

Roll With It

Three 6 Mafia

Let me chirp these fools
Juice got weed, Juice got bills
Juice got their work on the corner cuttin' deals
Juice know you haters out there snitchin' ain't for real
So Juice got some game, niggaz, down for the kill
Juice know the feds got surveillance on the field
We never had a job but we sittin' on a mill
We ball out in the club with our niggaz stayin' trill
We never wrote a check just them big face bills
A playa drinkin' Makers, Marker, cranberry vodka
Wearin' a mink coat that's furry as Chewbacca
I saw ya main gal and a playa had to stop her
Her name wasn't Silkk but her face was The Shocker
The feds takin' pictures of us ballin' but I got 'em
A 7 footer hole for his body, we gon drop 'em
We always on the grind, we be watchin' when they watchin'
And when they turn they back, it's the clucka-clucka, rock 'em, yeah
If you boys got beef, we can roll with it
In the club or the street, we can go with it
It don't make me none blow for blow with it
Crack his head with a gun, I'ma sho split it
If you boys got beef, we can roll with it
In the club or the street, we can go with it
It don't make me none blow for blow with it
Crack his head with a gun, I'ma sho split it
We got them tones in the club and them bulletproof vests
Them three fifty seven titanium Smith-N-Wess
And plus we deep as hell and prepared to bust
You gonna have hell if you fuck with us and that's what's up
The whole club, we maintain
These hydra shock bullets mushroom in ya brain
We in bed with the med, give 'em somethin' to do
'Cause clown ass niggaz love to act the fool
My hood is real nigga, my hood ain't fake
My hood is home nigga, everythang straight
My hood will rob you with mask on they face
My hood will do it to put food on they plate
My hood ain't tame dog, they wanna jump fool
My hood, they hang together, they all jump you

And if you don't believe me then come to my hood
And you will see that it ain't all good
If you boys got beef, we can roll with it
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