

# Rollin (urban Assault Vehicle)

Dmx

Play the fuckin' track  
Play that fuckin' track!  
Oh there it is  
Limp Bizkit DMX, Redman, Method man  
That's right you all  
We just keep on rollin' baby  
Are you ready  
Are you ready  
Are you ready  
Move in now move out  
Hands up now hands down  
Back up back up  
Tell me what you gonna do now  
Breathe in now breathe out  
Hands up now hands down  
Back up back up  
Tell me what you gonna do now  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Now I know you all be lovin' this shit right here  
L I M P Bizkit is right here  
People in the house put them hands in the air  
'Cuz if you don't care than we don't care  
See I ain't givin' a fuck quit pressin' your luck  
Untouchable branded unfuckable  
So keep me in this tape until you run that mouth  
Then I'ma hafta play and break the fuck out  
And then we'll see you slept after one round with X  
And what am I bringin' next just know it's Red and Meth  
So where the fuck you at punk shut the fuck up  
And back the fuck up while we fuck this track up  
Are you ready  
Are you ready  
Are you ready  
Move in now move out  
Hands up now hands down  
Back up back up

Tell me what you gonna do now  
Breathe in now breathe out  
Hands up now hands down  
Back up back up  
Tell me what you gonna do now  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Check my dangerous slang atrocious  
When I let these nuts hang focus it's Wu Tang  
What the fuck's a Hootie and the Blowfish  
I wave my black flag at the roaches  
Who approaches these twin supersoakers  
Who have poisonous darts for culprits  
Too late to get your blow gun un-holstered  
You're left buttered up and lightly toasted  
So what I drink and smoke too much  
So what I cuss too much shut the fuck up  
Yo, yo now when we roll  
You motherfuckers tuck in your gold  
'Cuz for the platinum I'm jackin' niggas up in Limos  
It ain't nothin' for bullets to unbutton your clothes  
Description yellow male tissue up in his nose  
You bitches swing the vine on the bathroom nuts  
I'm hairy as hell outta hell and tattooed up  
I'm a dog only fuck in the bathroom, what?  
In high school I dealt only with the classroom sluts  
My name is Johnny, Donnie, Brasco  
Tuck the gat low cut your cash flow  
Yell if you want money funny  
A hungry dummy snatch crumbs from me  
Doc and Hot Niks bodies in the mosh pit  
Yo, and I'm the D.O you lookin' at the raw invented  
On Friday I spit thirty-five to forty minutes  
Smell up the bathroom like Craig Paul was in it  
Endin' up on your back wu swords up in it  
Anyone can match me I crack 'em all to Guinness  
Fuck how many thugs players and ballers in it  
Brick City Shaolin better call us sinners  
Boys that'll run up in your wife, maul and spill it  
Yo we said c'mon!  
Move in now move out  
Hands up now hands down  
Back up back up

Tell me what you gonna do now  
Breathe in now breathe out  
Hands up now hands down  
Back up back up  
Tell me what you gonna do now  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
It just don't get no darker than that kid with the barker  
Bald head with the boots who shoots to make it spark  
I'm a fair nigga but ain't nann nigga  
Quicker than the hand trigga so if you dare nigga  
It'll be like your man tryin' to hold your brain to your head  
But you'll be shittin' on yourself 'cuz you already dead  
And at the funeral you won't need a casket  
Leavin' just enough of him to stuff in a basket  
Just get the casket I really need my ass kicked  
My mom never let me forget that I'm a bastard  
I ain't never been shit and ain't gon' be shit  
That's why I taste shit whenever I see shit  
It's just that D shit D's short for do what I wanna do  
And that's what I'm gonna do right here in front of you  
And I'll be runnin' you and your man straight up out  
And y'all niggas ain't runnin' a fuckin' thing but your mouth  
Move in now move out  
Hands up now hands down  
Back up back up  
Tell me what you gonna do now  
Breathe in now breathe out  
Hands up now hands down  
Back up back up  
Tell me what you gonna do now  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
You wanna mess with Limp Bizkit  
You can't mess with Limp Bizkit  
Because we get it on every day and every night  
See this platinum thing right here?  
Well we doin' it all the time  
So you better get some better beats  
And uh, get some better rhymes  
You really really really wanna get shit started

Well people everywhere just get retarded  
Get retarded get retarded people everywhere just get retarded  
Move in now move out  
Hands up now hands down  
Back up back up  
Tell me what you gonna do now  
Breathe in now breathe out  
Hands up now hands down  
Back up back up  
Tell me what you gonna do now  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
That's right baby  
Watch out punk  
Limp Bizkit! DMX! Method Man! Redman and Swizz Beatz  
Where the fuck you at?  
Bump that shit!  
Bump that shit!  
Bump that shit!  
Bump that shit!  
Ruff ryders! Punk

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