

Rolling

DC Young Fly

Look, let me go on and talk my shit
Let me go on and pop my shit
Let me go on and pop my wrist
These diamonds they blindin'
Now these bitches all on my dick
Look, they didn't even want me back then
Y'all was actin' phony back then
Remember we was homies back then
Niggas never fucked with you because it was on me back then
For real, please don't forget that I was that nigga they was talkin' about
Y'all ain't gon' be talkin' shit but y'all reckless all in the mouth
Finna have some fun time, b, that line get you tongue tied see
My choppa just had an audition for a movie, they tryna get a nudge drum line three, know that

I grew up around killa, they gorilla
We not where where they from
You gotta be a certified hitta
No matter what huh, huh I'ma keep rollin'
I'ma keep rollin', I'ma keep rollin'
I'ma keep rollin', rollin', keep rollin'

I'ma keep the roll like I'm young and I'm fly like I'm DC
Weed I smoke is out of this world, puffin' on EG
I remember first time in the A, I stayed on Peach Street
Now I hit Atlanta bring the music like [?]
I come from the mean streets, I ain't scared of no man
Wolverine good, I keep the steel just like I'm Logan
Big on me so cookin', they whippin that Lindsay Logan
Clutches in my broaches still be cracking them programs
We don't talk to one-time, snitchin' that's a bad look
Street fighter moves, press the button get a jab hook
I remember days we was plotting on that corner
Homies in my brother's school, we sold a bunch of Mac Books
Damn, school of hard knocks we learned that street knowledge
Homies droppin' out, ain't never reach college
I was taught to catch, you better zip your lip
Never hit the stand, you better keep silent

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