

# Before the Rollie (feat. Meek Mill)

[Ace Hood](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(Before the Rollie)  
Before the Rollie, before the fame (Before the fame)  
Before the money, before the game (Before the game)  
Before them bitches  
Before they ever knew my name  
Before the Rollie, before the Rollie  
Them times was hard, I'm chasin' money  
Before the Rollie, before the Rollie  
The same circle, the same homies My same niggas, no new friends  
Since day one, nigga no loose ends  
Just a young nigga, outchea erry day  
I'mma get it by any means  
That was just my mind frame  
Before the Gucci and Louis  
Before the Rollie dog I won't do it  
They ain't never fuck with me when I was broke  
You ain't gonna stunt with me when I do it  
Talk is cheap gotta put in that work  
Remember them days I was ridin' in the merk  
No A/C cause the shit don't work  
Plus no radio to make shit worse  
I'da come a long way and they know it,  
Fuck where you at its about where you goin'  
Can't sit around and wait for no money  
Hell no naw nigga can't do it  
Boy I did this shit for my niggas  
Since day one I been a go getter  
Now my money right and these hoes on me  
Ho well go figure (Hoodnation) Before the Rollie, before the fame (Before the fame)  
Before the money, before the game (Before the game)  
Before them bitches  
Before they ever knew my name

Before the Rollie, before the Rollie  
Them times was hard, I'm chasin' money  
Before the Rollie, before the Rollie  
The same circle, the same homies Ain't never had shit but my dream  
Ain't never sell no work to them fiends  
Ain't never snitchin' and tell on my dogs  
Wakin' up every day for that cream  
Nigga I was down and out in that field  
So stressed out because of them deals  
Ain't no kinda hope in my city  
Most my homies dead or in jail  
Every night I toss and I turn  
Feelin' like the Devil all on my back  
Still I'm praying times get better  
Had a few thoughts sell in that pack  
Boy my mom gon' cuss me out,  
Runnin' her blood pressure so high  
When that money comin' in slow  
It'll be a couple homies that rot  
I'm that same nigga from out of Deerfield  
Ain't shit changed except a rap deal  
Gotta live nigga actin' funny,  
Now I know how niggas in the trap feel  
Y'all rather me broke than be fucked up  
And my same hood and those same chucks  
I look back today throw prayers up  
Now I never forget where I came from Before the Rollie, before the fame (Before the fame)  
Before the money, before the game (Before the game)  
Before them bitches  
Before they ever knew my name  
Before the Rollie, before the Rollie  
Them times was hard, I'm chasin' money  
Before the Rollie, before the Rollie  
The same circle, the same homies Before the Rollie man it was cuffs  
Hard times man shit was tough  
I was told don't trust niggas  
Be the main ones to come and hit you up  
Still ridin' round like I ain't rich as fuck  
Young niggas we clippin' up  
Before the Rollie hoes fronted on me  
Now I pull up on em like bitch whats up?  
Young niggas ballin'  
Fuck niggas hatin'  
Before I had a Rollie  
I ain't have no patience

A nigga ran up on me,  
Bitch ass situations  
We cap'n gown you pussy niggas ain't talkin' graduation  
See there was something 'bout that Rollie when it touched my wrist  
Something 'bout that Rollie when I fucked your bitch  
'Cause it caught her eye and she sucked my dick  
She told you lies and you trust that bitch  
Like hol' up, y'all niggas hatin' on me  
When all these bad bitches waitin' on me  
And all that shit y'all prayed on me,  
I still kill niggas like shame on me whoaBefore the Rollie, before the fame (Before the fame)  
Before the money, before the game (Before the game)  
Before them bitches  
Before they ever knew my name  
Before the Rollie, before the Rollie  
Them times was hard, I'm chasin' money  
Before the Rollie, before the Rollie  
The same circle, the same homies

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>