

# 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 nu dge 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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