

# Rollin' with Me

## Haystak

Check check  
youre either with me or against me,  
in this life, aint no in between.

Chorus:  
youre rollin with me  
youre rollin with me  
youre goin with me  
youre goin with me  
get down with me  
get down with me  
everybody else get on the ground.

I go flippin through my notebook,  
Tryin to find a clean sheet,  
flippin through my cd's™s,  
Tryin to find a mean beat.  
Bring heat like august,  
Most rappers make me nauseous,  
But ahhhh  
Never stop though,  
The studio was my sanctuary,  
May not be legendary but for now im necessary,  
They call me a good man, hell,  
That's™s hereditary,  
They show me so much love its like its always February.  
Barely made it, but im here.  
And you got to hate it,  
I show you the difference between winning and being nominated.  
Under-rated.  
From the first, had this undying thirst.  
It just got worse, non-stop search for my next hot verse.  
I worked until it hurt, made sure I was heard.  
Unloaded on other rappers, committed murder with words.  
Emerge from the pit, scarred up, but still spirited  
On some new shit, like 'œuh huh.. now hear this!â€•

(Chorus x2)

no time for bitches, punks, cowards, hoes,

they snitch and sell out, that's how it goes,  
wolves in sheep's clothes got me second guessing everybody  
fuck this rap shit, im just my little girl's daddy,  
a small town boy, hypnotized by the big city,  
good whiskey, long legs, and big titties  
aint forgot the ass whoopin, stikes on my legs,  
country ham, sausage, bacon, and eggs  
I seen the streets get so heated, they bought to blow up,  
Disagree with me baby, shoot outs, wait till they grow up  
"e got gun!" people flee for safety,  
god touched the hearts of  
let em know im a son, father, a boss, and a worker  
under enough pressure to justify murder  
emergency surgery, special doctors, and helicopters,  
you motherfuckers make me pull a chopper uhh

(Chorus x2)

I've seen companies crumble, empires collapse and  
Mc's run outta raps but they continue miles  
Back to catchin the subway jumpin the turnpike,  
People got tired of hearin that one sound,  
Stak got several styles, incredible styles,  
lil' dime bag styles, big federal styles  
ill show out, choose when I go out,  
ill take my fans from you, leave my peace,  
they aint never got to worry bout my knees getting weak,  
im not joking, its all about right now,  
ill never freeze up like that dude on eight mile,  
I came with it, walkin like I talk,  
Bitch back up off  
Take a stage and a mic, turn it into my office,  
When im gone, put a pen and my pad in my coffin  
Come on

(Chorus x2)

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Lyrics submitted by john montgomery.

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