

Nasty Rock

Lil Rob

Oooh, baby
Rock it
Rock it
We got the nasty rock
Yeah

I think it's time, we press rewind
See what we find, keep it in mind
Open your eyes, you might be suprised
Music you hop to (In your lowride)
Bumpin' until you get all the way life
Ladies lovin' inside, they slip when I slide
It's a party on wheels, at least, that's how it feels
You think that I'm jokin' (They know I'm for real)
I fly like a kite, to spark up a night
Throw it on three wheel when I make a right
Or when I make a left, either way, it looks tight
Candy color flaked out, makes it look right
Chrome always shinin', it's almost blindin'
Hit the switch and this, faster than lightnin'
Keep it old school, so I jam the box
My caro gets a nasty rock

I got the nasty rock
Rock it, baby
Nasty, but classy
A little bit flashy, yeah
I got the nasty rock
Rock it, baby
So rock
Rock
Rock
Rock
Nasty rock

Gots no shock, so I bounce a lot
Payin' shit like more bounce to the ounce a lot
Watchin' the cops, they harass the block
Ladies love it, they rubbin' their nasty spot
"Rob, can you stop? "
I say, "Why not? "
"I just want some of your nasty rock
In the parking lot
It's not my fault, it's your fault, cause you got me hot"
You like the way, I say what I say
Like when I lay, down my Chevrolet
And bounce my carucha, people, y'all trucha
Lookin' all loc'ed out, in my cachucha
I don't understand, why I get out of hand
It feels naturally, you would think that is planned
Now, switch at me, girl, don't even ask me
Jump in the ride and prepare to get nasty

I got the nasty rock
Rock it, baby
Nasty, but classy
A little bit flashy, yeah

I got the nasty rock
Rock it, baby
So rock
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Nasty but classy, a little bit, flashy
Chrome on the carriage, candy on the chasis
Looks sweet enough to eat, but I eat off the streets
Freaky behaviors moves, I could cross fader
I'm all up in the mix, love to hit the switch
Love to see these chicks, licking on their lips
Take my fingertips, grip them on their hips
Cause they're all of that, and a bag of chips
They say, "Oh my God, Ese Lil Rob
Mr. Twelve-Eighteen, hittin' like a fiend"
Don't be starting shit, you know what I mean
Hit the higher switch, keep my Davis clean
Rollin' on 13's, with the gangster lean
Always on, we always need some gasoline
Hoppin' at the stop, and it just don't stop
Ese Lil Rob, with the nasty rock

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