

## 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!