

# Roll Another

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Yeah. This is a random dedication to the white girl with the black girl body that sucks at texting me back.

I don't know why you do that. Whatever... Roll another

Hello motherfucker, hey, hi, here's a greeting  
Push your shit back like your hairline is receding  
Girlfriend called me, I hung up like "listen, I am in a meeting"  
Bitch, my peas aren't black eyed but listen I gotta feeling  
I'm the shit  
Fuck you really babbling  
Chickies try to pick 50 to ride up on this magic stick  
Whole clique looking like, like a bunch of almost graduates  
Because we almost graduated  
Dropped out, became rappers baby  
Hold up, Amanda called me ugly in the 7th grade  
After that I wrote a lot, ain't put the pen away  
Grinded enough to be the superstar I need to be  
Years later that chick showed up at my meet and greet  
Hello bitch, bitch, bitch, look how big my dick has grown  
Know I say real shit, real shit, never spit that silicone  
Reign of terror, hold the thunder  
Bad bitch here, I know I'll fuck her  
I don't smoke but we got weed  
So hold up homie, roll another

Roll another

Baddest in the room, asses and the boobs  
All up in my vision, cause we made these fuckers listen  
And we all about each other, run and tell your mother  
We got drink, got food, got weed on deck, hold up man, roll another

Roll another

No role model, don't call me that  
I ain't even made it yet, they begging for the old me back  
Got a bunch of tats, had some sex and they said, "holy crap"  
You changed man, you're different, I'm like, "these haters won't hold me back"  
Ross fat, that's a goal now homie  
Maybe cop another crib in SoCal homie  
Where the bitches wear jean shorts every single day  
Fuck it every single way, where it usually doesn't rain  
But I gotta keep it real like a real one do  
Real one too with a real one crew  
Mind real old, but I'm real one new  
All these women never looking at what real ones do  
These girls wanna talk about, "I really need a man"  
Then I comment playing nice guy like, "ay girl come take my hand"  
Then they see the chicks that follow me up on my Instagram  
And be like, "you give all these girls attention.  
What makes me different, different, different?"  
Setbacks to loving ass and titties  
Got a lot of cuts but chicks don't wanna be bandaging me  
One hundred problems cause I added a bitch  
Man these chicks try to control a brother  
Hold up man, roll another

Real shit, real shit, yeah, look  
I was at the BET Awards, treated like garbage  
Lowest point of life for me, I felt the need to forfeit  
Like maybe I should just do videos and make some clothing  
Then I checked my Twitter and saw fans rooting me on and I was like  
Fuck the negatives in life, I don't need nobody telling me  
That what I do ain't right, I don't need all of that energy  
Danny got my back and I know Scena got me heavily  
What you smoking, homie? Cause my clique just copped some better weed  
You tryna be Drake, be original kid  
It's the sound of my city, like ho, we live in the 6  
But the industry don't get it, these Brampton kids stay hating  
This my city till I die, 905 I ain't ashamed  
This year I ain't gon' play around  
Shout to all the chicks that said that they would stay around  
I gave them some attention, now they act like they don't know a brother  
Little stress, these bitches' mess, hold up man, roll another  
Roll another