

On the Rocks

Pretty Ricky

On The Rocks

Chorus(2X)

We aint going to the club
we aint buying out the bar
we aint tipping these hoes
we aint fuckin' wit y'all cause
we on the block tonight
I'm making so much money and my pockets right.

Verse1:

My niggas handcuff bringing broads in to town cause
we in the trenches where its fucking going down.
Where da G's at
...without probable cause watch the G's react.
Move fool like they don't exist
Put lick on his chevy and hi frozen wrist
And grind most sported dickie for another day
Linking up with niggas that get it the same fucking way
...go getta fuck the club, lets get paid

we enter a small town, distributing all around,
plenty time for pussy, right now put down cause

Chorus(2X)

Verse2:

Business before pleasure, speaking of pleasure
my R&B road dawg, we hwaded up to Tennessee then to Mississippi
where its got the vicious clicks more conscerned with paper.
Not here for the clubbin' shit.
But niggas think i'm trippin'
like sumthin' must be wrong wit him.
Really rather rob rappers, fuck doing song wit'em.
I don't get along wit'em
where as i'ma different breed
Keep a 14 for the head, hot a..., what
ya need weed, haze..., strictly haze on da block
[don't know the rest right now]