

# Roger That

## Young Money

I'm in the collard green 6, cornbread in the guts  
Got the Halloween kicks trick or treatin' the clutch  
Come on nigga, is you trickin' or what?  
Flow tighter than a dick in the butt Just hopped off the plane, came back from Vancouv'  
Little white tee, some boobs, and bamboo  
White girls tell me, "Hey Nicki, your camp rules  
Is that why you get more head than shampoos?" Asalamalakum, no oink for me  
And I never let a D-boy boink for free  
'Cause it's Barbie, bitch, you can join the wave  
I done penny, nickel, dimed, I done coined the phrase You couldn't beat me there if you had a Leer  
Indian style court side with a cavalier  
VIP Ross you can have a beer  
'Cause honey, when you getting' money, you don't have a care Now r-roger that, r-roger that  
R-roger that, r-roger that  
R-roger that, r-roger that  
R-roger Young black Rico's kill for the C-notes  
But me though, I'm Jack son bitch Tito  
She wanna play games but this is not bingo  
Monopoly, I'm past go, go ahead and deep throat 4-chick foursomes, skin colors mocha  
Sally and Sonia put the pussies on my Totem  
Pole vault stroke 'em, strike it like bowlin'  
Now open like you yawnin', it's 6 in the mornin' Sleepin' on me probably in a coffin  
I'm hotter than the end of fuckin' August, I'm awesome  
I'm awesome, repeat it to your grandma and uncles  
M-mothers, Tyga's no dad but I'm the motherfucker Motherfuckers, this the last supper  
Look, no hands, I'm a bread cuffer  
I don't dare love her, I'm a dare devil  
I don't fear nothin', motherfucker, Young Money Now roger that, roger that  
R-roger that, roger that  
Fuck around and never get roger back (I'm goin' in)  
Fresh off the jet, sharper than Gillette  
The blunt still wet so pass it like bread  
We sip side a mug, we call it upset  
Smoke more than 4 quarters, we call it sudden death I'm a beast, you a pet  
AK long neck, key sweat  
Weezy, motherfucker, capo in this bitch with me  
Money talks and have a convo' in this bitch with me I'm mountain high, Colorado in this bitch with me  
Flow crazy, 730, you just 650  
20 bullets from the chopper take the roof off

Laughin' to the bank, I'm a goof ballIt's Y.M. and we at yo' neck like a violin  
It's our world, we make it spin and y'all the prey, amenNow roger that, roger that  
Where Roger at? I heard Rog' a Rat  
F-fuck around and never get Roger back

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