

Roscoe

"Philaphornia"

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You niggaz just don't get it do you?
Young Roscoe the sodo
YA, Dogg PounG, 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]

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[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 Glockes?!)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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