

Rolling

King Von

(Dr. Flow)
Von, Von
Huh? What?
Melly, what you on, gang?

We be rolling hella tree, we be counting hella guap
She know I got lots of thots who suck the dick and gimme top
Pull up with that 40 Glock, up it at a fucking opp
This 50 shot, 22 shot, it got 30 shot (Boom, boom, boom)

You don't want no pressure, boy
You know I'll stretch you, boy
You said that you with it, I will light you up like Skechers, boy
Have your ass running right after the bell ring
Man, these bitches wanna fuck, my 30 got a dingaling, bang
My 30 got a dingaling, bang
She say she wanna fuck a nigga, gang
I turn up in the booth like I'm Lil Wayne
She eat the dick like some filet and chicken wing

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She know I buy everything (Everything)
Louis shoes, Givenchy sneaks
They know I tote everything from four-five Glocks to MACs, 16s
Blue and white say, "Clear the scene"
I did it, but it wasn't me
'Vestigation room, they tryna beat us
Boy, we ain't gon' win (Stop)
I just need a bad ho, I can't stand no mad ho
Popped so many niggas that my nickname should be Rambo
We shooting out the windows, Duke, he got a flip-phone
I nicknamed him King Kong, Melly all the Tooka gone (Damn)

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