

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Roc the Mic - Remix (Featuring Freeway, Beanie Sigel & Murphey Lee)

Par Nelly

Album : Nellyville

You know we had to do a remix right?

Ho, ho, ho, ho!

Free, Young Gunnerz

Hey Just, this the one right here, baby

I told you, dawg

It's B Sig in the place with State P

And we got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah

Still watch what you say to B. Sig

'Cause I still will knock your ass the fuck out

I bring the hood when I'm travelin'

Scrap backwoods unravelin'

Scrap smoke good when we travelin'

Forget the Mac's cause the K's fit good in the Caravan

I clap up your hood like the hammer man (huh)
Bring your gat, better bust it if you get that close
Scared to clap, better strap your folks (strap your folks)

Who want beef with State P
Enemies try to speak to me
Negative, they don't get that close

Its Free, listen
Blow trees with Mac Mittens
(No we didn't) Yes we did
Switch beginnings, Smith and Wesson precision
Bring the broads down with ribbons (leave a mess in your crib)

Not a brave nigga? (Fuckin with some made niggas)
Hit him with the AK, nigga (Free, no you didn't) Yes I did
Overpaid shit? Wait a minute
When this fakin, snatch the cake up out his crib (then slide, uh)

I'm like the baker with your pies (then rise)
Set up shop and distribute where you live
It's Freeway in the place with my squad
And we got what it takes to DUMP the K, flip your ride

It's B Sig in the place with State P

And I got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah

Still watch what you say to Young Free
'Cause 50 shots still will turn the club out

It's Freeway in the place with State P

And we got what it takes to the rock the mic right, yeah

Still watch what you say to B Sig

'Cause we got what it takes to dump the D-E, yeah

It's Nelly in the place with Murph Lee

And I got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah

You better watch what you say around herre

'Cause there's somethin on my waist to make the whole place break

It's Murph dun in the place with Nelly

And I got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah

You better watch what you say to my face

'Cause I got what it takes to shake the whole place

Murphy Lee's eighteen entertainin 'em

Twenty-one when I'm clubbin it

Fake ID for the fuck of it (yeah)

I'm just a school boy, somewhat new boy

If you can't get Nelly you'a settle for who boy?

Two toy carrier, two stashes

One truck that seats six asses (yeah)

22's to confuse the masses

Remove glasses, blow smoke up in my ashes

I used to drive my mama stuff

Now the school boy puttin twenties on the Bomb Pop truck (yeah)

I make rappers go back to the block

They be like "Maybe I was better off selling rocks"

I'm Murphey Lee in the place to be punk

And I got enough skunk to fill the whole blunt (yeah)

I take trips with chumps up in my trunk

And I take 'em real far to a safe place to dump (uh, uh, uh, yeah)

It's Mr. Down down, I'm witcha dirty get down and lay down

Finance a pay-down, c'mon, heard what I said now? (Yeah)

See how I proceed with caution

My whip crack fast, all you niggas is horses

Randy Moss', I play when I wanna

Nut check, gut check, 'cause I say what I wanna (yeah)

Around the, around six in the six with the throwback

Sixers, number six Julius Irv'

Cris and the herb, make it hard to swerve

Throw your hands up; if you didn't bang your rim on the curb (yeah)

You couldn't hit while you was makin a turn

I strike a nerve in old MC's wantin' a comeback

I got the strength that he's lost and that's fact

Like K - "Know" one here even said your name

R - you really feelin' guilty bout somethin', mayne

S - sad to see you really just want just one more hit please, please

You the first old man should get a rapper's pension (yeah)

No hits since the cordless mic invention

I'm snitchin'; matter fact, stay the fuck out the kitchen (uh-huh)

Nelly kickin' with too many dimensions

Midwest, and we aim about mid-chest (yeah)

Duked on my side, too many in my tribe

Coupe outside who the fuck want a ride? (Yeah)

Its Nelly in the place with Murph Lee

And I got what it takes to rock the mic right, yeah

You better watch what you say around herre

'Cause there's somethin on my waist to make the whole place break

It's Freeway in the place with State P

And we got what it takes to the rock the mic right, yeah

Still watch what you say to B Sig

'Cause we got what it takes to dump the D-E, yeah

All a y'all need to one yo self

Go get the burner nigga clap yo-self

All a y'all need to one yo self

Go get the burner nigga clap yo-self

Yeah, yeah, It's the, its the Roc, nigga

Ho, ho, ho, ho!

And another one

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