

The Roller Song

Shyne

Fresh out the can, like fuck the land
Got my mind on this paper, so what's the plan
Ain't got no alternative but to bang
Cause I'm down on my luck tryna up this cash
Ain't nobody giving shit to me
And these young motherfuckers is quick to pee [?]
Bunch of wannabe Magoos or Pistol Petes [?]
But I put em on ya back [?]
Now ex-cons can't get the jobs
So what I'm supposed to do to feed my moms
You know what I'm a do, help me God
Cause survival is the rule, fuck the law
Now sing along to the roller song
My name ain't Obama, I ain't LeBron
Baby on the way, life is hard
Ain't nobody to blame this is all-out war
Sing along to the roller song
My name ain't Obama, and I ain't LeBron
Sing along to the roller song...
Now sing along to the roller song
I ain't no got money, but I got God
I got ambition, I got charm
All else fail, the.44 long
Fuck my [?]
If the words that I say seem
To bother you
You need to be concerned, what [?] you
Just to eat a meal, gotta rob with you
My records ain't the problem dude
I'm just the voice of the bottom few
The wants and the have-not column who
Live a life crime all thanks to you
So here's to the funds they cut
The scholarships and social promo's for us
The deals that you did just to lock us up
Great fuckin' job guys, lots of luck
Cause I'm a do what I'm a do
And I could give a fuck if it constitutes
To breakin' of the laws and abandoned rules

Cause the way you made the game, I'm bound to lose
Now sing along to the roller song
We gon' make it go by the grace of God
I know it's fucked up and life is hard
But, that's what rollers do, we beat the odds
Sing along to the roller song
My name ain't Obama, and I ain't LeBron
Sing along to the roller song...
You can put lipstick on a pig, but it's, still a pig
You can, wrap it up, still a, smelly fish
You can, censor Shyne, crime still exist
Help the poor, fuck it pass the rich
Mr. President, yeah I'm glad for him
But this ain't got to do with the color of skin
From the trailer parks to the [?]
We sufferin' whether dark or pink
So, I'm a roll how a roller roll
Say I'm sellin' dope, but I'm sellin
Tryna numb the pain for lives you broke
You ain't, teach me nothin'; this is all I know
I got the stimulus packages
Put the workers on the corner, make 'em traffic it
Cause mama I'm a roller, we don't have to live
[?] sacrilege
Now sing along to the roller song
I know it's fucked up and life is hard
But Mama never said it'd be easy but pa, failin' ain't an option, you can change it all
Sing along to the roller song
My name ain't Obama, and I ain't LeBron
Sing along to the roller song
Sing along to the roller song
My name ain't Obama, and I ain't LeBron
Sing along to the roller song...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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