

Rolling Stone

DJ Kay Slay

Nigga pull up, hop out the Cutlass, tell a nigga fuck this
I ain't toleratin' no fuck shit
Wifey at the halfway house, with a bitch with her ass hanging halfway out
I ain't bout no games nigga, that's my name
Gold grill with a blunt hanging halfway out
Nigga can't tell me shit
Unless he got hits and then he can tell me how them hash weigh out
Crib laid out like a pimp here, your bitch there on a bed laid out
Nigga talkin' that fuck shit, we just spray out
Boy, get yo whole motherfuckin' hood K'd out
I was born in the C-P, Tommy on my lap
If it's cheese in that hoe, you could find me in the trap
But when it's snap, give a fuck about a rap
Yup, Me and Buck back, 7-eleven on the crack
See a car I like, get the fuck up outta there
Grand Theft Auto on a bitch ass nigga
Get the tow yard, pull a truck up outta that
Then pop bottles, let me hit that nigga, roll blunts the size of this MAC
I'm in love with the kush, I ain't givin' that back, trill nigga
Smoke 'til my lungs collapse, pass out with a fifth of that Cognac
Real nigga gon' recognize this G shit
Don't come at me with no peace shit
That peace shit, that was '89, I get yo ass hit with 89's
Motherfucker 'fore the cops get there, nigga, J's comin' off
Drive off with the K's runnin' off
Fly home, tuck my sons into bed, kiss my daughter on the head
And leave a note by her motherfuckin' bed

Papa was a rolling stone
Wherever he laid his hat was his home
And when he died all he left us was alone
Papa was a rolling stone, my son
Wherever he laid his hat was his home
And when he died all he left us was alone

Ain't shit changed with me nigga
Been around the world with this same AK
Same clip with more bodies on it
Then hook yo hood with this beef shit
Lookin' around, don't nobody want it
Niggas know what's up with Buck
Beat a couple murder cases comin' up, shoot first
Molly poppin', that's young niggas
All they really wanna do now is do dirt
Movin' on and I'm gone, papa got a brand new home
And I'm not lookin' back, I'm just cookin' crack
Until I get back where I belong
My bitch leave brains all on my seat
But these niggas blood all on my hands
Been ridin' up and down these streets
Fucking as many niggas I can, shotgun shell still in my leg
Got a few racks still on my head
Gotta stay strapped now, they handicapped now
Fuck niggas who's stealin' my bread
Had to buy a graveyard for just trappers
Ain't got a funeral home for you rappers
Know I can't play the role with you actors

When we gone they'll be nothin' to come after
Now send it, nigga, I'm going Kendrick, nigga
You can start the shit but I'ma end it, nigga
If you gettin' money, better spend it, nigga
This real life, no pretendin', nigga
Back at it again, fresh out the pen
Remember back then? They had to let me in
And ya'll niggas talkin' 'bout cashin' out
I need a trash bag to put the cash in

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Papoose, Papoose
They told me papa was a rollin' stone
Like Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, Ronnie Wood, Charlie-hold it, holmes
You ain't a poet 'cause you wrote a poem
I am lyrically, mentally, spiritually higher on the totem pole
I get the cheese, cheddar, mozzarella, American, monterey jack, swiss, feta,
muenster, provolone
I break a nigga down limb by limb
Blood, sweat, tears, molecule, flesh tissue, and chromosomes
Gemstar razor pull your dome
Leave you hole in your face, shot, just like Macaulay Culkin, Home Alone
I tote the chrome, let it spark, blast with a dark mask
Trailer park trash, blow it out your motorhome
I order chrome, catch you pitchin' on my block
I'ma knock it out the park
Babe Ruth, goin', goin', gone
I broke his balls, squeeze three, burn 'em like V.D
You P.C., no E.T. ain't phonin' home
Gun tucked, what, what?
Fuck, fuck all of y'all
Fucked up, duck
Yo, Buck, welcome home
Paragraphs of murder, had to grab the burner
I'm so nice, could teach a rappin' class for learners
My WAV files don't convert, you [?] jazz converter
You need bigger hard drive, Pap'll crash your server
I was raised with the killers in a class of burglars
I been the truth in the booth, go and ask a [?]
This is annihilation
You niggas violatin' gon' die hatin', gettin' shots like immunization
I'm standin' by, fresh as [?] nation
And if the devil was a liar, then you gon' die, Satan
You ever disrespect my [?] soldiers, you gon' see a bunch of wolves with Tim
s, open a soda
Blood on my hands for blood money, low
You got blood on your hands 'cause you a cut throat

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