

Can I Roll Wit U

South Central Cartel

[Rhimeson]
Can I roll with you?
[Prode'je]
Nigga, what can I do?
When I still seem
To day-dream and fiend for green
Cause one plus two, broke muthafuckas, don't equals naythin
In a buck-fortyfive's what I'm waitin
[Rhimeson]
So now it's time for me to grab the strap
And put you in a sleeper eternally
That's what my psychic's tellin me
So now I'm ridin to the sun, and I
Know it ain't shit for me to lose...
[Prode'je] ...So I
Asked the big homie to put it down for me
When I was down you been around for me
Give me nine ounces, and count this stackola
That I can rack for ya
[Rhimeson]
For sho', yo ride, as I slide to Kansas City
Not lookin for hoes that shake no titties
But to drop off ki's and collect my g's
My fees for this job is three g's
[Prode'je]
Let's see if I can get it crackin for me[Prode'je]
Can I roll with you?
[Rhimeson]
Nigga, what can I do
For you, now that it's really on and poppin?[Prode'je]
Went to the city and my big homies is ???
With my 3 g's, can I get it crackin for me?
I always heard that bullets turn curves like Nike stripes
So one silent night they take flights to put out headlights
[Rhimeson]
Turn to your skull where your brains was
Game recognize game, can you dig it?
I did it, stackin to see what's happenin
Loop - there it is, I'm handlin my biz

[Prode'je]

With this I'm buyin powdered shit
So I can rock it up and make it whoop, the loot
Chop it into doves to serve em love like Herbie
This whooped-up lley gon' freeze they brains like slurpies

[Rhimeson]

But I'm tryin to kick back, relax and stack a meal ticket
Motivation is good preparation, so I rolls with it
(In a '86 coupe) in a '85 cutlass
2 O.G.'s on fo' d's, and we're comin[Rhimeson]

Nigga, what's happenin?
Shall we get to scrappin or cappin?
A king-size .44 magnum to tag em

[Prode'je]

Well, I guess we'll get into some gangster shit
I let my strap holler at your chest while Mouthpiece holler at your bitch

[Rhimeson]

And I'm checkin eyes, so you best to recognize
When I let these bullets fly, from this heat you gon' die

[Prode'je]

Right, you muthafuckas want to see the gangstas
I'm comin from the squad, I ain't no peace treaty banger

[Young Prod]

I was born in the hood and raised, I stayed in the hood, that's real
>From emptyin my clip, from dumpin on niggas, I'm pistol-whippin your grill

But still you feel me in attempts to pull my card
I'm rollin a fo' do', Eagle out the window, dumpin on y'all

[Rhimeson]

And all I did was struggle for my land
And I'm too much of a gee to die by another man

[Prode'je]

And understand you gotta bury me, you won't worry me
With your playa-hater strategy, for my enemy

Songwriters

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