

Raekwon

"Rock N Roll"

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Hey little mama, I got some of that Bon Jovi, you know me

Have you flying in the air like you living on a bird, ow
We on the corner serving that rock n roll, rock n roll,
rock n roll

Posted on the corner with that rock n roll, r-r-rock n roll

Willie Nelson nigga, we run flusty
Crocodile hat, cowboy rap, hammer game trusty
Diamonds on from Ghana, Boca retire in a yacht
With the middle name Lex, pop my llama

Movies get made in HD, me against your eighty-three
I'm a scout, face it so scrape me
It's nothing you can do with my real niggas
Not the ones I rest my head with, my son a real cool
piranha, yeah

Two wheel scooters, the new Rugers
Floating through the Beverly Center
Counting ten up with my shooter
All of these is high powered, Bob Dylan style, my nigga
Posted up, yeah, front and then master child

Titanium hustler, switch color, most of them rich
brothers'll
Hold they own, fuck it and switch nuggets
Luggage's, the real shit, who kill shit
Niggas is nothing, blow a blunt, we peel shit, what?

Hey little mama, I got some of that Bon Jovi, you know me

Have you flying in the air like you living on a bird, ow
We on the corner serving that rock n roll, rock n roll,
rock n roll

Posted on the corner with that rock n roll, r-r-rock n roll

Hey, little mama, have you ever took a hit of Mick
Jagger?

Yeah, I bet it will blast ya

Now take a hit of this rock n roll, rock n roll, r-r-rock n
roll

It's some powerful shit

Everything platinum, even my baggage
You want a platinum rock? Then go see Larry
He got the yellow hat, yellow Max's here, looking like
me
With a yellow back, pretty long hair

Suck a dick like a wind stepping
With Bobby Brown on speed dial, his ex gal stayed on a
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 it back, you should pay homaging
Shit is too potent, make you feel like vomiting
Your black, white birds can give me five like Donovan

Pop the champagne for the illest hustler in the game
I got the Pink Floyd eyes on all day
And I ain't even mention my deals yet
'Cause I don't wanna have you freaked out over this
real shit

Hey little mama, I got some of that Bon Jovi, you know
me
Have you flying in the air like you living on a bird, ow
We on the corner serving that rock n roll, rock n roll,
rock n roll
Posted on the corner with that rock n roll, r-r-rock n roll

Hey, little mama, have you ever took a hit of Mick
Jagger?
Yeah, I bet it will blast ya
Now take a hit of this rock n roll, rock n roll, r-r-rock n
roll
It's some powerful shit

Joe, hoe stand up, we in the building
Let the birds fly, rock star to my heart
Anything else, uncivilized
Go

Rock star like you Red Hot Chilli Peppers
I can't front this red drop got me feeling extra
I drop the top so I can show the stones
I got the sour so I'm Rolling Stones

I'm popping shit on my mobile phone
I never slip 'cause I keep the fully loaded chrome

And half my niggas even stay a fan
That's why we pour liquor for the Grateful Dead
(We miss you)

And where I'm from it's either Guns or 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 back wrestling

And you can tell when bitches feeling me
We got that white girl, nigga, Sheila E.
Diplomats, we the eagle
We finna be greater than The Beatles, go

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me
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Hey, little mama, have you ever took a hit of Mick
Jagger?
Yeah, I bet it will blast ya
Now take a hit of this rock n roll, rock n roll, r-r-rock n
roll
It's some powerful shit

And Brother Chin-Chang, I'm sorry, he he

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