

## Rockie Fresh "You A Lie"

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[Verse One: Rockie Fresh]

Bitch, I'm out here grinding, crib like king of diamonds  
You can catch me wearing (two chains), yeah, I'm  
shining

With my nigga freshgoods, making sure them checks  
good

Gotta feed the homies, real players with respect would

These flashing lights is blinding, go get them a visor

Call the beat a gas leak and I set this shit on fire

And I don't fuck with liars, only tell the truth

Honesty is key and that is in and out the booth

Ball while they in the bleachers, so high they can't  
reach us

I dropped out of college and made more dough than  
my teachers

Definition of swagging, all off of my passion

One time for real niggas that's out there making it  
happen

[Hook]

A middle finger to them niggas who say that we ain't  
fly

We above all the drama cause we out here staying high

You gon' see a real nigga when you look me in the eye

I'm a leader in this bitch and homie, I can tell you why

I'm on fire, you say you more fire, then nigga, you a lie

I'm on fire, you say you more fire, then nigga, you a lie

I'm on fire, you say you more fire, then nigga, you a lie

I'm on fire, you say you more fire, then nigga, you a lie

[Verse Two: Rockie Fresh]

Now while in deep thought, when I was high

Thought about a time that I wasn't even picked to be  
the leader of the Chi

Just a young nigga, trying to get up out the jam

Man, them niggas ain't know, now them niggas like  
damn

People I ain't know trying to say they my fam

See the jewels and they try to play Cam

Tell 'em they can dip if they ain't running with  
the set

And if you got money, you can go and place a bet

I'll be in the sky 'cause we riding on a jet

Rolling up the wet and never getting seen

Because I got a name and a brand to protect  
And all I ask from the people is respect  
In return they're gon' get the same thing  
They took a young player from the Chi off the bench  
Now they're about to watch the whole game change  
Remember my name and understand that I'm a go-  
getter  
Money maker, made a promise I can't be no broke  
nigga  
That would be a let-down like unraveling a broke  
swisher  
Me and success is a dope picture, you on the scene  
then I fuck with ya  
[Hook]  
[Verse Three: Rick Ross]  
Versace forever, draped like I'm a king  
My Jesus piece yellow, flooded like Melpomene  
Invest in my niggas, watch the joy that it brings  
All these beautiful bitches, such a beautiful thing  
I own all them autos, I bone the mulattoes  
Busting shots at would be robbers right in front of  
McDonalds  
Never been scathed, belligerent ways, they all stumble  
and fall  
Back to my wonderful day, what you wanna do?  
What you wanna do? What you wanna do?  
Grab a couple bitches like I play the fool yeah  
Ballin' what we do, ballin' what we do, ballin' what we  
do  
Wide body Benz hanging with my crew, yeah  
[Outro]  
I'm on fire, you say you more fire, then nigga, you a lie  
I'm on fire, you say you more fire, then nigga, you a lie  
I'm on fire, you say you more fire, then nigga, you a lie  
I'm on fire, you say you more fire, then nigga, you a lie

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