

# 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

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  
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'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  
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  
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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>