

Let Me Roll

Scarface

Ah, it's jumpin' off in H-Town, baby
He he he
Strictly for the funk lovers
Give it to me And we really want the whole world to see
How it goes
We want your mind to blow, baby
When you free your mind and let it float Let me roll
We want your mind to blow
Just let us hang with you Hangin' in the hood, just shootin' the breeze
My partners on the cut smokin' swisher sweets
Trippin' on the hoochies, rollin' by in they rides
Guzzlin' up a forty ounce of cold St. Ides Jammin' to a tape to my partner had made
Growin' up in the Hood' bein' mixed with Face
Swisher sweet's a killer, feelin' nothin' but nice
Reached in my pocket for the old school dice Pulled out a knot and dropped the dice on the flo'
And asked my partner Mike what they hittin' fo'
Pulled out a yard and said, "We bettin' a dove"
Tee Lee Baby, show your partner some love Kickin' back fadin', put the flame to the joint
3-2, drop baby, 3-2's your point
Back in the do' with a fo' and a ace
Picked up his ends and waved the dice in my face And then he hollered out, "School house"
Schooled 'em again, now D's come in ounce
And walked away from the crap game broke
But it ain't no thing, yo, just let a brother smoke Let me roll
We want your mind to blow
Just got some things to do Back on the creep after losin' some change
Seen my partner [unverified], Big Chief and James
Creepin' on the boulevard, actin' a fool
Trippin' on the broads at the old school Music bumpin' hard, never turnin' it down
Trunk super tight with surround-by sound
Paint job crackin' 'cause the punch ain't fade
Jammin' that brand new 2Low tape Windows all smokey, blowin' coke-laced seed
I'm throwin' up the deuce to the HPD
Now they lookin crazy like I sold the hay
Just another day in the heart of S.A.
Roll a little further there, I seen O.G.
With his brother named [unverified], S.A. O.G. They chopped up the hood, so I'm chunkin' it back
And then they pulled out a 200 dollar sack
When I saw it I almost choked

Twist your partner one, big baby
Just let your partner smokeLet me roll
We want your mind to blow
We got some things to doSmokin' on some lovely, now I'm feelin' fine
It's jumpin' off at the 9.9
5th Ward in the house with the S.A. fools
Ain't no set trippin' 'cause we all so coolDrinkin' up the bottle, gettin' drunk as a skunk
That 151 just ain't no punk
Hit the stage and grabbed the mic and started flexin' styles
A stage full of tight MC's goin buckwildNow throw your hands in the air like that
On the wheels of steel is my homie Lonnie Mack
Gettin' down on his own
Now I'm finna pass my partner Jay the microphoneThrow your hands in the air like that
Northside where you at, where you at, where you at?
Throw your hands in the air like that
Southside where you at, where you at, where you at?Throw your hands in the air like that
Eastside where you at, where you at, where you at?
Throw your hands in the air like that
Westside where you at, where you at, where you at?Let me roll
We want your mind to blow
Let me roll
We want your mind to blowWe got some things to do
Just let us hang with you
We some drink for you
My partner Jay's

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