

Rock That

Royce da 5'9"

OOHH! - Put up your hands, show me the real you! (real you!)
If you don't put your hands up then I'm a kill you. (kill you!)
You ain't never been touched; homie, I can't feel you.
I don't listen to threats, nigga I can't hear you! (hello?) (hahaha!)

Put up your hands, show me the real you (boo!)
You don't put your hands up, - I'm a kill you! (you!)
I'm the shit, fool. (fool!) It's the king, prince, too. (too!)
I'm the next shit from the I'm Da Shit crew! (crew!)

OOHH! - Nigga get cool. - "You're my boy, Blue!
Blue, you're my boy! " I'll Chicago, Illinois you!
[Kid Vishis:]
Nigga we'll destroy you!
It's a motherfuckin' wrap, when it come to that heat like aluminum foil!

Idolize-'em, not-a-lot-of-'em,
Body-by-them-there's-a-bottle by the fags, she-should-try-to-follow the man
With-the-rocks, rocky-as-Colorado standin' on top
Of them; toppin' top the opposition,
I-ain't-quittin'-'til-Vishis-in-my-position
I-drop-this-apocalyptic, you-gotta-be-optimistic; I'm hot, hot, hot, hot!
[Kid Vishis:]

Let's try this shit again! (again!)
Vishis the prince, the topic of the spit this cop nowhere near it,
I'm in a win-win position. (yes!) - Could send killers to knock-
knock; who is it? (OOHH!)
Hard in pot, fall by the end of the visit. (yes) - No henchmen!
[Royce Da 5'9":]

Six shots the biscuit! (BLOW!)
Smackin' on his back like I'm burpin a infant! (boom!)
Then nigga put up your hands, show me the real you,
Put money on your head and then I'm a bill YOU.
Take it out yo' ass in hell; I'm on a ratchet trail
And you about to see the Gat derail! - BRAAAT!

OOHH! - Yeah, Vishis and Nickel equipped with pistols;
Missiles'll hit your tissue sizzle show you and STAY
Like Mystikal! [bottle broke] - Clip to whoever riddle, my mental see you an
d scratch
You tryna scrap to cover up - the fact you CAN'T RAP!

I - can't - feel you; I want you to {ROCK THAT}
Glock that, pop that, shock that!
Down to click twooo's. - I'm a spit trueee!
Dominant creeew. - I'm the SHIT, foool! - OOHH!

Put the clip to a actor - CUT!
You motherfuckers up when it's action, nigga what?!
We don't fight rappers. - We write back at ya;
Black Mack, BLAP! Niggaz back snap backwards. - Ooh!

Actors, act puss'. - Blow 'em off the atmos-...
... -Fear niggaz should fear on point like a cactus.
You pro'bly need to practice. - That's it! - Backflip!
Word blacksmith! - Herb active, - DOPE!