Roll With 'Em

Juvenile

It's enemy turf that I'm on, so I'ma play it how it go
Cock the hollow points into my black calico
Hit the coat with some of grams of that dope fo' sho' it's 'bout to go
Niggaz graduated from sellin' dope to snortin' dopeGangsta be bustin' heads
Lil Reggie be bustin' heads
K.C., he be bustin' heads
Think I ain't 'bout nustin' headsBodies bled, I'll put infrared up in your Cutlass
You play with 226, that's my clique so I say fuck it
Ruckus, war deep, World War III in the mix
5 hot soys runnin', bringin' G's to they cliqueWith them hundred round tip-tips, to make sure niggaz ain't breathin'
You recievin', a punishment for not believin'
Curly head lookin' for me, 'cause I'm hot and word don' got loose
Bundles of dope fronted, from the Magnolia to the GooseSnitches wanted to testify the shit that they know
Set a bomb on the front door, put a key in the door and the place blow
Look I been walkin' way mo', with a coat full of yeh-yo
Nothin' but clientele, from 11-5, sale
You don't think it's legal, nigga we can take it to the scale
You gon' double your money, gon' get credit make your bailWith that iron, I'ma roll wit' 'em, momma don't pray for me
I don't back down from no nigga, they got a place for me
With that iron, I'ma roll wit' 'em, momma don't pray for me
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I don't back down from no nigga, they got a place for meMy biological father, was a sperm donor, around the corner
Was the man that killed lil Lanny, who knew we'd understand it
That way that, my mother was heartless to her kids
So he took us in his home, and he raised like his ownNow we grown, and we learned responsibility
The devil tryed to get wit me
To affect all of my dickin' inability
But it's gon' be some shit, when a collision is occurin'Asurin', of me bein' a factor, through '97 and after
And I'ma have to, get my ten percent
Or I'ma get punished, like the rest of these niggaz and there's evidence
'Cause ever since all these cars and all these mansionsAnd all these luxuries was givin'
You wasn't givin' no thanks, to the reason you was livin'
So I'ma keep an open mind and make the right decision

And ain't tell you niggaz shit, and put my self in a positionThat's inescapable, 'cause you capable, of puttin' my life in danger
And it's causin' confusion, confusion draw conclusion
And shootin' up some niggaz that pose a threat
Until somebody warns you that you're close to deathWith that iron, I'ma roll wit' 'em, momma don't pray for me
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With that iron, I'ma roll wit' 'em, momma don't pray for me
I don't back down from no nigga, they got a place for meDon't love ya, don't need ya
So why the fuck would I feed ya
You bitches want my riches, delete ya
'Cause it's movin', it's shakin' number one spot takin'Rap site tight and money we be makin'
Clock six figures, with brown beats and triggers
Drinkin' from the riggers, poppa said the gon' fig us
Everything I make, and everything I driveEverything I scratch and everything I ride
Touch it, live for it, you niggaz kill for it
The new Juve tape, got you hoes loosin' weight
Can't get your life straight, music to masturbateTest a, nigga like me boy and you better
Have on your bulletproof sweater, ridin' in an armored Jetta
Beware of these, thugs in E's
Every time you breathe you recievin' a part of meLook, my lyrics be combustible like gases
When I'm grabbin' for the mic and performin' for your masses
I'm never found on the ship that's steady sinkin'
Total control and all about self my way of thinkin'Bankin', off top, runnin' with them boys from the block
Totin' glocks that we only use when we put on the spot
Now I got, a reason to live for than to die
Keepin' a tight inventory on my supply, of gettin' high
Know when to stop, don't wanna be it, can't even see it
Not even them little niggaz that I be wit'With that iron, I'ma roll wit' 'em, momma don't pray for me
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I don't back down from no nigga, they got a place for me
With that iron, I'ma roll wit' 'em, momma don't pray for me
I don't back down from no nigga, they got a place for meI'm gettin' tired, of this bullshit that we hearin'
I'm gettin' tired, 'bout to get my iron ready to ride
Ready to ride, ready to ride
Ready to ride, lil wodieMomma don't pray for me, I don't back down from no nigga
Momma don't pray for me, I don't back down from no nigga
Momma don't pray for me, I don't back down from no nigga

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