

I Get My Roll On

South Central Cartel

(Cruisin down the street in my 6-4)

I get my roll on in a six-fo' Chevy
Cutlass sounds and the gangsta's still in me
Checkin the streets and yo, my paint job is stickin
I saw my cousin straight on the corner trickin
Couldn't believe what I saw so I bust a right
And all I saw was a damn gang fight
Crips and Bloods straight scrappin on the backstreets
Packin gats and shootin into swap meets
Five-o's rollin and gafflin, I'm chillin
I hit a U and saw a nigga straight slingin
Lley to a undercover five-o
Five cars straight swooped and took him to the county, yo
I drove up 87th and Saw a gangsta with a Uzi and a 40oz of 8Ball
Khakis low, sweatshirt and locs on
With a hat sayin Jake Capone
I just rolled by, I saw Snake, "Nigga, what's up?"
"What's up Havikk," it's a 64 Cut
Yo, I hit front, back, side to side
Three-wheel motion as I cruised out to East Side
Yeah

(Cruisin down the street in my 6-4)

I get my roll on, you know what I'm sayin?

(Cruisin down the street in my 6-4)

Scooped up B and said, "Nigga what you wanna do?"
Whatever's clever, let's roll through the Central
and crank the funk
I punched out the piece out the window, yo
I hit a right on Alondra
I saw a freak cold steppin lookin like Jane Fonda
"What's up baby, Rhimeson's my ID
Now have you rolled in a six-fo' Chevy?
Hooked on the Dana Danes, yo, we're two pimps"
She said no, then she licked her lips
Kicked the seven digits, her name was Arhonda
Prod said that yo real propoer

Mobbed to the hood, scooped up the Killa G
Got a beep, Luva Gee and saw Mouthpiece
Gettin bent off the chronic chillin with a hoe
Parked the fo' and pumped Smooth Criminal
Niggas on my jimmy cause my six-fo' is stickin
Tinted windows, bumps and I'm chillin
I crank the funk and I bail to the corner sto'
Gettin my roll on in South Central
Yeah

(Cruisin down the street in my 6-4)

I get my roll on

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Yeah

Hit Crenshaw with the front cold slammin
Pumpin dope cuts by the (?) straight draggin

Prod straight gee and a girl that's straight jockin
My smoke interior plus my sounds are knockin
I hit a right and saw Bridgette in a 10-4
Passed her up and got stopped by the five-o
They said my fo' was seen in a drive-by
Ran the plates and they asked for my alibi
"Now where were you at six o'clock?"
I said, "At my girl Shay on the 1-10 block"
My alibi checked and the five-o's jettied out
Popped the trunk and I got my damn strap out
Cranked the fo' and said outro
My batteries need a charge, so let's mob to the Central
We saw a cutie on the backstreets
Got her name and her number but baby wanted Prodeje
Another day of cruisin through the S.C.
Rollin deep and chillin with the posse
I try to chill but I gotta get my clown on
Cause in my six-fo' I get my roll on
Yeah

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Yeah
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