

# Roley

Cadet

This is the nine side  
Beatfreakz

I got the Rollie on my wrist and it's glistenin' (Oh-oh-oh)  
I don't think that they listenin'  
I could hear the snakes in the grass and they hissin' (Oh-oh-oh)  
I don't think that they listenin'  
I'm tellin' them it's murder she wrote, wrote  
Murder, murder  
See I'm tellin' them it's murder she wrote, wrote  
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(Cadet, Cadet, Cadet)

If I step, put my hand up in my pouch (Woo)  
You better know what I be about (Uh)  
Can't remember how I met that gyal  
Put her leg over her head, man I stretched that gyal  
And we got bread, uh  
I'm schoolin' these niggas like Ofsted (Trust)  
Video shoot back with your migos (Mama)  
But I bruck a nigga up, quick, offset (Cadet, Cadet, Cadet)  
If your man wanna, uh-  
See the hand grabber, uh-  
Slap his friend then him like [?] (Mad)  
She your wife but trust me I can grab her (True)  
Make her boyfriend ghost like Angela  
Old school, gang niggas no bandana (Nah)  
Black tee, bare jewels, like Santana (Woo)  
And I came with two kind gyalie, 'cause I'm [?] when I talk  
When you talk, pussy [?]

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Don't get it twisted, I'm young and minted

I never had a nickel, now my left wrist glistenin'  
Wipe out the rival, bygones be bygones  
That nigga done me dirty but just don't know when he snitchin'  
They wanna know if I'm really on the roads  
My watch is very icy, see I nearly caught a cold  
I hope you know, see your main ting she's a hoe  
With my knick-knack paddywhack, I give your girl the bone  
Go low, go low, go down  
Say she went low 'cah a nigga got pounds  
Come to the ends I can show you around  
Right now

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