

Rolex

The-Dream

UhhYeah, yeah, yeah, okay
Yeah, yeah, yeah, what up Rozay[Chorus]
This is Rolex music (uhh)
Sittin' in the back of the 62", just me & my boo
Radio Killa music (uhh)
We always with the baddest hoes, fuck the status quo
You can't see me (uhh), you can't see me (uhh)
Give a fuck what you think, blowing bottles of that drink (uhh)
You can't see me (uhh), you can't see me (uhh)
Shawty we shut it down, down, down, you can't see meRed Ferrari, me and my cutie pie
Blowing money fast, westside shawty 'til I die
Back to the haters, wind in my face
Louis Vuitton shades, Levi jeans
And I feel like Master P cause my cards ain't got limits
Pull a black Visa - buy a black Jesus
My nigga Chris say he can't imagine what this is
Can't wait until you get home, nigga look how we living
Waking up, breaking up with the baddest bitches
I heard my cousin told his mother "that nigga gettin it"
So this goes out to them haters, fuck you and your blank stare
Arm out the window, smiley face, Rollie in the air[Chorus]You already know what it is when you see me
Radio Killa straight out of the C P T
Compton if you didn't know, westside 'til I die
Hair down my back, Gucci Print on the bag
Cali swagger, rollie on my arm
See I been to hell and back, and I put that on my mom
And now I'm in the building with the hottest nigga doing it
Gotta get that money baby, that's why I'm pursuin it
It's a celebration when them gold presidential links
Are wrapped around your wrist, yeah, shawty is the shit
So this song for them haters, fuck you and your blank stare
Smiley face, Rollie way up in the motherfucking air[Chorus]Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know it
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know it
Yeah, yeah, yeah, Compton in this bitch
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know it
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know it
Yeah, yeah, yeah, ATL up in this bitch

Songwriters

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