Roll With 'Em (f/ Big Tymers)

Juvenile

Juvenile:

It's enemy turf that I'm on, so I'ma play it how it go
Cock the hollow points into my black calico
Hit the coat with some of grams of that dope fo' sho' it's bout to go
Niggaz graduated from sellin' dope to snortin' dope
Gangsta be bustin' heads
Lil Reggie be bustin' heads
K.C., he be bustin' heads
Think I ain't 'bout nustin' heads
Boddies bled, I'll put infrared up in your Cutlass
You play with 226, that's my clique so I say fuck it
Ruckus, war deep, World War III in the mix
5 Hot Boy\$ runnin', bringin' G's to they clique
With them hundred round tip-tips, to make sure niggaz ain't breathin'
You recievin', a punishment for not believin'

Curly head lookin' for me, cause I'm hot and word don' got loose

Bundles of dope fronted, from the Magnolia to the Goose

Snitches wanted to testify the shit that they know

Set a bomb on the front door, put a key in the door and the place blow

Look I been walkin' way mo', with a coat full of yeh-yo

Nothin' but clientele, from 11-5, sale

You don't think it's legal, nigga we can take it to the scale You gon' double your money, gon' get credit make your bailChorus: Juvenile (4x)

With that iron, I'ma roll wit' 'em, momma don't pray for me I don't back down frome no nigga, they got a place for meJuvenile:

My biological father, was a sperm donor, around the corner

Was the man that killed lil Lanny, who knew we'd understand it

That way that, my mother was heartless to her kids

So he took us in his home, and he raised like his own

Now we grown, and we learned responsibility,

The devil tryed to get wit me

To affect all of my dickin' inability

But it's gon' be some shit, when a collision is occurin'

Asurin', of me bein' a factor, through '97 and after

And I'ma have to, get my ten percent

Or I'ma get punished, like the rest of these niggaz and there's evidence 'Cause ever since all these cars and all these mansions, and all these luxuries was givin'

You wasn't givin' no thanks, to the reason you was livin'

So I'ma keep an open mind and make the right decision And ain't tell you niggaz shit, and put my self in a position That's unescapable, 'cause you capable, of puttin' my life in danger

And it's causin' confusion, confusion draw conclusion

And shootin' up some niggaz that pose a threat

Until somebody warns you that you're close to deathChorus: Juvenile (4x)Mannie Fresh:

Don't love ya, don't need ya, so why the fuck would I feed ya

You bitches want my riches, delete ya

Cause it's movin', it's shakin' number one spot takin'

Rap shite tight and money we be makin'

Clock six figures, with brown beats and triggers

Drinkin' from the riggers, poppa said the gon' fig us

Everything I make, and everything I drive

Everything I scratch and everything I ride

Touch it, , live for it, you niggaz kill for it

The new Juve tape, got you hoes loosin' weight

Can't get your life straight, music to masturbateJuvenile:

Test a, nigga like me boy and you better

Have on your bulletproof sweater, ridin' in an armored Jetta

Beware of these, thugs in E's

Everytime you breathe you recievin' a part of me

Look, my lyrics be combustable like gases

When I'm grabbin' for the mic and performin' for your masses

I'm never found on the ship that's steady sinkin'

Total control and all about self my way of thinkin'

Bankin', off top, runnin' with them boys from the block

Totin' glocks that we only use when we put on the spot

Now I got, a reason to live for than to die

Keepin' a tight inventory on my supply, of gettin' high

Know when to stop, don't want to be it, can't even see it

Not even them little niggaz that I be wit'Chorus: Juvenile (10x)I'm gettin' tired, of this bulshit that we hearin'

I'm gettin' tired, 'bout to get my iron ready to ride

Ready to ride

Ready to ride

Ready to ride, lil wodie

Momma don't pray for me, I don't back down frome no nigga

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