Roll With Me

P. Diddy

[P. Diddy]Yeah.. uh-huh, uh-huh-huh..
Yeah
[Eightball]Yeah, yeah
This big 'Ball mayn, P. Diddy and MJG
We raw mayn (we raw) if pimp was a drug we'd O.D. (c'mon)
Got game for days - betta keep yo' broad away from a nigga like me
I likes to play (I likes to play)
Drop the top and feel the summer breeze (let's go)
I know you can get with that, flippin through the city
Bright lights and all my G's is out here rollin wit me (c'mon)
Big trucks, or fo'-deep in a old school
Lookin for the hoes, at a club - full of drunk fools
(WHAT WHAT WHAT?) Who wanna get it krunk non-stop
(WHO YOU WIT? WHO YOU WIT?) Yo chill fo' dem guns pop
Official player anthem, say what you drankin shorty?
Pop that Henn roll somethin let's get this party started
I roll with Bad Boys (Bad Boy) we like them bad girls (bad girls)
Them fast girls, them love to shake that ass girls (shake that ass)
Get with me, let's get a suite, order somethin to eat
Tell me things about you (c'mon) and I'll tell you things about me
(Let's go)
[Chorus: Faith Evans]Sho' nuff ridin, won'tcha come roll with me
Come on, roll with me
We can put the top down on the highway and feel the breeze
We can feel the breeze
Baby we can kiss the sky, don't matter if we never come down
We ain't never comin down
Reppin N-Y-C and Memphis Tennessee is how it goes down..
[P. Diddy](Uh-huh, yeah yeah)
Yeah, uhh
Let's blow the roof off (roof off) let's ride out (ride out)
Let's try to put these city lights out (lights out)
Just flow with me (flow with me)
It's Diddy with some niggaz that y'all know with me

(Who?) Eightball & MJG (that's right)
We got it man (c'mon) from Harlem to Tennessee
Let's roll through 'em, how I call it is how I see it (that's right)
Let yourself go (self go) the way I keep it real

with a smile that reminds you of my Bentley front grill (ehehe)
Yes it's on again (c'mon) to a place near you
I'm lookin out my rearview, fresh gear too (yeah)
Holla at your man (holla at him) I'm clean and I'm tight (c'mon)
That's all day and night, these shoes fit me right
Just bendin corners - know just where you can find
me picture this (picture this) you only have to use yo' mind
What you know good (you know good)
It's your world and I'm just in it (what?)
It's just the way that God must have meant it
Speak of the man
[Chorus][MJG]Pimp tyte! M-J-G
Fin' to get up on the mic with a passion
Get up on some pads Gwen, my chick get her ass in
For the track, make my money
Bring it on back to the middle of the flo'
I want the whole stack
Plus I, need a little more, I gotta eat a little mo'
My seed gotta grow
I got a reason to flow, a reason to show
What I mean is I go
off like a champ, when I cling to the flo'
My twinkies shine when I hit the strip, 'llac dippin
Strictly pimpin, as long as tricks invest in women
From the Memphis Tenn., to the N-Y-C I'm representin
I put mo' spice into yo' life than yo' entire kitchen
Big dickin, chokin hoes with anaconda
If my pimpin was a drink it'd be a can of Thunder
I slang lumber, a spell I keep my women under
Through all seasons, they fall winter spring and summer
I hit the highway smoked out pistol grippin
But I ain't trippin though I'm high as hell, spaceship'n
[Chorus] - 2X

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