

Rollin' On 20's

Lil' Flip

Here we go, welcome to my world nigga
Of Cadillac's and stacks
Triple X throwbacks with my name on the back
Uh, I know you see us
You wanna be us
With Jam Master Jay on my Adidas
Plus I ride around in two-seata's
I hope it's cold 'cause I'm comin' wit my heata
I'm on the Fleeta, doin' 150
Can't you tell by my cut why I'm pimpin'
And if I hit one time, she's limpin'
And if he trick one dime, he's simpin'
'Cause we don't do it like that over here
All we do is grip grain on the stair
Like Killer Mike all I do is dream about sex
But when I wake up, I have a dream about a check
And after that I burn rubber
When I jump in my Vette'
Yet his hoes raise up
But it ain't come out yet, I'm speed racin'
On 20's, on 20's
Wheel's spinnin', wheels spinnin'
These hoes grinnin'
I pulled up with the top off
On 20's, on 20's
Wheel's spinnin', wheels spinnin'
These hoes grinnin'
Futuristic tennis shoes when I hop off
I got a need for speed, get in da truck wit me
Or we can start in the Bentley doin' a buck fifty
I'm so gangsta, chickenheads don't wanna fuck wit me
But you can love me or hate me, baby, you're stuck wit me
And I'm a fluff till the police come and get me
We run dis city, you can't do nothin' wit me
It's young red ya'll, I'm rollin' somethin' sticky
You see them 20's, believe they worth three a penny
And I ain't really got nuthin' to lose
So announce on 22's, start spreadin' the news
Let's speed it up a little, hoes love to choose

Soon as they spot the drop, man, it gotta be the shoes
The fast lane is where a nigga live e'er night
Look for the grain, stay away from the red light
Them old folks hear me creepin' up the street
'Cause they know I got them, I got them woofers in my jeep, nigga

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We never lose sleep, lemme

On 20's, on 20's

Wheel's spinnin', wheels spinnin'

These hoes grinnin'

You can't even breath in it

Say, there go the laws, man

Where, where

They gettin' behind us right now

Stop lyin' man, you lyin'

Don't worry about it, we in a Lamborghini, man, I'm gone

I got a Lambo, I got a drop jag

Plus I got a Harley bike, nigga top that

Now e'erbody be like where you shop at

And they be askin' dumb shit like where you got that

That's when I look back and say I'm a superstar

And if it cost a hundred grand it's a super car

I'm still ballin', 20 still crawlin'

Like retarded kids, my DVD's stallin'

Lakers still callin' but we already signed

We about to be legends like Morris Day & the Time

When Paul gave me a call, man I had to do it

I gotta rep where I'm from so I had to screw it, uh

I'm from the home of the Houston Texans

The only horse we ride is in our Lexus

Nowadays, everybody wanna chop on blades

But we been doin' that, so ya'll better behave

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