

# Rolly Up (feat. Waka Flocka & Young Scooter)

## Gucci Mane

[Intro:]

Yeah, that boy Gucci  
Got my nigga block in this bitch  
East Atlanta's finest  
E.C.T South! [Chorus: Gucci Mane]  
Early in the morning Nigga Imma be up  
Imma be up, Imma be up;  
Call Block or Gucci Mane when it's time to re-up  
It's time to re-up It's time to re-up;  
7: 30 in the morning, Nigga we gon' be up  
We gon' be up, we gon' be up;  
Call Block or Gucci Mane when it's time to re-up  
It's time to re-up, it's time to re-up; [Verse 1: Yatta Mann]  
Boys what it do?  
Nigga getcha g's up  
Dope man bitch!  
Call me Mr.Re-Up  
The kitchen smells like fish, the fish scale dog  
1000 Grams at a time on the Digiscale ow!  
.45 Mac  
Rubber band stacks  
Spent a? a mill wit Papi watch how fast I get it back  
The dope boys love me  
Taught'em how to cook  
You whip it real hard, cold water, let it drop  
The dope man bitch!  
Sold bricks, sold rocks  
100 thousand dollars, fell like I shot a cop  
The dope man bitch!  
Sold grams, sold white  
Cook the work 10 minutes  
Fiends gave me 5 pipes  
New York nigga's love how I work that turn pipe  
Got Micheal Jackson yay  
Powder 10, but it cook white  
I don't get nervous when I ride them highways  
Dope man bitch!  
Everyday is my birthday! [Chorus] [Verse 2: Gucci Mane]  
I got the city on lock!

Have you ever seen a? million dollars in a Nike shoe box?

I can show you how to trap!

100 grand worth of cap

And I pray that my phone ain't tapped!

Nigga buy for the smell of it

Bought a hard top 6 and I sat it on spree's for the hell of it

7 on the dot!

Got some cain and its jumping out the pot!

I'm in the game so I give it all I got

To a million dollar spot

I got a rainbow Range same color as lean

Wit the matching rims on it, man that bitch so clean

Gotta skittle Drop Jag and a fruity Chevelle

If I drop the top back, bubble kush you gon' smell

Every flip I cop another whip

Every trap I cop another chain

Every play I cop another tool

What these nigga's know bout Gucci Mane?

Notta damn thang!

I'm icy, something like a polar bear

When your girl give me brain better hold her hair

100 Grand in the bag just to make you stare

Re-up wit the man

Gucci Mane Lil'Flap[Chorus][Verse 3: Gucci Mane]

Go with our rental cars

Used to serve hard to Mountain Park;

Now I stand behind the burglar bars

Say Lil'Breeze best smoke ya gars;

I'm the hustler of the century

When you think of money mention me

I said my buddy get it to the key

From Arkansas to Tennessee

Every Brick, Pill. And every "P"

Some how it doesn't come from me

I'm on T.V gettin interviewed

Still got them thangs in the intertubes

8 grand for the good purp

A t-shirt, under my t-shirt

Aye lock it up, that's a bad word

You had to whip it till your wrist hurt

You shoulda holler'd at Gucci or Block

Got'chu a dime to a? a block

I'm knocked diamonds and I never stop

Disturbing cocaine; duckin cops[Chorus]

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