

Picture Me Rollin

Jim Jones

Picture me rollin', she look me in my eyes
So she chose to sit in pretty
In traffic baby, I'm thinkin' 'bout youu
Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu
My emotions are spinnin'
Wasn't fuckin' with me in the beginnin'
Now it's nigga fuck youu
Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu

She told me one day 'baby, you need to settle'
And then I told 'er 'finally a chick that's on my level'
Bring it out national, pushin' on these pedals
Couple viables, couple bottles, ice all in this bezel
Niggas talkin', bitches talkin', actually this a devil but she
She got that body yatta yatta like she's perfect, talk a cup
Got a lot of sex from how fast the car goes
Two dough machines, we fill 'em up with real star hoes
Million dollar flows, ain't no business for these floors
How 'bout a lamb? A couple grams
A gold Ben. How 'bout a Porsche?
Brace yourself for my next channel
You would think I threw the ally ups in the Metz game
I'm killin' this thing

[illegible]

I've been around the world like Lisa Stansfield
Ya ya ya, vilas that had girls at the stand still
Name a bitch, I could tell you how the sand feel
But she was I'll 3 grand on the damn Hills
Champagne to chill, 3 grand for the damn bill
Trill, spend a few grand on the damn wheel
At the roof, doin' porches like we doin' abs
I had the coop doin' laundry shootin' through the ab
Count a hundred, all hundreds in a Louis bag
And these fuckers don't want it cause I do it bad
(Micah) No Mike, number four mice
One day full, twice as high
Boys a cold sight fucker

[illegible]

Couldn't take the cheatin' so she did the run off
 Fuck you bitch, go to hell, eat a dick with one ball
 Last time I check your ass, told it to the numb jaw
 Then turn it beige like white skin with the sun off
 Revolver spinnin' like the wheel of fortune
 And this fish here was shit, had to kill a dolphin
 Decorators blight, candles and tape upon them
 Get his shoe size, I hope you got the right nigga for 'em