

Elbows

Jay Rock

Poke your elbows out and swing like this
Poke your elbows out and swing like this (hold up)

Rock got it, Rock came from rock bottom, now I'm on top
Pocket full of guacamole in it, no lie
The windows on the Continental tinted cocaine colored, it's a dope ride
Them dope boys outside
Gangbangers, crack heads and hood rats
Drug paraphenelia inside that back pack
If you want it we got it, that's where them goods at
Nickerson Gardens, project parties
Chronic, Hennessey, dro, Bacardi
Guns, enemies that come through, spark them
Throw 'em in a dumpster; you loved one, you lost him
I don't dance I just boogie a lot
No dress code I just wear a hoodie a lot
White tee under that back against the wall
West coast rocking to the beat, now I'm telling y'all

Poke your elbows out and swing like this
Poke your elbows out and swing like this (homie)
Poke your elbows out and swing like this
Poke your elbows out and swing like this

Whatever you want to call it
For the weed heads or for the alcoholics
Now this can be some OG low-rider music
Or you could twist your fingers up and gangbang to it, gangbang to it

Look, I know some bad ass bitches that go hard on it
Addicted to that sex, they be traveling in packs
They be off that X, and they'll let you fuck fast if you got some cess
I ain't gon lie about it
I ain't bullshitting, come to my block boy
Welcome to Hell's kitchen, we bring that heat to you
Too much of a real nigga not to see through you
Wet him like faucet, bullet sink through you
They speed through you, they eat through you
Two lullaby burners, let em sing to you
The harmony of it is pleasure to your ears
You got to love it (nah) you got to hate it
I got to be my hometown favourite
Watts representer, say hello your mayor
Everybody put them Ws in the air
May I show you the plan I lay out
My disc will never play out, I tell y'all to

Swing your elbows and Taylors, the shell-toes
Kush blunts all in the air, I smell lows
Cop the swap meets to freaks on Melrose
This is California, killers on them corners
From Long Beach to Inglewood, Hollywood
Back down, them gangsters will be on you
Block hot as a sauna
We in the club, zoning, Patroning
My knuckleheads roaming, they on and we on it
It's jerkin, poppin, brackin, whatever you want to call it

What's happening, we smashing, crashing your hood
My nigga what's good?
Staying sucker-free, just as well as you should
I pull up in that motherfucking big-ass truck
What the fuck? I'm on
Where your bitch? She's gone with a real nigga
I hop up out that ho asking how you feel nigga
I press blood; throw your sets up!