

Rolled On

YFN Lucci

(DJ Chose)

(P Crisco)

Uh, if it's love, say that shit, yeah
If it's war, then we slide too, yeah
I'm too grown to play that shit, yeah
I drop a bag and they gon' find you
Ayy, roll with me or get rolled on
Roll with me or get rolled on
Boy, I'm ridin' 'til my soul gone
Cold world, put a coat on
You ain't gang, nigga, hold on
Roll with me or get rolled on

Ayy, roll with me or get rolled on
Nigga, picture me rollin', know I got Pac on, know that I got my Glock on
Self-made, good with that ratchet, play, you gon' die, holmes
Bitch-made, shrimp in the basket, them niggas popcorn
Know I'm gon' get my pop on
I hear you niggas adlibbing like me, lookin' like my clones
I see you niggas actin' all tough, but really mean no harm
I never wish the worst for 'em
Knowin' I'm out that mud and you still wanna throw dirt on me
Keep playin', I got a hearse for 'em
That boy say keep sprayin', nigga, keep sprayin' 'til you see one fall
Uh, keep prayin', nigga, we ain't sparin' nan' one of y'all
You done got the don involved
I'm the wrong one to call, yeah

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Bully with the longnose
Handheld fully, extra handle, frrt, hold on
Medallion with the gold rope
Rollie face snocone
Eyeball the whole zone
Bubble coat needed, the temperatures in my zone cold
I put all of my woes on immediately
Overnight the pack to civilians somewhere in Sicily
Leather in the loft so soft, it came from Italy
Went from bein' broke to a boss, I'm talkin' literally
Look out for your people and feed 'em or that's a penalty
Gotta keep the yeek, it ain't peaches environmentally
He ain't takin' pride in his bangin', a lack of dignity
I handpick the killers and utilize 'em efficiently, on G-O-D

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