoAiyyo, this for my gâ's, hoes, gangstas, foesNiggaz who get dough rep for get lol got cake (cake) weight (weight) shanks (shanks)Eights (eights) bank (bank) bitch act straightIâ'm hot son[beans] stop son they livin a lie dukeYou plot son I pop one still in the sky dukeM to the a to the r-c-y dukeNiggaz die here canâ't nothin revive youIâ'm still here niggaz see what I drive throughSittin on dubs with screens inside toolâ'm simply street, Iâ'm memphis bleekCatch me with them green jars in the tinted jeepOn, b-l-a-dâ's I get c-l-a-pâ'sCatch me not givin a fuck Iâ'm on these la treesOne for sigel sigel, two for the jigga andThree for amil-lion and four for memph man[chorus][beanie sigel]Aiyyo you shouldnâ't have been talkin that like you was walkin thatAnd mac with this mac ..And let off fifty shots where you be walkin atWhere your apartment atYou fuck around and have me creepin in the dark where you be often atOr where you be..

creepin atWhere your birds be.. shhOops mean (chirpin  
at) damn Iâ€™m hurtin thatWorkin that spittin that shit  
like thatÂ’s on purposeThatÂ’s, some freestyle shit, I  
donâ€™t knowHey playboy take that back a bitYo you  
shouldnâ€™t have been talkin that like you was walkin  
thatAnd mac with this mac ..And let off fifty shots  
where you be walkin atWhere your apartment atYou  
fuck around have me creepin in the dark where you be  
often atOr where you be.. creepin at, sleepin atWhere  
your birds be, cheepin atOops mean chirpin that, damn  
I be workin thatHurtin that, aiyyo playboy (? )  
that[chorus][outro]R,o,c, stopR,o,c.. mom block and  
move out with glocksUhh uhh, geah, uh-huh-uh-uhUh-  
huh-uh-uh, yâ€™all canâ€™t fuck with usUn-stop-pa-ble-roc,  
yâ€™all canâ€™t fuck with usUn-stop-pa-ble-roc, yâ€™all  
canâ€™t fuck with usUn-stop-pa-ble-roc, yâ€™all canâ€™t  
fuck with us {\*fades out\*}

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