

# Can I

## Pond

Roll, roll, roll, there, there, there  
You don't have to go that far,  
You just slide in to my car

I got my eyes on 52 inch, wit my fingers on chocolate thick and richer  
Smoke the last of the grass, put the dub in glass  
Start smoking wit a virgin, baby doll rest ya nerves  
recline lay on back  
Instead of spend a stack, pimp really kick back,  
Get some ass just like that  
See I never been ahead Lexus  
That apply to Texas  
Do or Die Respect us, don't test us, get checked wit the tech sir  
But back to your slow lord, really wanna know about your low luv  
You can stop ackin' so so intimidated by the slow flow  
Hurt my feelings is a no no  
Let me sit beside you at the sun beach, got me trippin off the sun heat  
See you think it run me, see you think its the weed talking  
Conversation on the pond, took a pause for a minute you start walking  
I know its your first time, just follow your first mind  
And when you lose control, I'ma smooth ya soul  
But all I really wanna know...

Can I roll, roll, roll, there, there, there  
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Baby would you die for me, when I can't see give a eye for me,  
lay to the side and cry for me, when I'm in my grave say bye for me  
Cause I might be, Chilling with ya blasmpheymy, lay low while I past the B  
If you really wanna ride when the time is right, put it off to the side com  
e  
on, ride ride wit daddy  
Down past in the caddy, spittin' honey in ya ear like a bumble bee  
Won't 'cha men's come run wit me, let me show you what fun can be  
Choppin up from beyond the sea  
Ain't this some shhh... still playa hate cause I kept real  
Never asked for a free meal, all I asked if I work coming up from the dirt  
show me luv not a fake thrill  
I'ma flirt wit the girls and um make sure that they worth time and personal  
Travel round the world and um make they money while have fun, gotta have em  
,  
parly everday wit my homies  
I will never leave you lonely, I keep it real for my homey  
Feel, never down out and lonely, come on

Can I, roll, roll, roll, there, there, there  
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And they know when I be on, in the back of a caddy ridin' three strong  
Roll the bees on, hit the switch on the six, roll the caddy wit d's on  
To the head and the weed gone  
See the mansion doors, dipping through house wit the doors  
Wait to you get to the marble floors, like a persian rug,  
cow gun in the tub  
Ain't got the mind for luv making, cause I'll leave you where I found you a

t

the club shakin'  
Cause I'll do you like bruson bacon  
Baby maybe I'm mistaken,  
It ain't no simp in me, its all pimp in me  
And I can tell ya flip a g stack  
And if its you let it bring three back  
And now the P-i-m-p's back  
Now let me rub, massage you relax  
  
Baby its like P-o-P-i-m-p, olgy  
But obviously, Joe don't wanna be a player no mo'  
So what I really wanna know is...

Can I roll, roll, roll, there, there, there  
You don't have to go that far,  
You just slide in to my car

Can I roll, roll, roll, there, there, there