

Rollin' On 20's

Lil' Flip

Here we go, welcome to my world nigga
Of Cadillac's and stacks
Triple X throwbacks with my name on the back
Uh, I know you see us You wanna be us
With Jam Master Jay on my Adidas
Plus I ride around in two-seata's
I hope it's cold 'cause I'm comin' wit my heata I'm on the Fleeta, doin' 150
Can't you tell by my cut why I'm pimpin'
And if I hit one time, she's limpin'
And if he trick one dime, he's simpin' 'Cause we don't do it like that over here
All we do is grip grain on the stair
Like Killer Mike all I do is dream about sex
But when I wake up, I have a dream about a check And after that I burn rubber
When I jump in my Vette'
Yet his hoes raise up
But it ain't come out yet, I'm speed racin' On 20's, on 20's
Wheel's spinnin', wheels spinnin'
These hoes grinnin'
I pulled up with the top off On 20's, on 20's
Wheel's spinnin', wheels spinnin'
These hoes grinnin'
Futuristic tennis shoes when I hop off I got a need for speed, get in da truck wit me
Or we can start in the Bentley doin' a buck fifty
I'm so gangsta, chickenheads don't wanna fuck wit me
But you can love me or hate me, baby, you're stuck wit me And I'm a fluff till the police come and get me
We run dis city, you can't do nothin' wit me
It's young red ya'll, I'm rollin' somethin' sticky
You see them 20's, believe they worth three a penny And I ain't really got nuthin' to lose
So announce on 22's, start spreadin' the news
Let's speed it up a little, hoes love to choose
Soon as they spot the drop, man, it gotta be the shoes The fast lane is where a nigga live e'er night
Look for the grain, stay away from the red light
Them old folks hear me creepin' up the street
'Cause they know I got them, I got them woofers in my jeep, nigga On 20's, on 20's
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Futuristic tennis shoes when I hop off
On 20's, on 20's
Wheel's spinnin', wheels spinnin'
These hoes grinnin'
We never lose sleep, lemme
On 20's, on 20's
Wheel's spinnin', wheels spinnin'
These hoes grinnin'
You can't even breath in it
Say, there go the laws, man
Where, where
They gettin' behind us right now
Stop lyin' man, you lyin'
Don't worry about it, we in a Lamborghini, man, I'm gone
I got a Lambo, I got a drop jag
Plus I got a Harley bike, nigga top that
Now e'erbody be like where you shop at
And they be askin' dumb shit like where you got that
That's when I look back and say I'm a superstar
And if it cost a hundred grand it's a super car
I'm still ballin', 20 still crawlin'
Like retarded kids, my DVD's stallin'
Lakers still callin' but we already signed
We about to be legends like Morris Day & the Time
When Paul gave me a call, man I had to do it
I gotta rep where I'm from so I had to screw it, uhh
I'm from the home of the Houston Texans
The only horse we ride is in our Lexus
Nowadays, everybody wanna chop on blades
But we been doin' that, so ya'll better behave
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