

# Roll Up Re-Up

Emtee

It's the re-up...

Don't fuck around, I got my pistol on me  
So much money, I got money only  
I let ma momma hold a hundred thousand  
I let my sister hold two hundred thou  
Krapa, fasa, baba let's  
Private jets in my gates  
Ka fona uba yabu let  
Ya bana manje sa baleka  
Rasta  
Roll up the weed one time  
Gimme that cheese one time  
I wanna feel cool one time  
Gimme that tree one time  
Fuck that bitch one time  
Rasta  
Roll up the weed one time  
Gimme that cheese one time  
I wanna feel cool one time  
Gimme that tree one time  
Fuck that bitch one time

I pray  
Love comes my way  
She knows  
She loves my way  
My love for money got me working on a Saturday  
My love for money got grindin' on a Sunday

I know  
You love my way  
I pray  
Love comes my way  
My love for money got me working on a Saturday  
My love for money got me grindin' on a Sunday

If she trippin', leave that bitch alone  
That's why you never catch a nigga sober  
Had boxin' till the spliff is over  
I'm never scared got no pistol on me  
Krapa, fasa, baba let's  
Start rolling out in chains  
Krapa, fasa, baba let's  
Start rolling out in chains

No matter what I know they see us  
I see they yeaying that this re-up  
Stop talking like a trio  
This is no remix, it's the re-up

Azishe one time  
Sphile one time  
Akufiwe one time  
Sis'vuse one time  
Sin' bize one time  
Qani fike one time

Roll up one time  
Can't we smoke some, one time

I am the scene, clever, ungazo ntshela  
I got wiz I got super mega  
Do it if you think you better  
Ngizoku xaya nge scima  
If you think you clever

If she trippin' leave that bitch alone  
That's why you never catch a nigga sober  
Hard boxin' till the spliff is over  
I'm never scared got no pistol on me  
Krapa, fasa, baba let's  
Start rolling out in chains  
Krapa, fasa, baba let's  
Start rolling out in chains

I am catching flights when niggas catch emotions  
These flashing lights will make you loose your focus  
That's the reason I am so anti-socal  
Season after season, cheese in my disposal  
A week in Mozambique to catch my breath  
Smoke a lot thing, brush up on my Portuguese  
Yeah. the crown heavy on my head its a lot of pressure  
Clouds in Marrie Jane, help me get perspective  
Higher grade, coming down, blowing pounds, ganja clouds  
Way way out in London town  
Nearly missed my baby ultrasound

We been through this shit before  
Niggas talking, breezy on the TV  
That's the cliq in all  
Trouble is what you looking for  
When the fam come through  
All we can do is flex, tryna make handsome look  
Shout my sense in crew. Emtee we in beseech

Feel like is time to roll another chain, yeah yeah  
Watch me suffer from success (it's the re-up)  
If she trippin' leave the bitch alone  
That's why you never catch a nigga sober  
Hard boxin' till the spliff is over  
I'm never scared, got no pistol on me  
Krapa, fasa, baba let's  
Start rolling out in chains  
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Start rolling out in chains

That ain't gon' talk like they know  
Me and you is not the same bro  
I'm gaining, coz I prayed yo  
They dancing but who is to blame though? me  
I be on the phone  
Talk bout some deals phela  
I'm working hard, so don't you hate on me, I been fed up  
Uthatha matshantsi and you think you gonna win, never  
Mawu phethe mali ya phaula ka iyin clever, whoa  
Out here with them og's baby  
Your boyfriend acting like he knows me baby

If she trippin' leave the bitch alone  
That's why you never catch a nigga sober

Hard boxin' till the spliff is over  
I'm never scared, got no pistol on me  
Krapa, fasa, baba let's  
Start rolling out in chains  
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