

Re-Up Gang "Roc Boys"

Visit "[Roc Boys](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Speech

First of all I want to thank my connect, hold up!
I can't do that yet
y'all all motherfuckers know I still live this shit
Mount Rushmore with the pot, my face etched in a brick
No reminisce, no recall, hit the corner in my Hoop D
My trunk is like a free for all
Ski for all, I said ski for all
Sonny Bono to slopes until the reaper call
Connect got me with snow like I was meeting Claus
Merry Christmas to coke, here goes a re for
y'all all
Do something nice for your bitch for the winter
Red bottom her toes, give her wrist some shimmer
Supercharge that range, ridiculous rimmers
Show money, blow money, the Re-Up Gang agenda
You niggers re-ing up with them low ass dinners
We serving it on platters, y'all all are great
pretenders

Hook:

Re-Up Gang in the spot tonight
Oh, what a feeling selling blocks of white
You ain't even gotta bring your paper out
We're the dope boys of the year, drinks is
on the house

You know I'm felly hustler backcrawling
And buy level condos made up with the glass floor
Hibberts like 9-4
Chopping that work on a glass plate
The last real niggers, we're condors
And speaking of crime lords
Trill niggers screaming to encore
With the third in stall, meant it as grind four
We got it 4 cheap!
What I got comes with feathers and beaks
I can dare my competitor to speak
Them four bow letters, K I LO,
hello
Lamborghini I break, canary yellow
Interior black, like Othello

Sugar Hill sweet, so weÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ re mellow
Now I play the lead, pull strings like a cello
The Puppeteer, low puppets just donÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ t come
near
American me and the company of few
IÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ m Ali, Jordan, Tiger, Tyson, Gretzky,
Lemieux

(Hook)

IÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ m a product of the seventies baby!
I push products on a customer daily
So much in fact it should probably shame me
See the commonwealth district they wanna arraign me
They donÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ t like us niggers making videos
They like niggers pointing fingers like Arsenio
And yÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ all fall for it, tell it like a ten year old
And they still serve you time like a dinner roll
They come looking for the source, like Melly Mel
You better never play me, like Felly Fel
I canÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ t touch that, itÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ s kind of
delicate
My lawyer is on the House of Delegates
I put them all with my derelicts
Name your price, you can buy tampered evidence
More powder than Maybelline
Push pounds like a Medellin

(Hook)

We used to hustle galore
Me and Hoffa back in Jungle had the hole in the floor
Five blocks, across the street or right in front of the
store
Julios, fooling them hoes and still we eat
Something like Kevin, Joes, Julios and Reese
Take it two blocks down and then up the street
Make man a wood lawn, the story goes on
Plenty coke was moving and bugging booty was drawn
Gucci filatelas and many coochies was raw
Racist niggers snitching seems like we all should be
long gone
But guess what, weÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ re not
Baby got the clock so whatÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ s up baby rock
Nothing could stop me, IÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ m feeling so cocky
Left to the slimy, RIP Aki and Goon
To Philly IÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ m Rocky
If I ainÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ t the eyes, the kids know me as I
slowly pulling up in the ride
Like Goldie just to get me some bread
School first lilÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ nigga, now hold up your
head

Stay juiced, stay Philly, stay away from a bed
And keep your eyes on the price 'til you
get what it is

(Hook)

Visit [Re-Up Gang](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.