Rollin'

Xzibit

See, I was trippin' through the city with a big ol' pistol
Trickin' off these niggaz in the Range, rental
I was smokin', drinkin', end up kinda tipsy
Lookin' through my rear view, they followin' me
I wonder why the fuck are they followin' me
I seem them niggaz creepin' two cars behind me
You'll never catch me slippin', just me and my piece
You must be smokin' if you think I'ma call the police
I'm a beast, still got a crease
Still got my Converse thumpin' down the concrete
Black and blue Bugatti
This is Strong Arm robbery, you can't deny me
My garage, a mirage, a collage of chrome
I look alive with the nine when I leave my home
Been on tour in Japan, been relaxed in Rome
This is grown man business, recognize the tone
If I don't recognize the number, won't answer my phone
Rockin' every area code, still stay in my zone
I don't play no fuckin' games now, bitch, I'm grown
Now I crack your fuckin' neck to the shit I'm on, yeah
Six-four, chromed out, ragtop rollin'
Get your weight up 'cause X can't stop rollin'
Niggaz thought it was over but X came back rollin'
I got my own sack to roll, so I'm rollin'
Yeah, my release bang through the streets
We hang like orangutans, mangle the beat
Niggaz hatin', gravitatin' to the lies that they tell
My reality takin' over where that fiction fail
What the hell, might as well show the cards I'm holdin'
Sweet taste, aromatic, backwood rollin'
Got the Range Rover supercharged, complete with the strut kit
My chain hang to my dang-a-lang, what the fuck, bitch?
Boomerang my change, I rearrange some thangs
My slang, click, bang and expose they brains
Then I pray, ?Our Father who art in Heaven?
Got people jumpin' out the buildin' like 9/11
Malcolm X to the Z, landin' on them like Plymouth Rock
You get knocked out, get socked in your fuckin' mouth
Now e'rybody know the business, you want it, come get it

But if you rollin', throw it up, let me know that you with it
Six-four, chromed out, ragtop rollin'
Get your weight up 'cause X can't stop rollin'
Niggaz thought it was over but X came back rollin'
I got my own sack to roll, so I'm rollin'
Six-four, chromed out, ragtop rollin'
Get your weight up 'cause X can't stop rollin'
Niggaz thought it was over but X came back rollin'
I got my own sack to roll, so I'm rollin'
Yeah, I repeat my name over beats
I binge on the finer things, you cringe in defeat
Escalation, elevation to another plateau
Sometimes it take a few steps back to mentally grow
Here we go, what you know? Campaign in motion
Straight West Coast and West worldwide rollin'
Got that Aston Martin DV9 equipped with a stash box
In case I ever find myself alone in a tight spot
Strip down my frame, repave my lane
Insane with my ink pen, Citizen Kane
Don't complain when the chamber slide back and bang
Make it taste like shit when you sayin' my name
It's the Golden State heavyweight, holdin' the belt
'Cause I'm a one man army, I don't need no help
This is a pistol, I use to protect myself
Careful these hammerhead hollow points
Is bad for your health, my nia
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Get your weight up 'cause X can't stop rollin'
Niggaz thought it was over but X came back rollin'
I got my own sack to roll, so I'm rollin'
Six-four, chromed out, ragtop rollin'
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