

Roc Cafe

Clinton Sparks

[Chorus: Memphis Bleek]

Sawed-off shotgun, hand on the pump
Sippin that Arme', puffin on a blunt
All I know is my shit better bump
What? La la la la la-la la lahhhh (yo, yo)

[Verse 1: Memphis Bleek]

("Memph' Bleek always smokin that (La La La)") You right
Groupies they be actin too crazy, tell 'em they too hype
They want leave with a G like Eas'
Educated the bullshit, got a degree in these streets
But, I dare a nigga act all crazy
The Tec'll tear his back all crazy
And you know I stay bent off the Arme'
Regardless if solo or I'm deep with my army
I rep, straight from the jacked M-P
If I put the Tec up I gotta tote the D.E
But wait! You know I'm ridin with Sauce
And we ridin this song from out the Robb Report
Dawg, I'm from the street, from the best I'm taught
I'll get your man tied and lost, fuck the cost
Got a couple of my killers who stand by
And I'm G-Force stat' nigga, never fly stand-by

[Hook: Jay-Z samples]

"It's the R.O.C. Cafe - ya mean?"
"Memph' Bleek, Young and Mack - ya mean?"
"Get back - ya mean? Get clapped - ya mean?"
"Get back - ya mean? Get clapped - ya mean?"

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Beanie Sigel]

Mack keep the weapon drawn, see you niggaz that rat
And keep them dresses on; it's gettin outta hand
Niggaz takin a stand, pickin out they man
Liftin they right hand and snitch on they right-hand
What's behind that shit? You both push bricks
But you gon' make a statement, and sign that shit?
After that anything goes - the kids crack the bridge of they nose
I stand, react and live out in the cold
I'd rather die than be labeled a snitch, snake, rat or a bitch
I hate a D, but I know I'm a prick (uhh)
You fuckin lames in the game actin sweet, never came from the streets
Type to get locked and change your name to Shareef
It's fucked up when your team got a bitch on it
With bench warmers, you got bench warrants
Detective got a Tec with two prints on it
But you the only one who get arrested, and pinched for it

[Hook + Chorus]

[Interlude]

I kinda wanna make an announcement
I'm not sure if it's too early but fuck it I'ma do it anyway
Joe Budden is officially on Roc-A-Fella
Holla back

[Verse 3: Joe Budden]

Oh oh, get familiar whattup!

Who you gon' tell boy, caked up, spend it well boy (ohh)

Talkin 'bout big faces like "Hellboy" (ohh)

Oh well, still get compared to rappers

hangin onto another rapper coattail (nah)

Keep the punches, I'd rather get substance

Good knowin they get it from Budden

Good knowin they jackin from the guy (tell him) use his own style

Hang 'em and nail him down like "The Passion of the Christ" now

That gray thing I'm in

A red stripe is spaced like the 18 van

(BUT) And y'all don't wanna see Jers' (why?)

Cause it's full of them toys that e'rybody keep rockin on t-shirts

(Welcome to the uhh) 'Bout to cop the Crossfire

Cause e'ry time a truck stop I'm in crossfire

(And I) I been away y'all, handlin these court priors

(BUT) Album out this August and it's on fire

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

[Hook + Chorus]

[scratches]

"The the Roc, the-the the Roc" - "R.O.C."

"The the Roc, the-the the Roc" - "R.O.C."

"The the Roc, the-the the Roc" - "R.O.C."

"The Roc, Roc, Roc, Rrrr.." - "R.O.C."

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"G-g-get familiar!"