

## Sauce Money "We Gonna Rock"

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Never send a boy to do a man's job  
You know?  
I think we got away from what the fuck this is all about  
We forgot - how to spit  
Muthafuckas is makin all these crazy-ass fuckin  
records  
Stop puttin your dirty laundry out in the street,  
muthafucka  
Follow me now  
Fuck with me

[ verse 1 ]

Sammy sosa slugger, hip-hop nigga, touch em all  
Some cute, but suck em all, I say fuck em all  
Eat a dick too, soloist choose another route  
G.h. form now, go and break my brother out  
Henny out the bottle, nigga, eyes low in the truck  
Nothin but that good smoke, hydro in the dutch  
Ain't no probably, sauce money, fool, got to be  
Chicken eggs grits, california, call it oscar e.  
Everything I spit hot, baby boy, you're kiddin me?  
Hit flex with it, stretch with it, then mr. cee  
Marley marl sunday night, can't forget kid capri  
Hit the turnpike where all my niggas down in philly be  
Just passin through, son, still many guns to cock  
30 miles from the bridge where anyone can cop  
Chillin at my bitch crib, sip plenty rum and scotch  
Put it in the air for them niggas biggie, pun and pac

[ chorus ]

Haters frontin in the club  
Real gees show us love  
Bust slugs for my nigga  
(we gonna rock)  
Anywhere we do shows  
Come through, two hoes  
Killers with new flows, playa  
(we gonna rock)  
Even when eyes low from hydro  
Can't another brother cock-block my flow  
(we gonna rock)  
Can't stop our ones

Can't block our guns  
Get your triggers  
And squeeze for these faculty niggas

[ verse 2 ]

Haters hate me cause I'm a big nigga with mass appeal  
They can suck a dick with ghonorhea and that's for  
real  
Ain't no secrets, muthafuckas know I might clap the  
steel  
Be ready any given time, I'm like grab the wheel  
Let the window down slow, kid just bought the farm  
Two chicks in a yugo, damn, it's a false alarm  
Not on this joint, sauce usually calm with the grammar  
But right now I'm like baking soda, armed with a  
hammer  
Summertime comin, now they wonder what I drive next  
Represent for big niggas, 3-4-5-x  
Wide body jeeps, little dimes puff the herb slow  
Know the drill, bubblegum, rubbers in the 3rd row  
Suv tinted out, frontin on the hands-free  
Real gees happy for me, haters like 'it can't be'  
Fighter and a lover, worst enemy or your brother  
Just don't forget to call me dad too cause I'm a  
motherfucker

[ chorus ]

[ verse 3 ]

I know bitches who love sauce for the dicko, straight  
gorilla  
Fatally, more than likely take at least eight to kill a-  
Ddicted to my flow, doggy style ain't the way I make my  
scrilla  
[name], [name], [name], [name], those my niggas  
Hit the club half-cocked, niggas shoulda knew me  
better  
Jim star dillinger, that's under my gucci sweater  
Through the crowd thugged out, took my stance and I  
spit  
Screamed on this one chick like, "bitch, dance to my  
shit"  
Part the club with elbows, bump a nigga, love that  
Nigga read my eyes and it said 'step the fuck back'  
This gorilla hill shit, we don't give two fucks  
On gorilla hill, kid, you tryin to do too much  
Must've had a sixth sense, how he knew I clutch  
chrome?  
Probably this a big bitch, front and left his nuts home  
Fuck that weak gotti shit, nigga, let your shotie spit  
Sauce muthafuckin, get your punk-ass body whipped

[ chorus ] (3x)

Welcome to gorilla hill

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