

Famlay

"Rock N' Roll"

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(feat. Lil' Flip, Kelis, Pharrell Williams)

[Pharrell Williams]
Hmmm yess sirrrrr..

[Verse: Fam-Lay]
Rock and roll and roll and rock
I got 10's, got 20's, got fifty blocks
I got smoke in back, coke for sale
So much coke got coke in jail
In the white Rolls Royce wit my man Pharrell
This lil' nigga got beats too fresh to be stale
But I'm a take it back to the early 80's
Where my couzin Stacey had the pearl Mercedes
My aunt-couzin Wamp had the black on black
Ac' Coupe Legend wit the gold in the back
I was just a lil' youngin running wild as hell
Running 'round wild trying to get that mail
Lil' shorty whose trying to learn the rules
I was twelve years old brought the tool to school
Cause I was quick to flip, quick to sell that shit
You ain't from the hood y'all don't know bout this

[Chorus: Fam-Lay & (Pharrell)]
But if you feel me, throw your bows up (Star Trak)
Try to set up shop get clothed up (Star Trak)
Hey I'm the Candy Man I got more than frozen cups
I got ya chopped, tossed, sour, diesel roll ups
(Fam!) We could roll up (Star Trak)
(Fam!) Don't try to roll up (Star Trak)
Don't make me pull these motherfucking fo's up
Cause it's like that!

[Verse: Lil' Flip]
Uh! Well here's a little story I'd like to tell
About a H-Town Pimp and I ain't got his mail
It started way back in 1999
When I got my first dime and I started to grind
Now we can Rock N' Roll, I got a roll of rocks
And when you hear {*sirens*} there go the cops
When the block get hot, homie we gon chill

And bid like 22 mill, we could plan a deal
My light too real for me to act like you
I'm playing wit too much paper to put slacks like you
You could call me Betty Crocker cause I'm baking them
cakes
And when I cross the interstate, I'm switching up plates
I'm watching the Feds, they're watching my moves
I'm paying my dues, I'm spraying my tools
We never play by the rules
You might hate to lose if you play wit us
You ain't heard? Me and my homies keep them K's wit
us
You'll stop - drop, roll, we'll shoot ya in the head
And when I'm chasing my bread, I'm shaking the Feds
And I'm - packing my lead, y'all ain't ready for me
The only time you saw a Bird was on Sesame Street
I got street birds, and I keep 'em in my pouch
Play wit my money and I turn into Oscar the Grouch!

[Chorus]

[Bridge: Kelis]

Aww shit, this is part when the fight just start
When the fists get to swinging and the .45th spark
And then the bitches get to running and the bitch just
scream and
We speed off in the Rolls and it's so damn clean

[Verse: Fam-Lay]

I stand on my block, the gamblest spot
My hands in my pocket both hammers is cocked
Waiting for a nigga to just act up
My right hand big six got my big back up
Lookers lookin all jealous lookin mad as hell
Acting like little girls like tattle tales
Mad cause my right hand bad as hell
I woulda kept shooting but I had to sell
See I'm a Crime Boss 365
Lookin for a nina raw, she just to ride
Picked up my cash and slide off sweet
Nigga tried to snatch ass knocked his heart off beat
Nigga talked trash like the shit all sweet
Won't ya all take the cash dog, not off me
Hustlers in my veins, you cannot stop it
Walking on the block wit life in my pocket
I'm tryin' to sco' and get this shit off quick
You ain't from the ghetto y'all don't know bout this

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

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