

## Rollin'

## Black Knights

Oh how I love my a hundred spokes  
Flossin and shit, California  
Flossin on them gold ones  
Black Knights  
Old ones, I sold them  
Sippin on a cold one, Rollin on them gold ones  
The chrome was the old ones, I sold them

Can I get a drum roll please for my gold D's?  
Hundred spoke Daytonas, wish we all could be California  
Smokin bank in the corners in a black six-deuce  
Hittin switches, dippin, switchin on that ackrite juice  
Act like you, wan' try and take my D's  
Watch how fast these slugs in this thang gon' leave  
Watch how many holes in ya body it leaves  
Watch how much pints of blood you bleed  
May the fake thugs retreat, pop up barkin the heat  
Caravanin nine-to-ten cars deep  
Down the 'shaw where Knights is known to breakin laws  
And if a bitch is ridin with me she's takin it off  
Now get off ya job, if not bitch I'm layin you off  
Cuz I guess the last nigga that you fucked with was soft  
That ain't me, it cost just to floss with me  
And how I love my a hundred spoke D's

Rollin, sippin on a cold one, Rollin on them gold ones  
The chrome was the old ones, I sold them

Yo  
Up in a black bourbon tank labelled GMC  
Smokin on a Newport long and PCP  
Gat tucked in, easy pass, I'm low duckin  
Dimepiece bird on the side I'm finger-fuckin  
Bouncin off this deuce-deuces, fat like Polo geese  
Eighteen-inch woofers movin studio acoustics  
Rim tri-star, chrome on my side-bar  
Don't hate crab cuz I caught ya bitch eye par  
Platinum grill, re-enforced solid steel  
Superstar engine, force of an eighteen wheel  
That'll crash through brick walls, smash intersections  
Move through ya city escorted with police protection  
Heated polished seats with back massages  
You gotta know how to roll in more like Kenny Rogers  
Tinted glass, PS2 plus Dreamcast  
Smoke screens, blindin high blasts  
GPS satellite navigation  
Automatic lock doors drop jackers to the station  
You got beef you get fed to Doc Doom  
Goon, you can't fuck with Wu Killa Bee Clan platoon  
I might get Holocaust to come and cough on you  
My nigga Crisis might love to let one off on you  
Or Rugged Monk rolls up another blunt  
The great Digi goes and lures out another cunt  
Cuz I be Rollin, Rollin, Rollin on them twenty-twos  
Ain't got no money or love for you funny fools  
Cuz I be Rollin, Rollin, Rollin on them twenty-twos  
Sippin brews, packin tools for you funny fools

I'm from the land of chaos where niggaz get shot for trippin  
I caught a fool slippin on some D's, now I'm steady dippin  
Cruisin, movin up the block cuz I'm the shit  
Stick dick to hoodrats, make gangsta hits  
I baptize my sticks, ice skate on seventeens  
On the phone with five-oh, don't you love them D's?  
While they spin, you freeze in ya souped up paint clean  
Fifties, amps, six by nines and thangs  
Comin down the block, let my sub straight bang  
Like, "Fuck the po-po's, I'm not turnin it down"  
I love to floss as I toss up a fifth of that Crown  
Bank corner after corners, watch all the ho's smile