

Miss Jane

"Rock & Roll"

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[Intro: Treach (Method Man)]
And y'all thought it was over
(Nah nah it ain't over 'til the fat bitch sings my nigga)
We ready to Rock & Roll God damn it?
(Fuck Yeah)
Dirty Jers'/New Jerusaluem
(Shaolin)
Naughty by Nature motherfuckers
(Wu-Tang my niggaz)
Grab your hat bitch
(C'mon!)

[Hook: Method Man]
Dum-dum-dum there they go (x4)

[Treach]
Gettin the realism, statin' the great prism
Journalism, the Moses writin', graffitti on the state
prison
Hard to steal, last year, slash a pop hit
Hate related, he's the closest that I lost since Pac
(Tupac)
Got the glock blown, ready to Rock & Roll
Give me a shot that go up the most
Cop the blow,nock us no
Finger fuck the fair place, that's in the stairway
Gut a motherfucker, gotta die to get airplay
If I can't spray the airwaves, like a great AK
You stay where you lay babe, "fuck you" is what I dare
say
Hatin' niggaz cuz it ain't passion for rappin' or axin'
So sell extortion and jackin', what's happenin'?
What's that? The clappin', they'rekidnappin' Sergeants
and Captains
I'll be mackin' and actin' like a nigga scratchin' for
super passion
(Blap! Blap! Blap! Blap! Blap! C'mon!)

[Chorus: Treach (Method Man)]
Rotten and dazed cuz I may not be here tomorrow (eye-
ee-eye, eye-ee-eye)

World feel the sorrow, click clack, blah blah blah blow
yo
Bullets in, barrels off, urban apparel
Like I told you before, click clack, blah blah blah blow
yo
Ready to Rock & Roll (bum bum bum bum bum) {Ready
to Rock & Roll}
Ready to Rock & Roll (bum bum bum bum bum) {Ready
to Rock & Roll}
Ready to Rock & Roll (bum bum bum bum bum) {Ready
to Rock & Roll}

|Method Man|

M.C.'s have the right to remain silent
Everything you say can and will be held against y'all
punk muh'fuckers
And Mef can only trust ya as far as I can see ya
Me need ya? That'll be the.. day, ya bustas
Son suffer, the consequences, for askin'
Competition get an ass kickin' so tremendous
I throw my draws in it
Who representin' for The Projects tenants since Day
One?
Shit is gettin' deep out here, run your garments son
Like niggaz when the police department come
Yes y'all, Mef y'all, stank ass an' all
I'm too off the hook it don't make no sense to call
1-900-Eat-shit, I get get my cobra cock
Might death blow, close your eye

Chorus

|Redman|

Ready to Rock & Roll, I lock your load
I blow the block some mo'
Undercover like sellin' cops some blow
Bring a pain killer, my name ring a bell
Orangutang, I throw it up like gang members
Crunk as fuck, walkin' in with the pump tucked
Punks get it nigga, we even jump sluts
How 'bout a dump truck sellin' 2 for 5
I ride with tools I made out of school supplies
I show you it's not serious for y'all
Trouble, I got a phone on my wrist to call (bubble)
You niggaz know when you pissed 'em off
I turn gorilla with football equipment on
Cla-cloaw-cla-cloaw, I'm 'bout to tap ya foul
Danger, when the last Rotten Rascal out
Hang up, phone calls ain't gon' happen now
An' I'm straight facin', you niggaz can't ask around

Chorus x2

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