

# This Is How We Roll

## Florida Georgia Line / Luke Bryan

Wheels is shinin', deals we signin', money's pilin'  
Low, this is how we roll  
Wheels is shinin', deals we signin', money's pilin'  
Low, this is how we roll  
Catch me in the black 'llac truck with the pickup back  
The game weak, I'ma pick up slack  
Hands high like a stick-up jack, fuck your borin' rap  
This East to West coast hittin' like Warren Sapp  
I'm fully focused, I walk with a purpose  
Y'all are fuckin' clowns, you belong in a circus  
This is big bid'ness, we don't stop 'til the money home  
Block shakin' more buzz than a honeycomb  
And I'm a savage in the booth  
I'm on some movement shit, about to rally up the youth  
Number one seed daddy walkin' through the playoffs  
You better quit rappin' 'fore I start makin' layoffs  
Fuck a day off, I'm movin' heavy for the payoff  
You don't ride to this? We don't need you, stay off  
Hate on this? I don't care what you said  
Y'all can choke on a shit sandwich with no bread  
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I don't smile as such, buddy, ain't much funny  
You touchy, frilly rappers claimin' that you fuckin' Gully  
I live poor but look rich, I hit raw, you look bitch  
You love me, that's why you got your style from me  
Most sayin' Marc Predka's overconfident  
It's only 'cause they jeally that my profile is prominent  
The dominant factor is the money I'm after  
Your opinion ain't mean shit buddy, I ain't ask ya  
It's gon' be what it's gon' be  
It is what it is and was what it was so watch ya wordplay  
Trademarc lay you where the buzzards and birds play  
I write rhymes 'til ya boy is heard mayne  
'Cause alls I got, is my voice and word  
Sophisticated rapper the dapper lover the don  
It's on baby pah, yeah, word is bond

Cut the check and I'll rock, every word of the song, what now?  
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I gotta get Velcro flow, I'll make you stick to this  
So many zeros, my monetary is ridiculous  
A glass of Chardonnay doesn't whine like you  
I'm an Altered Beast with Einstein's IQ  
Plus I shine bright too and I ride right through  
In a leaned out, old school, skylight blue  
I don't think there's a player nicer  
Keep your Cristal, I'm shoot Jagermeister  
Foot to the floor and you ain't you keep the pace  
Throw me a whore and call me Kobe 'cause you know  
That I'ma beat the case, I buy some land and never  
Even see the place, vegetarian chicks, go on givin' meat a taste  
Throw away money like I hate on loot  
Copped your CD it sounds great on mute  
Words turn 'em to dust makin' MC's disintegrate  
My name get traffic like the California interstate, what?  
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