

# Roll Wit Us

The Union

How many niggaz wanna rock wit us, drop wit us  
Make it hot wit us, you can shop wit us  
Plot wit us, cop a droptop wit us  
And if you ain't ready to roll, you not wit us

I'm livin my life, spinnin in dice, women and ice  
You're pretendin you're nice, ready wrote raps, men into mice  
with a casual switch, heart of a lion, tongue of a snitch  
Son of a bitch is the gold-plated, gun of the rich  
Welcome to the world I'm runnin the shit, me and the beat click  
like the gun and the clip, rhymes in the head like one at the tip  
Shootin off at the mouth, y'all ain't got no wins  
And I ain't new to this nigga, me and the mic is old friends  
Up in the gold Benz with gold rims a blunt and the flyest bitches  
while you decide if it's a front, or a sign of riches  
I'm hoppin out, iced up, in designer stitches of course  
and you still wonder what it cost  
We floss, me and Munnie B, sippin Sunny D  
Dirty hearts and bad company, you don't wanna see me angry  
Boy my click on, shit y'all wish on  
Expedition, we glist-en, keep the list-en  
Keep the piss on, diamonds, on my wrist long  
Y'all just full of smoke like Christion  
If the shit's on, then it's on  
Me Misfit, Henny sip  
Could harm, any click, could charm, any bitch  
Don't ask, can he rip, y'all suck, too many dicks  
I be, with plnety players, learned, from many pimps  
Y'all money came and it went, mines is still here  
the dimes is still here, the rhymes is still here  
the crimes is still here  
Somethin you feel here, everything is real here  
Nothing fictitious, regardless of the bad luck y'all wish us  
Your click lust for life, what we touch in a week  
Up in the club, touchin the freaks  
The dancefloor, leads to the sheets  
And all beef, will eventually, lead to the heat  
I'm right across the water, knowin that the city don't sleep  
But for the mill-ions, feel me y'all, comin in peace  
Misfit, from out of the Big East

To me Munnie/money is never major  
cause see I rock gators in many flavors  
Players they hate us cause we big willies with navigators  
Out to get the money pushin 320's, windows tinted  
While my shit is legally represented, your shit is rented  
Stackin my chips, mackin my bitch, got crack addicts waxin my whips  
Full credits on clips, my chick stash between her hips  
Flexin my Benjamins, eatin at Bennigan's  
Me and my women friend, me and my Junior M.A.F.I.A. like Kim and them  
Swimmin in women, laced wit nuttin but designer linen  
Yes the finer women, if you rocked in em, I slide up in em  
Went from rags to riches, baggin bitches, lyrically vicious  
Your wish is just hopin maybe you can rock designer stitches  
Enterprise thick, strictly wise guys runnin my shit  
Gun in my clip, and if you talk slick, we runnin your shit

Really, I'm not a player I'm just crush a lot  
with thugs that bust a lot  
We like to make money and fuck a lot  
Sex in a Expedition see that's tradition, my next edition  
is sexin flexin my complex position, listen  
I'm Gambino with Nino, and I'm runnin shit with the dog  
I'm physically chubby and still got it locked like Boss Hog  
No matter the cost, me and my Union niggaz we floss  
And if your money couldn't stretch, get lost, or be tossed