

Rollin

Yeat

Your thotty gon' give me that brain
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Walked inside this bitch, I'm just two stepping, ball on everyone
Went and got a bag, I ran it up, then flipped off everyone
I just got these racks, I boosted up 'cause I'm not real or some
Shooters ready to go, they ready to blast (Br), they hit up everyone ready to
go, they ready to blast, they hit up everyone
Every time I didn't give a shit, I still went number one (One)
And my pockets filled with money, bitch, they fuckin' shmunked (Yeah)
I just pulled up outta Paris then hit Saint Laurent (West)
We heard you still live with your parents, you a fuckin' bum (Lil' bum)
No, you not been smoking no gas, you not smokin' no Runtz (Huh)
I ain't never gon' tell you twice, only gon' tell you once
Rollin', I'm just rollin', I'm just rollin' off this molly
Rollin', I'm just rollin', I'm just rollin' in the big body
Rollin', I'm just rollin'
Bought a Motorola for my yola I was selling (Yeah)
I heard you was tellin'
We heard you was just snitchin', can't rock with us, with some felons (Yeah)

Everything I do be going viral (Viral)
My fans just like a cult, they read my Bible (Bible)
Bitch you think you really rich, you just been lied to (Why)
I'm just swervin' out the coupe, just hit up the block (Yeah)
Fuckin' on my thot, made her ship the Wock'
She suckin' on my cock, she do that a lot
Yeah, I can't fuck with you at all
Where my Tes'? I just wanna ball
Yeah, I just wanna flex but I'm not gon' crawl
Yeah, a thief in the night, bitch, that pussy gon' call
Yeah, even though you is a hater, you still at my show
Pulled out my shit on her back, then I bust on her, yeah, then I told her to
go
Yeah, I don't be fucking with nobody, they just be sniffin' that shit like it's
snow
They sniffin' that shit like a globe, FN my finger, that bih like a pole
Yeah, I'm about to blow
Time for me to go up, I'm about to explode
I'm 'bout to expose you
Osama bin Laden, my bro
No, I can't wife me a ho
Chill with my brother, my twizz, my bro
Big body stizz, or the Benz, or the big body Lamb', boy, that bitch 'bout to
(Brrr)
I just pulled up like a yankee, in London might shank you, the bitch 'bout to
go (Brrr)
I'm 'bout to slice you, I'm 'bout to dice you, it's not nice yeah
Put you inside of a bag, then fill it with rice, sittin' at the lights
I just went doubled my money, then I fucked it up again, made it go thrice
Yeah, I ain't even rock with nobody at all, so stop callin' my phone, no adv
ice
All of my diamonds, they smackin' the shit out of you like the motherfuckin'
lights
All of y'all really been bugging me, yeah, like some motherfuckin' lice
Me and my twizzy's insane, we are not nice
Your thottie gon' give me that brain, she suck it all night

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