

Splinter

"We Gonna Rock"

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Never send a boy to do a man's job
You know?
I think we got away from what the fuck this is all about
We forgot - how to spit
Muthafuckas is makin all these crazy-ass fuckin
records
Stop puttin your dirty laundry out in the street,
muthafucka
Follow me now
Fuck with me

[VERSE 1]

Sammy Sosa slugger, hip-hop nigga, touch em all
Some cute, but suck em all, I say fuck em all
Eat a dick too, soloist choose another route
G.H. form now, go and break my brother out
Henny out the bottle, nigga, eyes low in the truck
Nothin but that good smoke, hydro in the dutch
Ain't no probably, Sauce Money, fool, got to be
Chicken eggs grits, California, call it Oscar E.
Everything I spit hot, baby boy, you're kiddin me?
Hit Flex with it, Stretch with it, then Mr. Cee
Marley Marl Sunday night, can't forget Kid Capri
Hit the turnpike where all my niggas down in Philly be
Just passin through, son, still many guns to cock
30 miles from the bridge where anyone can cop
Chillin at my bitch crib, sip plenty rum and scotch
Put it in the air for them niggas Biggie, Pun and Pac

[CHORUS]

Haters frontin in the club
Real gees show us love
Bust slugs for my nigga
(We gonna rock)
Anywhere we do shows
Come through, two hoes
Killers with new flows, playa
(We gonna rock)
Even when eyes low from hydro
Can't another brother cock-block my flow
(We gonna rock)

Can't stop our ones
Can't block our guns
Get your triggers
And squeeze for these Faculty niggas

[VERSE 2]

Haters hate me cause I'm a big nigga with mass appeal
They can suck a dick with ghonorrhea and that's for
real
Ain't no secrets, muthafuckas know I might clap the
steel
Be ready any given time, I'm like grab the wheel
Let the window down slow, kid just bought the farm
Two chicks in a Yugo, damn, it's a false alarm
Not on this joint, Sauce usually calm with the grammar
But right now I'm like baking soda, armed with a
hammer
Summertime comin, now they wonder what I drive next
Represent for big niggas, 3-4-5-X
Wide body jeeps, little dimes puff the herb slow
Know the drill, bubblegum, rubbers in the 3rd row
SUV tinted out, frontin on the hands-free
Real gees happy for me, haters like 'it can't be'
Fighter and a lover, worst enemy or your brother
Just don't forget to call me Dad too cause I'm a
motherfucker

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

I know bitches who love Sauce for the dicko, straight
Gorilla
Fatally, more than likely take at least eight to kill a-
ddicted to my flow, doggy style ain't the way I make my
scrilla
[Name], [Name], [Name], [Name], those my niggas
Hit the club half-cocked, niggas shoulda knew me
better
Jim Star dillinger, that's under my Gucci sweater
Through the crowd thugged out, took my stance and I
spit
Screamed on this one chick like, "Bitch, dance to my
shit"
Part the club with elbows, bump a nigga, love that
Nigga read my eyes and it said 'step the fuck back'
This Gorilla Hill shit, we don't give two fucks
On Gorilla Hill, kid, you tryin to do too much
Must've had a sixth sense, how he knew I clutch
chrome?
Probably this a big bitch, front and left his nuts home
Fuck that weak Gotti shit, nigga, let your shotie spit

Sauce Muthafuckin, get your punk-ass body whipped

[CHORUS] (3x)

Welcome to Gorilla Hill

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