

Cam'ron, Roc Army

[DJ Clue]
Part 1!

[Memphis Bleek]
The Roc!

[Jay-Z]
Roc, yeah y'all it's the Roc

[DJ Clue]
New shit, Roc Army

(Chorus)

[Scratches (Jay-Z)]

"Memph, Memph, Memph, Memph Bleek" <--- Memphis Bleek

(Roc-a-fella is the Army)

"Mac, Mac, Mac" <--- Beanie Sigel

"Sparks, O" <--- Jay-Z

(Roc-a-fella is the Army)

"Lil Chris, Lil Neef" <--- Beanie Sigel

"Freeway" <--- Jay-Z

(Roc-a-fella is the Army)

"Killa," "Cam'Ron" <--- Cam'Ron

"Jigga" <--- Jay-Z

("R-O-C Niggas") <--- Jay-Z

(Roc-a-fella is the Army)

[DJ Clue over the chorus]

Jay-Z, Peedi Crakk
Cam'Ron, Freeway What
Clue

[Jay-Z]

Illest since the Row had it, nigga now the Roc got it

Nigga get you blocka'ed lean em like a dope addict

Hov the hustler, CD's a coke habit

Ya dancing wit the devil, muh'fuckas is slow draggin (C'MON)

Hov is big homie, Beanie is the co-captain

[Freeway]

I'll A.K. ya tee, don't forget about Free

Chris and Neef, Sparks and Oski

All my niggas on the streets get low with M. Bleek (Whew!)

Who the fuck want what

[Cam'Ron]

It's the newest addition, mathematician

Cracks in the kitchen, multiplication

Rocks that I slash with precision

Killa Cam Motherfucker

[Freeway (Cam'Ron)]

We got gats tearin the basement

Mac in the car, clap from a distance

(Kill ya man motherfucker)

They track stars, half of them racin

Run from the gate, straight to the district

Freeway motherfucker

These hatin niggas testing my patience (C'mon)

Reach for the Smith-n

(Chorus)

[DJ Clue over the chorus]

Dame Dash
Dream Team

[Sparks]

?Joey froggy bucky? man about these bucks
Dudes wanna get there burners and buck me (Sparks, Oschino!)
Send they young bucks to trump me
Separate me from the family
Bottle me up, that's why keep the Nina
Hollow it up (Whew!)

[Oschino]

Follow em up
Guns drawn, no reasons, no speeches
Just hollows heat seakin (C'mon!)
You really wanna piece of the Roc?

[Jay-Z]

Nigga get you blocka'ed

[Young Chris]

Ayo, Chris wanna see blood (Young)
It's on sight like a Crip when he see Blood

[Peedi Crakk]

Young Chris be easy, it's ya boy Peedi
Roll wit me or ride against me
Make it look easy how I empty out in ya Bentley
I'm a close range shooter, blow flames out the Ruger
Losins for Losers, I got my zoo back from the devil and I could
Cut ya face and throw the knife in the swewy
The block captain, clappin a gatlin at Sam Bouey
Kiss Madre

(Chorus)

[DJ Clue over the chorus]

DJ Clue, Dame Dash
C'mon Man!
Dream Team Part 1
Stupid