Roll Out

Chrispy

Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?
Can y'all bounce, can y'all bounce, what?
Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?
Can y'all bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce?
Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?
Can y'all bounce, can y'all bounce, what?
Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?
Ficky, ficky, ficky, ficky, Timbaland
I be creepin' in backyards, dippin' in alley ways
My brother in the 360, I'm in a escalade
We piled ride high, sittin' on low pros
Petey in the back of us, with his range rov
Bold ladies sittin' in back, one ridin' in the front
No smokin' in here, so put out your freakin' blunt
This how we gon' do it, so pay attention to the rules
Women in sexy gear, draws down and no shoes
That's why we keep it live, 'cuz we keep ours alive
For that alcohol is full of, full of surprise
That's how we're gonna ball, walk before we crawl
This here, this here, is that party y'all
Roll out
(Roll)
Get crunked
(Roll)
Get your girls
(Roll)
Get your boys
(Roll)
Hit the switches
(Roll)
Bring the noise
(Roll)
Roll out
(Roll)
Get crunked
(Roll)
Get your girls
(Roll)
Get your boys

(Roll)
Hit the switches
(Roll)
Bring the noise
(Roll)
Roughest, toughest, fastest, one of the baddest
Rappin' asses, tickin' on a Timbaland classic
Layin' in traffic, shiftin' gears in the automatic
Tryin' to get past this old couple in a Maverick
Beepin' my horn at 'em, flickin' on my hazards
G. callin' me, on his cell phone laughin'
Thinkin' his chick hang out the sunroof flashin'
I done went in the grass, like to kill a rabbit
Swerve back into traffic, radio blastin'
Slammed on the brakes, ya old bastard
Tim zig-zaggin', hell, he in the back
And girls sittin' on the trunk, droppin' wine glasses
Wind blowin' dresses up, showin' off the panties
Polka-dot stripe thongs crammed in they fannies
Whoop, you could be Ms. Barry, fine as you is
Tim, pull it over, let 'em ride in here
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Catch me in a chick and her name is Kim
Tryna tell you who I hit 'cuz I ran out of Bim
Fast food so dangerous that I'm crackin' my rim
Like why Taco Bell drive-through so damn slim
I'm out north too, no top on the Benz
Big body, too, just like I walked out the gym
Man, I'm speeding through, not just feeling the wind
Look, the needle to the gas tank is right at the end
Now, I'm needing to sin, lying again
Pumpin' gas in the Benz with no money to spend
And every kid that walk in, cashier turning again
So it's a good thing that lady walked in her twins
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All I do is listen to Eightball, with the hoes on call
High dank in my gas tank and eat raw franks
Grill in my bed and serve two steak and siemen
And I'm scheming on your daughter
With on condom and Clairborne
Don't get it twisted, I'm gold toothed and two fisted
Both arms ready to roll, chrome-wristed
I'm past being beserk, I go to work
Tell the boss, "Go 'head

Give me some sugars and hot sauce"
With an a track of Diana Ross playing
And drunk off some moonshine
I passed out and woke up at noontime
Thought it was crack of dawn, but ass was in my face
Said them draws was Versache, I thought she had Versace
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