

## Roll Out

Timbaland & Magoo

Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?  
Can y'all bounce, can y'all bounce, what?  
Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?  
Can y'all bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce?  
Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?  
Can y'all bounce, can y'all bounce, what?  
Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?  
Ficky, ficky, ficky, ficky, Timbaland

I be creepin' in backyards, dippin in alley ways  
My brother in the 360, I'm in a escalade  
We piled ride high, sittin' on low pros  
Petey in the back of us, with his range rov  
Bold ladies sittin' in back, one ridin' in the front  
No smokin' in here, so put out your freakin' blunt  
This how we gon' do it, so pay attention to the rules  
Women in sexy gear, draws down and no shoes  
That's why we keep it live, cuz we keep ours alive  
For that alcohol is full of, full of surprise  
That's how we're gonna ball, walk before we crawl  
This here, this here, is that party y'all

Roll Out (ROLL!)  
Get crunked (ROLL!)  
Get your girls (ROLL!)  
Get your boys (ROLL!)  
Hit the switches (ROLL!)  
Bring the noise (ROLL!)  
Roll Out (ROLL!}  
Get crunked (ROLL!)  
Get your girls (ROLL!)  
Get your boys (ROLL!)  
Hit the switches (ROLL!)  
Bring the noise (ROLL!)

Roughest, toughest, fastest, one of the baddest  
Rappin' asses, tickin' on a Timbaland classic  
Layin' in traffic, shiftin gears in the automatic  
Tryin' to get past this old couple in a Maverick  
Beepin' my horn at 'em, flickin' on my hazards  
G. callin' me, on his cell phone laughin'  
Thinkin' his chick hang out the sunroof flashin'  
I done went in the grass, like to kill a rabbit  
Swerve back into traffic, radio blastin'  
Slammed on the brakes [SKRUT!], ya old bastard  
Tim zig-zaggin', hell, he in the back and  
Girls sittin' on the trunk, droppin' wine glasses  
Wind blowin' dresses up, showin' off the panties  
Polka-dot stripe thongs crammed in they fannies  
WHOO! You could be Ms. Barry, fine as you is  
Tim, pull it over, let 'em ride in here

Catch me in a chick, and her name is Kim  
Tryna tell you who I hit cuz I ran out of Bim  
Fast food so dangerous that I'm crackin' my rim  
Like why Taco Bell drive-thru so damn slim  
I'm out north too, no top on the Benz

Big body, too, just like I walked out the gym  
Man, I'm sppeding through, not just feeling the wind  
Look, the needle to the gas tank is right at the end  
Now, I'm needing to sin, lying again  
Pumpin' gas in the Benz, with no money to spend  
And every kid that walk in, cashier turning again  
So it's a good thing that lady walked in her twins

All I do is listen to Eightball, with the hoes on call  
High dank in my gas tank and eat raw franks  
Grill in my bed and serve 2 steak and siemen  
And I'm scheming on your daughter with on condom and Clairborne  
Don't get it twisted, I'm gold-toothed and two-fisted  
Both arms ready to roll, chrome-wristed  
I'm past being beserk, I go to work  
Tell the boss "Go 'head give me some sugars and hot sauce"  
With an atrack of Diana Ross playing  
And drunk off some moonshine, I passed out and woke up at noontime  
Thought it was crack of dawn, but ass was in my face  
Said them draws was versache, I thought she had versace