

# Rolling

K Camp

Rolling down the street with my shades on  
Sippin' on gin and juice  
I don't understand, girl, what you waiting on  
You got me trippin' on you  
I said rollin' down the street with my shades on  
Sippin' on gin and juice  
I don't understand, girl, what you waiting on  
You got me trippin' on you  
Got me trippin' on you, you, you  
Got me trippin' on you, you, you  
Sippin' on gin and juice, juice, juice  
Got me trippin' on you, you, you

Riding 'round the city, windows up  
Windows up, whip cloudy  
JR right beside me  
He just copped the brand new Audi  
Oh lodi dadi, we rock the party  
Nine right beside me, don't bother me, buddy  
Lately I just noticed I been smokin' like Snoop  
Naw I'm playing but I'm still mixing gin with the juice  
Looking for CC, oh how she need me  
That bitch still basic, still rocking BB  
Laughing like hehe, how can I call it?  
Oh I just love my lil bitch from New Orleans  
I-20 pushing, I know you looking  
Her presence, I cherish, my bitch is so gorgeous  
Shawty I'm pouring the gin and the juice  
You on my mind, I don't know what to do  
But I know if she fuck up, then we through  
But right now I'm still fucking with you

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All up in a nigga face with the same game  
Let me tell you what I'm gon' do  
I hop on my sike life, night life  
Nigga make a dream come true for you  
Now turn the beat down G style  
Everybody know my heat go boom  
Splash and mash and pictures flashing  
Man my life so cool  
Let me get back to the camp  
I'm rapping now, cookies in the bag  
And the vast amounts mixed in with peaches n cream  
Creep on the scene

Crip nigga with the thief and the scene  
The war deep with the team  
Late night creep on 'em, I mean  
Hit 'em with lot botta bing  
All about the money in the green  
Top down, drop down on 'em clean

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