

Thats How We Roll

Hyper Crush

Fucking bitches at the back of the club
That's how we roll
Talking shit to the bouncer like WHAT
That's how we roll
Smacking haters with the back of my hand
That's how we roll
Put the DJ in a headlock and laugh
That's how we roll

Fontaine ain't backing down
You lames better ask around
Yeah I look like Zack Morris
And I got them [?]
Glasses
Man, you categoric
Plastic
I 'm a macasarus
Brick phone, you ain't major
Kid, going like two way pagers
Haters need to stop
Nobody wants to read your blog
Kareem Abdul Jabbar on my feet
Kobe Bryant on my jersey
I ain't got no Aston Martin, girl
But I got that Magic Johnson
But I got thatthat Magic Johnson

All these fellas buy me drinks on the spot
That's how we roll
All these bitches tryna to see if I'm hot
That's how we roll
Trying to talk to me, hope you like Mace
That's how we roll
It's Hyper Crush and we ain't fucking with lengths

Walking in like Christopher
Everyone look so I flipped the bird
Sure
Why not I like to fight
Tryna show you what life is like
Fontaine's an idiot
Always on beat like a city cop
Watch me tear it up
Every club in America
Is that your chick?
I probably boned her
No club, no isotoners
Party like my life's over
Never catch me nice and sober
Biters, eat my shorts
We got new shit you ain't seen before
Lasers and fog
I'm like damn why you gotta jock the lights?

This is hyper crush right here
That's how we roll
Mixtape Volume II

We roll like this