

Ludacris F/ LL Cool J, Keith Murray

"Rockin It"

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[Funkmaster Flex]

Now! We're gonna do it Lil' Kim Style
Shout to Hillary, D-Roc, Brooklyn, Lil' Cease, Junior
M.A.F.I.A.

[Lil' Kim]

Yeah, uh
You put your bliss in
I put my wrist in, what's missing?
I'm talking to you, cuz when I shine, I glisten
Sure picked a fine time not to listen
Now you fucked up, without a pot to piss in
Is it me, or is the rap game different?
Niggas makin' indirect calls, long distance
Thinkin' I'm gon' stop, I'm too persistent (uh huh)
And I won't drown, I'm water-resistant
Mmmm, Think about when you say my name
This female rapper got a knuckle game
I leave you all out of commission (uh huh)
Me fall off? Under one condition (ooh)
Ooh, They gotta find my body dumped in the sewer
Black and blue-r, underneath horse manur-er
C. Delores T., Screw her, I never knew her
I'm good, like milk mixed with calugha
Intimidated by the songs I made (why?!)
You soft like suede, I'm sharp as a blade
This ain't a phase, it's the way I was raised
And I'm still gon' blaze when I'm old and grey, c'mon

CHORUS:

Rockin, Rockin, We keep it
Rockin, Rockin, We just don't (We don't stop)
Stop it, Stop it, Til this real (Til it's hot)
Hot, Hot, Whatchu say?!

Rockin, Rockin, We keep it
Rockin, Rockin, We just don't (We don't stop)
Stop it, Stop it, Til this real (We keep it hot)
Hot, Hot, Y-y-y-yeah

It's QB y'all, sweet and petit
About five feet with the oversized heat (what)
I've got the right shoes, you've got two left feet
One's incomplete, tryna make ends meet
Before the album drop, you want a sneak peak
You're on the wrong block, this a one-way street
Hundred grand petty cash in the hotel suite
Move your feet, lose your seat, shall I repeat
When the LaLa hits my eyes, red as a beet
Niggas hungry? I got something to eat
Open your mouth, swallow the skeet
Mmm Ahh.. Bon Appetit
Can you keep an erection?
Cuz Kim got love and affection
Let me shoot it off in your direction
Only if you pass the inspection, the bassline
Meet me in the mezzanine
Matter of fact, hop up in my limousine
You can trick or treat, like it's Halloween
In my Lamborghini, with the green, high beams,
squeaky clean
The way I gargle like it's Listerine
Just be messing up my Maybelline
So stick it in me like a vaccine
Then I can come clean, like hygiene, in a pocket full of
dreams, uh!

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Now to the haters, the fake-ass Dons and Donettes
I smack you hoes in the face with two techs
You can be a redhead, blonde or brunette
I ain't tryin to catch rec, I just want respect
What the heck, I go to the bank with two cheques
Yours and mine, when it's time to pay debts
Finally, I can put all this mess to rest
And I'm glad I got this bullshit off my chest
And we can still go toe to toe, blow for blow
Take it to the screen, like Joe Piscapo
Go to award shows, lock down the first rows
Our ice keep us froze like Eskimos

We rock coliseums, submarines
Infrared beams with the tank machines
So hate all you want, radio gon' knock it
We locked in a pocket, and I'mma keep rockin

CHORUS:

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Rockin, We don't stop, Til it's hot, Whatchu say
Rockin, We don't stop, We keep it hot, Y-y-y-yeah

[Funkmaster Flex]
Yeah.. It's going down, Queen Bee!

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