

# Future Of The Roc

Young Gunz

Young, Gunz  
Chris and Neef  
The home of Philly  
Tough love, first time around  
We got now we don't care who got next

Check we the future  
We got like a dime left  
To make sure our niggaz cool and our moms set  
It ain't safe every day is a bomb threat  
Game watered down you work harder or less

Just give it all to my daughter wit death  
Until then love me  
Cee and Neef baby give us a second  
Stand tall when they give us the pressure  
Cause if we fuck up our first chance  
Fans won't give us a second, check

Listen and learn you missin the message  
They will drop you and won't be missin your presence  
I'm the curse  
Young Cee he the present  
It don't work nigga give us the weapons  
When you murk from the Hearst leave you in the desert

Breeze through in a 7  
45 45's need two in possession  
Got the Mack 11 two intertechers  
So ain't no tellin what I do to them vests's  
We ain't just shootin out reckless, nigga

"Young . . Young, Young Gunners"  
"Chris and Neef", "We the future"  
"We the future"

We pull up in them big boy trucks  
Big boy drops  
We be the only young boys that the big boys watch  
Neef and C official like a ref wit a whistle  
Protect shit a nickel  
Its death on a whistle  
Lose breath when I hit you  
Your best bet is to get through  
Fuck outta the lane I'm much outta my pain  
The stronger the game is quicker  
Live by the code fool  
Dinner time cold food, aim is sicker  
Much faster, blast ya  
Tearin ya niggaz  
We don't discriminate  
Hoes get the same as niggaz  
Comin straight out the North Of Death  
We give a fuck about a level we extort the best  
Who's the boss nigga

Kill em slow give a fuck who he know

Our only purpose is that money and blow  
ain't scared to put a tag on his toe  
The pressures on so they lettin us go  
before our time and you already know, yo

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Just when they thought it was over  
The young'n soldier got focus, and notice negotiations about my closures but  
Wont lose my composure  
Buck a shot and be over  
Just like that, just give up rap  
Gives a fuck about the bitches  
Got to change our only livin  
Get my niggaz in position  
From the block into the kitchen  
Its my decision if I do it or not  
But who gon' come back to that slow ass block  
Yeah duckin them cops extendin them shots and meltin them glocks  
Yeah this might not be my permanent spot  
But what ever happens it happens  
I see you motherfuckers on top  
It be the real ones that block  
That's why I listen and watch

You gots to listen more than you talk so keep your mouth shut  
It ain't about rattin then you walk  
They say the bad come along wit the good  
So keep your awards  
Just make sure the cash come on home wit the hood

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(2x)