

Slow Ya Roll (ft. O'Dell)

Mac

[mac]

Send this out to my nigga mike king and
All the 22nd gangsters in columbus ohio
From a o-g to a b-gee
Slow your roll niggas
Shell shocked
Check it[o'dell]

15 with the triple beam, working the streets
Lil' nigga gotta ride, now he's bumpin' the beats
(it's all good, it's all good)
He pass by makin' the noise, odd boy
Yah we see him with the chip phone
He talkin' to them young bitches, he used to be afraid, but
Now he shootin' the shit, cus he gettin' paid (I like that)
When I was his age, I had the same kinda ways
Had to rush to get paid, keep on a fresh pair of J's
On a niggas feet, and it was something to ball
To go to school and tell them niggas they ain't fuckin' wit' chall
Don't hit it, to the grime, wit' a pocket full of dimes
I hope you got that 9 and he got it on his mind
Cus the haters won't like that, would you pass
Cus the niggas will buck, and show a man his ass
Watch your back lil' nigga, the game is cold
And most of us don't make it old, slow your roll[chorus]

(rolll)

Keep it on your mind

(rolll)

A nigga shoots the same

(slow your rolll)

You better slow your roll

(rolll)

What mama used to say,

(slow your rolll)

Keep it up young man

(roll)

A nigga shoots the same

(slow your rolll)

You better slow your roll

What mama used to say[mac]

16 with a bullet to his hip bone, he was slippin'
They shot him right in front of momz' wasn't even trippin'
He healed up, let his anger build up
Now he's ready for war, he five deep in the black car
And all dem niggas got murder on dey mind
Your boy got that a.k., you got the tech 9 (I got the tech you heard me)
Passenger seat he spot Woo-ney, (who is Woo-ney?)
He's that nigga that pulled the trigger when he stole me
Take that mothafucka! That's what what he yelled
As the automatic went **bucka**bucka**
And all you niggas gots to die
Is that the killer in his eyes, or was it just a disguise
Cus I remember he was a lil' timid nigga, a lil' skinny nigga
Now he pulled the trigger, and who are you to take these laws in your
Own hands
His daddy told me like a grown man, wooh, slow your roll[chorus][o'dell]
17 with a life sentence
He in a cell with the cousin of the nigga he killed
Now tell me how it feel to look him deep in his eyes and see your whole
Life
Ain't got a gun, gotta twerk it with a shank knife
See he was five times bigger, it wouldn't mean shit to the trigger
But you can't get to it quicker, I seen the look in his eyes
When the blade penetrated, he bled like he menstruated.
And I can't sleep knowing how I kicked the game to him
Gave a name to him, on the block now he caught in the pine box
Is there a heaven for a killer?
Forgiveness to a lil' nigga, who praised nothin' but skrilla
All he wanted was the finer things...
Laid in his casket with his Rolex and his diamond rings.
Dear God have mercy on his young soul...
See he was told det most of us don't make it old...
Slow your roll.[chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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