

# Bank Roll

## Bobby Capri

Boosie Bad Ass, Ima send this maw'fucker right here  
To all my niggas out there gettin bank rolls putcha mothafuckin hands up

Bank roll after bank Roll  
Big Money  
I like it  
Bank roll after Bank Roll

I send this out to my childhood role model catamisk big bank rolls  
Suzuki all gold, (whoo)  
Fresh starch yo clothes had all da fine hoes  
Every time he took a picture he pulled out his bankroll  
I watched and observed niggas taught me how tah serve (word)  
Turnt 16 I was at the corner curb, big knots in my dickie pants  
Had a plug on dat weed and had a plug on dat cain, I'm off da chain mayne!  
Trell came home I was on, everythang dat nigga throwed me it was gone  
Lil ivy taught me bankrolls fuck a bitch (m.o.b) I got dis caine mayne

And I got dis weed and syrup shit well lets get rich I got too many knots I couldn't put it in a box (damn!)  
6 months really a nigga actin silly made a 150 when I put it in my mind I can make a million dollars if I grind,  
bankroll time!

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A million dollas on my mind,  
a hunrded g's at a time nigga!

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I'm like a bitch with a bank roll take a nigga  
shoppin got her own shit take a nigga  
Blockin you out chia poppin them pills fuckin' them stank hoes  
Keep it real you ain't really about your bank rolls  
satisfy a couple stacks now you

Straight and plus ya drug every day  
Nigga now every day I spend a thousand cash  
So everytime money calls I gotta bust my ass  
Im on the grind bitch bank roll after bank roll  
I ain't playin my nigga I got a mansion my nigga

Mel just hit me with a bank roll

Just hit me with a bank roll  
but I call them back like I need more  
So many kids to feed it ain't a game partner  
all of em eaten good ask my baby momma threw all the drama  
I'mma shine I'mma grind and picture the booth with a big bank roll

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Wattup mr bank roll shit im just chillin headed to NY city  
talkin' about a nother million

Wutup mr bank roll same thing stackin' my paper till the game done change

Cause I love me a bank roll fuckin' right 'cause with out it who am

Make the haters wanna cry

drive by and homicides had your life cold niggas ain't killin for stripes  
They want a bank roll you want thes ho you want these clothes you wanna

Stay fly get your mind and your money right

Right now all my kids all of em got trust funds so when they grow up they can have  
A little fun niggas on tv stuntin at me talkin gucci mane hundred and thats funny to me

When you see me can't miss me please dont diss me cause this bank roll a have ya ass missin bank roll nigga

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