Roll Roll

Bit-Tuner

Ain't no block too hot
Me and my niggas 'bout to open up shop
Hot boy nigga grab the glock
So me and my niggas we could sell our rocks
Ain't no block too hot
Me and my niggas 'bout to open up shop
Hot boy nigga grab the glock
So me and my niggas we could sell our rocks
Every bag of that raw we hustle in the park
From dusk to dawn nigga from dawn to dark
Now if you tweakin', boy you better be creepin'
But if you beefin', nigga you 'bout to be sleepin'
Me and my dogs, we don't fuck with you cats
Go to the pen, don't fuck with no rats
See this shit is real, I sleep with one eye open
See in the ghetto, niggas gotta be pistol totin'
A thousand fuckin' grams that's what I'm workin' with
Come short on the D, you know what you twerkin' wit
It's murder, 187, I represent the third ward
We tote mac 11's if I die, write my name in the sky
My niggas bust yo' ass y'all gon' know why
I say, roll, roll, roll your dough up and down the street
On the first and fifteenth you don't have my money
Me and my boys we gon' bring that heat, ya heard me
I say, roll, roll, roll your dough up and down the street
On the first and fifteenth you don't have my money
Me and my boys we gon' bring that heat, ya heard me
It's a problem, I ain't get my hands dirty wit ya
Tellin' if we gon' come get ya, chopper split ya
A young soldier plottin' to rule the world with riches
Ask P to use this Hummer so I can fuck some bitches
Run the block all week, trying to dodge the cops
Niggas prayin' on my death before my album drops
My niggas wearin' wires, Feds tappin' my phone
Send a check to IRS so they can leave me alone
Told my dog believe you we can rule the world
He didn't listen, he'd rather stuff his nose with furl
They found him dead in the project, brains on the ground
When you a fiend, that's the way the game go down

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I'm from the [Incomprehensible] chopper too
Come fuckin' around wit me, ain't no tellin' what I'ma do
Put my foot so far up yo' ass I'd probably lose my shoe
That nigga chokin', motherfucker coughin' up blood
Well fuck the Heimlich maneuver
You don't want that drama to come to you
Yo' mama to come do you
'Cuz hot iron will run ya through ya
You and yo' dudes don't be around 'cuz you'll catch a contact
If you ain't got beef wit a nigga
Don't be 'round beef
You won't be on yo' back
Oh it ain't my fault, we'll dead these niggas
Can't move we infrared these niggas
We'll do these niggas, black proof these niggas
Close casket these boys, black suit these niggas
We'll blast these niggas, walk past these niggas
And ride on these bustas, just keep mashin' these niggas
And after we do it we'll toss the tec and ghetto
Plus I know not else but to fuckin' floss the set
You ain't gotta ask who's hot? Who's on top?
I gotta question to ask y'all for real, Tru or not
If I got two guns, I'm sure one gon' bust
If I got two niggas wildin' out when I bust
One gon' duck, the one that's wildin' the most
That's the one I'ma bust, he still trippin' after that
I'ma give him two 'cuz he don't think one was enough
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