

# Roll With Me

B.G.

[B.G. Talking]

Oh yeah, Oh yeah

Oh yeah

See real niggas I can fuck with them, ya heard me? Bitch niggas I can't fuck with them Hoe niggas, niggas who do all that talkin' I can't fuck with them I ain't lying man them niggas be, ohh they put salt in the game, you heard me I swear to Jesus, Lord forgive me for swearing but look, look...

[Verse 1]

I'm 'bout whatever I'm always ready to flip a nigga

When I'm in beef never hesitate to get a nigga

'95 was when I first attempted to kill a nigga

So much happened since then I can't even remember nigga

I'm off the block when at anytime it can happen

Come off in the street if you think that I'm just rappin'

And I guarantee when you leave it won't be in an ambulance, I guarantee you'll leave zipped up in a body bag

I fuck with niggas on parole and probation

I fuck with niggas that appealed and still waitin'

The game hurtin' I swear that the streets need y'all

When I get right I'ma do what I can to reach y'all

I ain't gone lie these new niggas fuckin' the game up

They get popped, and wanna bring a nigga name up

I can't rock like that, oh no, I hit these (??) eaters they can't keep they mouth closed

[Hook x2]

Now if you 'bout your business

(you can roll with me)

If you done been convicted

(you can roll with me)

If you 'bout them bitches

(you can roll with me)

If you bust back when niggas is spittin'

(you can roll with me, roll with me)

[Verse 2]

I surround myself with nothin' other than real niggas

If they beefin', you best believe they gone kill niggas

Fuck them people, code on the streets is "never squeal nigga"

I don't care if you got life and they up a deal nigga

I'ma take my lick like a man, I was taught that

I can't violate the street code, that's where my hearts at  
So when they question me, there's nothin' they'll find out  
I go head an cop out, so I can ride out  
Get in there, post up, and hold it down like a G  
Click-Clack with deputy's having 'em meeting my auntie  
Bringin me grams of dro, and ounces of sticky green  
A hustler gone hustle behind bars, like on the street  
That's how its been with me, and that's how its gone be  
That's why real niggas fuck with me, that's cause they feel me  
And if you feel me, ain't got no hoe in ya  
You got some gangsta in your blood, nigga I can roll with ya

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

Half of my click been all charged with homicide  
More than half done all been part of a drive by  
The rest of 'em is tweakin' unless some shots fly  
And I also keep a 10-piece hot girl by my side  
I call her Bonnie and she be callin' me Mr. Clyde  
She'll take my charge she know I'm on paper for 5  
So if I go back again then that's a wrap homie,  
And promise you that's somethin' she ain't gone have homie  
I'm too important right now to be state property  
That's why I chill I ain't no duck, I know they watchin' me  
But they can watch me all they want, they wasting pictures on me  
I been cut them niggas loose that I thought was snitchin' on me  
Fuck around and tell my P.O. he got a brick on 'em  
And then I'll turn around on an have to put a hit on 'em  
That's the type who don't respect who code, nigga  
Under pressure they fold, so I can't roll with ya!

[Hook x2]

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Lyrics submitted by kelsea.

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