

Rolling (feat. Snoop Dogg)

K CAMP

Rolling down the street with my shades on
Sippin' on gin and juice
I don't understand, girl, what you waiting on
You got me trippin' on you
I said rollin' down the street with my shades on
Sippin' on gin and juice
I don't understand, girl, what you waiting on
You got me trippin' on you
Got me trippin' on you, you, you
Got me trippin' on you, you, you
Sippin' on gin and juice, juice, juice
Got me trippin' on you, you, youRiding 'round the city, windows up, whip cloudy
JR right beside me, he just copped the brand new Audi
Oh lodi dadi, we rock the party
Nine right beside me, don't bother me papi
Lately I just noticed I been smokin' like Snoop
Naw I'm playing but I'm still mixing gin with the juice
Looking for CC, oh how she need me
That bitch still basic, still rocking BB
Laughing like hehe, how can I call it?
Oh I just love my lil bitch from New Orleans
I-20 pushing, I know you looking
Her presence, I cherish, my bitch is so gorgeous
Shawty I'm pouring the gin and the juice
You on my mind, I don't know what to do
But I know if she fuck up, then we through
But right now I'm still fucking with youRolling down the street with my shades on
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Got me trippin' on you, you, you
Got me trippin' on you, you, you
Sippin' on gin and juice, juice, juice
Got me trippin' on you, you, youAll up in a nigga face with the same game
Let me tell you what I'm gon' do

I hop on my sike life, night life
Nigga make a dream come true for you
Now turn the beat down G style
Everybody know my heat go boom
Splash and mash and pictures flashing
Man my life so cool
Let me get back to the camp
I'm lamping out, cookies in the bag
And the vast amounts, mixed with peaches and cream
Creep on the scene
Crip nigga with the thief hit the scene
In the war deep with the team
Late night creep on 'em, I mean
Hit 'em with lot botta bing
All about the money and the green
Top down, drop down on 'em clean

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