

Rollin

Trae

It's another 48, huh?
A'ight, think it's time
I gots

Rollin' dine the slab and I still look good
Rollin' up the kush so clap your hands for my hood
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I'm rollin' in the slab and I still look good
Throwin' up the worst and makin' bad for my hood
Tell 'em I ain't trippin'
If I had to jump lit his ass
Played hard flicks and leave a player throwin' real toe
I'm just glad I'm coasted, everything slow motion
10 thousand dollar paint got me where is the ocean
Sailing through the city in the swag of emotion
Everything get dropped when they see it approaching
I'm a do it like pat HA, Dub k
Then there represent twin towers then Dre
Can't forget about Scrooge, yea nigga we the shit
And they tell you see me, tell them they screwed up big

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Uh I'm rollin, nigga I'm pullin'
Paper tags and the damn thing's stolen
Bunch of niggas waiting on The Truth to fall off
I'm a full time jock til I'm called off
I keep bangin' the pick with the trunk up
And got that bang in the back if you fuck up
I see you niggas steady watching me
Don't watch me, bitch you can't stop me
I don't get mad, I just get bread
I don't fall in love, I just get head
I represent it for the city, mud list
That's for the north and the south, I'm south west

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Top let down, man hold up
Monday breaking night got my pocket swole up
Glass look amazing every time I roll up
Trae hotter than the summer but the Rollie froze up
Hoes all on me so I guess I'm chose up
You can tell I'm going in the way I let the doors up
Face goes down when her ass goes up
If she opened up, I ain't beat it til she closed up
Slow live bangin' while I'm slidin' my snail
Trunk hit north like Pacquiao jam
H Town Texas nigga you know how it goes

Get money, bitch I'm ballin' with the pros

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