

Raekwon

"Rock N Roll (feat. Ghostface Killah, Jim Jones and Kobe Ja)"

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[Chorus - Kobe]

Hey little mama, little mama, I got some of that Bon Jovi
You know me
Have you flying in the air like you living on the pent
house
We on the corner serving that rock 'n' roll, rock 'n' roll,
rock 'n' roll
Posted on the corner with that rock 'n' roll, rock 'n' roll

[Verse 1 - Raekwon]

Willy Nelson nigga, you run flush, the crocodile hat
Cowboy rap, hammer game trustee
Diamonds on from Ghana, Boca Ratona, yeah
With the middle name Lex, pop my llama
Movies get made in HD, Mick and Jay they so three
I'm a Scarface to scrape me
There's nothing you could do to my real niggas
Not the ones I rest my head with, my sons'll milk a
piranha
Two wheel scooters, the new Rugers
Floating through the Beverly summer
Counting ten with my shooter
All of these is high power, bard dealing style my nigga
Posted up, then fronting to Mr. Child
Titanium hustler, switch color
Most of them rich brothers'll hold they own
Fuck it, and switch numbers
Loved just the real shit, who killed shit?
Niggas is nothing, blow a blunt, repeal shit

[Chorus]

[Bridge - Kobe]

Hey little mama, have you ever took a hit of Mick
Jagger?
Yeah, better we'll blast you
Now take a hit of this rock 'n' roll, rock 'n' roll, rock 'n'
roll
It's some powerful shit

[Verse 2 - Ghostface Killah]

Everything platinum, even my baggage
You want a platinum rock? Then go see Ladin
He got the yellow hat, yellow Max Airs
Looking like me, with a yellow back, pretty long hair
Suck a dick like a rich stepping
Or Bobby Brown on speed dial, his ex girl stay on the
check
I got that Mickey baby!
Little mama, I got the bomb, call me Tom Brady!
Move like a running back, 21 Tomlinson
Know how to push a pack, you should pay homage
Shit is too old, nigga feel like rhyming it
Get black, white, Mexicans
Make me fly like Donovan
Pop the champagne for the illest hustler in the game
I got the Pink Floyd, Ozzy all day
I ain't even mention my deals nigga
Because I don't want to have you freaked out over this
real shit

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

[Verse 3 - Jim Jones]

Rockstar like the Red Hot Chili Peppers
I can't front because Roy Drop got me feeling extra
I drop the top so I can show style
I got the sours on Rolling Stone
I'm dropping shit on my mobile phone
I never slip because I keep a fully loaded chrome
And half my niggas even stay at that
Before we pour liquor for the 'grateful dead'
And where I'm from it's even Guns 'N' Roses
And fuck with me you need a bunch of roses
And Lord knows I keep the Led Zeppelin
A nigga front and then we bag wrestle
And you can tell them bitches feel at ease
We got that white girl, nigga Cheryl E
Diplomats, we the eagles
We finna be grated into Beetles

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

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