

## Chris Andrews

### "Rock N' Roll"

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[Pharrell Williams]  
Hmmm yess sirrrrrr..

[Verse: Fam-Lay]  
I rock and roll and roll and rock  
I got 10's, got 20's, got fifty blocks  
I got smoke in back, coke for sale  
So much coke got coke in jail  
In the white Rolls Royce wit my man Pharrell  
This lil' nigga got beats too fresh to be stale  
But I'm a take it back to the early 80's  
Where my couzin Stacey had the pearl Mecerdes  
My aunt-couzin Wamp had the black on black  
Ac' Coupe Legend wit the gold in the back  
I was just a lil' youngin running wild as hell  
Running 'round wild trying to get that mail  
Lil' shorty whose trying to learn the rules  
I was twelve years old brought the tool to school  
Cause I was quick to flip, quick to sell that shit  
You ain't from the hood y'all don't know bout this

[Chorus: Fam-Lay + (Pharrell)]  
But if you feel me, throw your bows up (Star Trak)  
Try to set up shop get clothed up (Star Trak)  
Hey I'm the cannon man I got more than frozen cups  
I got ya chopped, tossed, sour, diesel roll ups  
(Fam!) We could roll up (Star Trak)  
(Fam!) Don't try to roll up (Star Trak)  
Don't make me pull these motherfucking fo's up  
Cause it's like that!

[Verse: Fam-Lay]  
The fiends is dying, fiends is lying  
Missle on the streets of the fiends is still buying  
Right on time and - money on the mind and  
On them 24's them bitches stay shining  
But y'all niggas don't know bout this  
Fresh new kicks wit the new outfit  
Got the all black top wit the black on black  
You ever seen me creeping just back on back  
Cause I got that pump and it is gon' spit

I ain't no punk and I ain't no snitch  
From a place on Earth called Huntersville  
Where people out there got love for real  
Got love for all who got love for me  
If a coward ever ran then it wasn't me  
I'll be on the curb moving dubs and D's  
So if you ever bought a dub then it was from me  
I ever get caught then it was the B  
I'm a just make bail by my couzin E  
Back on the porch wit the mobile phone  
Like eleven in the morning them hoes don't go home  
Tried to sco' and get this shit off quick  
You ain't from the hood y'all don't know bout this

[Chorus]

[Bridge: Kelis]

Aww shit, this is part when the fight just start  
When the fists get to swinging and the 4-5th spark  
And then the bitches get to running and the bitch just  
scream and  
We speed off in the Rolls and it's so damn clean

[Verse: Fam-Lay]

I stand on my block, the gamblest spot  
My hands in my pocket both hammers is cocked  
Waiting for a nigga to just act up  
My right hand big six got my big back up  
Lookers lookin all jealous lookin mad as hell  
Acting like little girls like tattle tales  
Mad cause my right hand bad as hell  
I woulda kept shooting but I had to sell  
See I'm a Crown Boss 365  
Lookin for a nina raw sheet just to ride  
Picked up my cash and slide off sweet  
Nigga tried to snatch ass knocked his heart of beat  
Nigga talked trash like the shit all sweet  
Won't ya all take the cash dog, not off me  
Hustlers in my veins, you cannot stop it  
Walking on the block wit life in my pocket  
I'm tryin' to sco' and get this shit off quick  
You ain't from the ghetto y'all don't know bout this

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

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