

Live

"Slide and Rock On"

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Intro:

Yo, this blunt is for all the niggaz that was in the
holdin pen with me in central booking
Welcome to the system

[Ha ha ha haaaa! Yeahhh! Motherfuckers!
Coming to you live from Newark, New Jersey]

[Hey Redman would you roll that blunt and get me
fucked up]
Fucked up [all night] all night
[Hey Redman would you roll that blunt and get me
fucked up]
Fucked up [all night] all night

[Yeah! Coming to you live, straight out of Jersey,
motherfucker]

Verse One:

Rock on, rock on, yo here comes that Funkadelic
I come wtter than Purple Rain, I bust brains, the funk
Doctor
Spock, got the glock, now I'm smokin out your sess
spot
I rock from here to Bedstuy, I hit the spot like XY
Who is that nigga that's comin six billion feet
I roll my funk and find tone even smoke up blues with
18th Street
I cut massively with sneaky styles like Dick Dastardly
Look at the letter-coated afro like my man Shaft would
be
The new vroom, crisp like chicken and Chinese food
I'm just like The Whispers here to put you in the mood
[Jumpin Jersey] Yeah you heard me, got more family
than the Partridge
Roll the red carpet for Red from here to corner markey
You're tryin me, I'm a menace of society, right
[Yo yo they killed your style] Yo yo, I ain't lettin shit ride
Droppin the verbs and nouns, antonyms and

homonyms

Covering my dick, plus I'm diesel like all of them

Chorus: Repeat 2X

Rock rock on, you gotta rock rock on [somebody, help
meeeeeee!] Rock rock on, you gotta rock rock on
[You gotta rock on] Rock rock on, you gotta rock rock
on
Rock rock on, you gotta rock rock on

Verse Two:

My momma used to tell me turn that shit the fuck off
So I had to play like Foxy and get off [get off]
My shit was thick I bought a clip then cocked my own
grip at honeydips
Cause moms made enough loot just to pay the bills
with, beeitch
Selling bags from uptowwwwn
Me and Lester put our money together now we got the
block locked down
31 to local A-Train's, Hoboken
I took the back way, New Jersey transit cops were open
I'm hopin, that they don't go inside my boots
Cause we had everything, from jewelry to thai-one suits
And ClientEL, I'm drinkin Ballentine L in hell
So Redman rock well before our record sell
Then my moms crib was jacked by the jealous
[And if ya ain't come back] Is what the base-head used
to tell us
[Yo fellaz!] Our whole scheme sinkin like boats
Cause Les mixed biz with pleasure when we shoulda
stuck to lactose
But every good thing comes to a end
With no ends, on the block, sellin weed again
My moms tried to make me go to school, I just didn't
listen
Got locked up, now I'm all in the system, listen

Chorus

Verse Three:

Whassup! I tickle your putty-cars with my loonie raps
on groovy tracks, I make new jacks catch convulsions
like groupie acts
From my city I spread it all like Jiffy
It's a mystery, my spliff be live like 145th be
I mold like clay, and roll dice just like Andrew
I stay strapped just like bamboo, my crewsa got mad

handle
Whatever, the weather be, I got mental telepathy
So throw your bombest rapper and watch me intercept
MC's
I keep my car underground just like the Lords
Even though I'm known, like all the four wheels on the
course
So let me pull up to your bumper like Grace Jones
Cause my shit be WAY off the hook like pay
phonessahh! *dial tone*

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