

# Roll Out

## Xavie Shorts

Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?  
Can y'all bounce, can y'all bounce, what?  
Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?  
Can y'all bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce?  
Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?  
Can y'all bounce, can y'all bounce, what?  
Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?  
Ficky, ficky, ficky, ficky, Timbaland  
I be creepin' in backyards, dippin' in alley ways  
My brother in the 360, I'm in a escalate  
We piled ride high, sittin' on low pros  
Petey in the back of us, with his range rov  
Bold ladies sittin' in back, one ridin' in the front  
No smokin' in here, so put out your freakin' blunt  
This how we gon' do it, so pay attention to the rules  
Women in sexy gear, draws down and no shoes  
That's why we keep it live, 'cuz we keep ours alive  
For that alcohol is full of, full of surprise  
That's how we're gonna ball, walk before we crawl  
This here, this here, is that party y'all

Roll out

(Roll)

Get crunked

(Roll)

Get your girls

(Roll)

Get your boys

(Roll)

Hit the switches

(Roll)

Bring the noise

(Roll)

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Bring the noise

(Roll)

Roughest, toughest, fastest, one of the baddest

Rappin' asses, tickin' on a Timbaland classic

Layin' in traffic, shiftin' gears in the automatic

Tryin' to get past this old couple in a Maverick

Beepin' my horn at 'em, flickin' on my hazards

G. callin' me, on his cell phone laughin'

Thinkin' his chick hang out the sunroof flashin'

I done went in the grass, like to kill a rabbit

Swerve back into traffic, radio blastin'

Slammed on the brakes, ya old bastard

Tim zig-zaggin', hell, he in the back

And girls sittin' on the trunk, droppin' wine glasses

Wind blowin' dresses up, showin' off the panties

Polka-dot stripe thongs crammed in they fannies

Whoop, you could be Ms. Barry, fine as you is

Tim, pull it over, let 'em ride in here

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Catch me in a chick and her name is Kim  
Tryna tell you who I hit 'cuz I ran out of Bim  
Fast food so dangerous that I'm crackin' my rim  
Like why Taco Bell drive-through so damn slim  
I'm out north too, no top on the Benz  
Big body, too, just like I walked out the gym  
Man, I'm speeding through, not just feeling the wind  
Look, the needle to the gas tank is right at the end  
Now, I'm needing to sin, lying again  
Pumpin' gas in the Benz with no money to spend  
And every kid that walk in, cashier turning again  
So it's a good thing that lady walked in her twins

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All I do is listen to Eightball, with the hoes on call

High dank in my gas tank and eat raw franks

Grill in my bed and serve two steak and siemen

And I'm scheming on your daughter

With on condom and Clairborne

Don't get it twisted, I'm gold toothed and two fisted

Both arms ready to roll, chrome-wristed

I'm past being beserk, I go to work

Tell the boss, "Go 'head

Give me some sugars and hot sauce"  
With an a track of Diana Ross playing  
And drunk off some moonshine  
I passed out and woke up at noontime  
Thought it was crack of dawn, but ass was in my face  
Said them draws was Versache, I thought she had Versace

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