

# Slow Ya Roll (Feat. O'Dell)

Mac

[mac]

Send this out to my nigga mike king and  
All the 22nd gangsters in columbus ohio  
From a o-g to a b-gee  
Slow your roll niggas  
Shell shocked  
Check it[o'dell]

15 with the triple beam, working the streets  
Lil' nigga gotta ride, now he's bumpin' the beats  
(it's all good, it's all good)  
He pass by makin' the noise, odd boy  
Yah we see him with the chip phone  
He talkin' to them young bitches, he used to be afraid, but  
Now he shootin' the shit, cus he gettin' paid (I like that)  
When I was his age, I had the same kinda ways  
Had to rush to get paid, keep on a fresh pair of J's  
On a niggas feet, and it was something to ball  
To go to school and tell them niggas they ain't fuckin' wit' chall  
Don't hit it, to the grime, wit' a pocket full of dimes  
I hope you got that 9 and he got it on his mind  
Cus the haters won't like that, would you pass  
Cus the niggas will buck, and show a man his ass  
Watch your back lil' nigga, the game is cold  
And most of us don't make it old, slow your roll[chorus]

(rolll)

Keep it on your mind

(rolll)

A nigga shoots the same

(slow your rolll)

You better slow your roll

(rolll)

What mama used to say,

(slow your rolll)

Keep it up young man

(roll)

A nigga shoots the same

(slow your rolll)

You better slow your roll

What mama used to say[mac]

16 with a bullet to his hip bone, he was slippin'  
They shot him right in front of momz' wasn't even trippin'  
He healed up, let his anger build up  
Now he's ready for war, he five deep in the black car  
And all dem niggas got murder on dey mind  
Your boy got that a.k., you got the tech 9 (I got the tech you heard me)  
Passenger seat he spot Woo-ney, (who is Woo-ney?)  
He's that nigga that pulled the trigger when he stole me  
Take that mothafucka! That's what what he yelled  
As the automatic went \*\*bucka\*\*bucka\*\*  
And all you niggas gots to die  
Is that the killer in his eyes, or was it just a disguise  
Cus I remember he was a lil' timid nigga, a lil' skinny nigga  
Now he pulled the trigger, and who are you to take these laws in your  
Own hands  
His daddy told me like a grown man, wooh, slow your roll[chorus][o'dell]  
17 with a life sentence  
He in a cell with the cousin of the nigga he killed  
Now tell me how it feel to look him deep in his eyes and see your whole  
Life  
Ain't got a gun, gotta twerk it with a shank knife  
See he was five times bigger, it wouldn't mean shit to the trigger  
But you can't get to it quicker, I seen the look in his eyes  
When the blade penetrated, he bled like he menstruated.  
And I can't sleep knowing how I kicked the game to him  
Gave a name to him, on the block now he caught in the pine box  
Is there a heaven for a killer?  
Forgiveness to a lil' nigga, who praised nothin' but skrilla  
All he wanted was the finer things...  
Laid in his casket with his Rolex and his diamond rings.  
Dear God have mercy on his young soul...  
See he was told det most of us don't make it old...  
Slow your roll.[chorus]

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

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