Rollin Up

Curren$y & Wiz Khalifa

[Chorus: x2]
And I'm a keep rolling up
Put the weed low when the police is rolling up
Fool all I know is go and try to let them haters slow me up
Stashing for my (insert)?
They balling when they old enough
[Curren$y:]
Yeah, jets nigga
As if I had to say it, spitta
In the middle of every bad Bitches playlist
I tunes banging from my hotel room
Nothing but beats bitch
Fuck it when I die I could sleep Bitch
My momma need a bigger crib so I need this money g
King kong ain't got shit on me
My face is a coupon
I don't know them but they know me
Bitches pitch it, like pitchers
But I'm smart not a wild swinger careful at what I'm hitting
Burners in the sofa cushion careful where you sitting
Ain't in to nothing crazy keep it for them crazy niggas
G fizz [?] fly holla at wiz, catch the steelers
Smelling like high time at the 50 yard line
Ushers bugging wanna check our tickets
[Chorus]
[Wiz Khalifa:]
And um, my niggas the planes back
Getting full off of dinner but save scraps
Never know when a rainy day may hap-
Pen pictures out of my life and Bitches I Taylor gang that
Me and spitta, spend a grand at the bar
Buying drinks for my niggas
Hoes selling they souls just to be with us
On the road with winners, champions
Ride smoking weed to myself the only reason they stress
Because I'm on the level you can't be in
And I flick the middle finger to fake friends
We live like when the loyalty is strong you can't bend
We the planes and all of my niggas stamped in

Billionaire clothes out in Vegas fucking Millionaire hoes
I'm in the air solo
You know where near close
Went and took the road this youngin here chose
Smoking it by the "O"
[Chorus]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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