

Jay-Z

"The R.O.C."

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Nah, motherfucker
We be the R.O.C., y'all get your dope from us
We runs the R.O.C., yeah, keep up niggaz, c'mon

Aiyyo, you niggaz talk a lotta nuthin', like you always
God or sumthin'
Like you always shot at sumthin', niggaz never shot at
nuthin'
Like you shotty sumthin', like you body sumthin'
Nigga, your body duckin' is nuthin', you're bluffin'

You niggaz talk shit like you draw quick
But when the 4's grip, I floor quick, you, your man, your
bullshit
Your man bullshit? Might get him four quick
All up in his fore shit, c'mon, stop the bullshit

It's B Sig, dog, straight in da league, y'all
Straight out da school yard, Hoover, I schooled y'all
Now school's out, lights out, tools out
You fools out, c'mon, y'all pick a new route

While I pick the new flow, kick it to your new ho'
To get next to your new dough
Your new crack spot, you know Mac steal crack to crack
pot
Niggaz, know I spit on every track hot

It's the R.O.C., stop
From Tower to ma an' pop, we move out the stop
R.O.C., stop
We shower your mom, block an' move out with glocks

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Aiyyo, this for my Gs, hoes, gangstas, foes
Niggaz, who get dough, rep for get lo
I got cake, weight, shanks, eights
Bank, bitch, act straight

I'm hot, son, stop, son, they livin' a lie, duke
You plot, son, I pop one, still in the sky, duke
M to the A to the R C Y, duke
Niggaz die here, can't nothin' revive you

I'm still here, niggaz, see what I drive through
Sittin' on dubs with screens inside too
I'm simply street, I'm Memphis Bleek
Catch me with them green jars in the tinted jeep

On, B L A Ds I get C L A Ps
Catch me not givin' a fuck, I'm on these L.A. trees
One for Sigel, Sigel, two for the Jigga an'
Three for a million an' four for Memph Man

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Aiyyo, you shouldn't have been talkin' that
Like you was walkin' that an' mac with this mac
An' let off fifty shots where you be walkin' at
Where your apartment at, you fuck around
An' have me creepin' in the dark where you be often at

Or where you be creepin' at, where your birds be
Oops mean chirpin' at, damn I'm hurtin' that
Workin' that, spittin' that shit like that's on purpose
That's some freestyle shit, I don't know
Hey, playboy, take that back a bit

Yo, you shouldn't have been talkin' that
Like you was walkin' that an' mac with this mac
An' let off fifty shots, where you be walkin' at
Where your apartment at, you fuck around
Have me creepin' in the dark where you be often at

Or where you be creepin' at, sleepin' at
Where your birds be cheepin' at
Oops, mean chirpin' that, damn, I be workin' that
Hurtin' that, aiyyo, playboy, curtains that

It's the R.O.C., stop
From Tower to ma an' pop, we move out the stop

R.O.C., stop
We shower your mom, block an' move out with glocks

R.O.C., stop
R.O.C., mom, block an' move out with glocks
Y'all can't fuck with us
Unstoppable Roc, y'all can't fuck with us
Unstoppable Roc y'all can't fuck with us
Unstoppable Roc, y'all can't fuck with us

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