

RIP Rollie

Casanova

See, I done ran through the white gold Sky Dweller
Rose Gold presi
The AP, nah I ain't really fuckin' with that shit no more
I'm gettin' too much money
I'm gettin' too much fuckin' money

R.I.P. to the Rollie
Patek ya' neck if you don't know me
Patek Phillipe for all my homies
You fake ass niggas just can't clone me
100k on a cash out
A couple bricks in the crack house
Don't let me pull this mask out
Heard you got it in the stash house

Oh that's a Rollie? this 3 of those
But I like ya watch don't get pita rolled
See you shinin' in the club hope your peoples know
That I got it on my hip not in the vehicle
Before I signed a deal I had 100 pack
You signed a deal where your money at?
What you get a show I bet I double that
And those ain't Rolex diamonds what you done to that?
You see my watch how it's frozed up
You saw opps then you froze up
I got a Glock ready to load up
Ya song was hot all summer but now it slowed up
So it's R.I.P. to the homie
If your watch tick-tock, it's a phony
Before I took that shit you shoulda told me
I went to the jeweler look what he sold me

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Try to be cool, get the right vibe
But no more Mr. Nice Guy
Hope the shell for the 12 is the right size
Got the hitta to my left and my right side
Bout to step to any rapper with his chain out
If he tryna resist blow his brains out
Baking soda for the blood, get the stains out
My drugs and my side bitch in the same house
You got lined for it, but you grind for it
What you sayin', you ain't ready to die for it?
If it ain't about money ain't got no time for it
But if it's war, nigga I'm all for it
So it was R.I.P. to ya brodies
I don't fuck with them niggas them niggas police
Patek is a watch that's what they told me
And if you getting that money than nigga show me

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