

## Roll On 'Em

Chingy

I know you're thinkin this song is gonna be about  
All the problems in my life, all my pain and sorrow  
All the shit I done been through  
And the times that I've been livin on this here fucked up Earth  
Well I'm sorry to let you know that it ain't, haha

Cool & Dre watup, yeah  
This your boy Chingy man, straight from the Lou' (it's Ricky Ross)  
All the way to Miami (Chingy)  
We doin it big baby (St. Louis, watup)  
Now let's go

We roll on 'em roll, roll on 'em roll  
We roll on 'em roll, roll on 'em roll  
We roll on 'em roll, roll on 'em roll  
We roll on 'em roll, roll on 'em roll

Look, check  
Hey I'm so flossy I can wear the Dental package  
The Range Rover sweet, 'cause it got a lotta racket  
Our [? ] lost faith, now I call it Chingy Magic  
Look the other way nigga when you see me in traffic  
Hello, 22's is cool  
Feel like I graduated, throwin y'all still in school  
Look, mellow they call me Young Smooth  
'Cause my appearance alone will get your girl in a mood, shoot  
I know they like the color on the Chrys'  
'Cause I'm gettin it hell, put some colors in the ice  
That's ballin, go 'head, gamble with your life  
And I'm a [gunshots] turn your head to some dice  
Hood up partner, you niggaz goin straight broke  
Tryna keep up with my whips, I don't pay a damn note  
No, no you fake hustlers are a joke  
Huffin old ass fool should have came with a remote

If you ridin 10 tyres, throw some 24's on it  
Throw some 24's on it, throw some 24's on it  
If you ridin regular paint, throw some candy on that bitch  
Throw some candy on that bitch, throw some candy on that bitch  
If your radio too low, throw some beat up in the trunk  
Throw some beat up in the trunk, throw some beat up in the trunk  
So pass the police, turn that shit up, let it bump  
Turn that shit up, let it bump, turn that shit up, let it bump

Yeah, Boss  
I'm a vet with the whips, when it's red on the hips  
Hit the Lou' drop the top, throw up sess' and then I dip  
22's out the top, I'm a mess with the bricks  
Gettin head in all schools, havin sex in the six  
I make you niggaz brin it, sittin on 30 inches  
We steppin out blingin, me and the dirty Chingy  
I met your homie chick, fucked her in 30 minutes  
Jump back off in my shit, we back to serve sippin  
You hear that big glock, you see that wrist watch  
Go hit the weed spot, me and my shit wash  
If you trippin, I'm bustin, we still killin for nothin  
If you feelin I'm frontin, I'm continue to stuntin

Ricky Ross

Click your heels homeboy, my rims on steroids  
Po's pull me over you know, I don't care boy  
Here's my license and to show that's all you pigs need  
Keep fuckin with me, I'm a take you on a high speed  
Try me (vroom), but you know what pa'  
They usually stop me just to say they wanna drive my car, uh  
Nah tell the station give you a raise  
And maybe you can be flossin like me one day  
One day, ay, where my riders at  
The SS Impala co from front to back  
I'm about to sell it tho', fuck it, give it to Smith  
So he can stunt like his cousin and we all the shit  
I got this, probably seen me on the dub cover  
Flyin smurf, low fur, chauffeur, I'm a hustler  
Yeah homie bring your whips out  
Last nigga tried to jack me, dirty brought them clips out