

## Roscoe "5 Seconds"

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You niggaz just don't get it do you?  
Young Roscoe the sodo  
YA, Dogg Pung, Kurupt Young Gotti  
Yeah, started November 23, 1972 and 83  
[Hook]  
Put me on lockdown and sneak out back  
And when the cameras ain't rollin, I sneak a sack  
Lets make one thing clear, this ain't no democracy  
Not while you listening to my CD  
You see right now ain't no other rappers hot but me  
Oh yeah, Pac and B.I.G. RIP  
But if you ain't feeling the same way press Eject  
I'll even give you 5 seconds  
[Roscoe]  
The wait is finally done with, the time is now  
YA, like who want it, we in it to run it  
The album's done nigga, Volume 1 nigga  
Tabasco sause all over the track  
That nigga Roscoe'll boss all over the track  
He make the "Girls All Pause" yeah they open to that  
Now who you know the flow talking about, approachin a  
mac?  
Without a stack of doe with some doe doe to roll fat  
I'm a top notch nigga, hand and cotch trippa  
Cut your arm of to get to the watch quicka  
Not tryin to do it all, can't see Juvy hall  
Too many booty calls my nigga, duty calls  
I'm used to ditching classes roamin through the halls  
[Hook]  
Put me on lockdown and sneak out back  
And when the cameras ain't rollin, I sneak a sack  
Lets make one thing clear, this ain't no democracy  
Not while you listening to my CD  
You see right now ain't no other rappers hot but me  
Oh yeah, Pac and B.I.G. RIP  
But if you ain't feeling the same way press Eject  
I'll even give you 5 seconds  
[Roscoe]  
Ha ha! These young niggaroes comin with sicka flows  
Hit you with the figga 4, Rock Bottom  
Me and my dogs gettin paper'd up  
Rippin 'em up after sherds and YA it up from top to

bottom  
(Rocks!)Yeah we got that but we don't wear 'em  
(What about Glocks?! )Yeah we got those bu we don't  
carry  
(What about Plots?! )Fo sho we got those, but we don't  
ever share 'em  
We bury 'em in the back of our mind until it's time to  
smash  
Only in it temporary for cash  
And stearin clear from the phonies, cus they scary to  
blast  
But where were the mass murderin Young Assassins  
murderin tracks  
To linguish and we all know how to act  
It's YA till we die, do or die, homicide  
When we rob, when we ride, nigga side  
We oblidge by the rules, ride by the fools  
Throwin up my squad, holdin up high for the crew  
You know how we do...  
Yeah, it's plain, simple, I got a plan, go get this money  
and shake...  
Oh 5 seconds  
[Roscoe]  
I'm breakin 'em off like the umbilicle cord  
Takin 'em off the billboard  
Chargin through at full force  
And first to walk in, torch 'em, I'm hot to death  
Ready scorch 'em, I'll leave 'em all stiff like starch  
I noticed a lotta y'all pups like to bark  
But don't never hit the fence at night when it gets dark  
You better hope the pitbulls never get loose  
CUs best believe we comin to get you shitzu  
I'm scopin so many sheep in wolves clothin, it's pitiful  
Analyze the situation, hypocritical  
Sinical criminals, indispicable individuals  
Supplyin the heat rock bumpin through yo digital  
Whenever you dippin through the ghetto  
Whippin the 6-2 Chevy, blowin heavy, goin 70  
With one hand on the steering wheel tryin to hold it  
steady  
Hittin the switch  
Cus only Dogg Pound Gangstas could spit it like this  
And that's on the intro, so big, so big

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