

Roll Up

Young Buck

Roll up
It don't matter if it's some gas
Cigars, papers, whatever, nigga

Crumbling Cookies, cracking the window, stuffing raw cones
Pops on the phone, "Buck, I need somethin' I can walk on"
I'm not coming home, just told my bitch I'm gettin' my rock on
Glock in my palm, I'm servin' the young niggas this heroin
Pull up and get some gas, nigga, right at the Chevron
That snitch can't do his job if he have no one to tell on
Can't do nothin' but rob when you have nothin' to dwell on
I put it up and when I took a fall, look what I fell on
I'm sayin' roll this up for me

I ain't never been weak, but I can barely sleep
(Somebody roll this up for me)
I've been up for almost 48 hours, been countin' my cheese

Step on Section 8, I watched some young niggas come under me
Make the same mistake until they wakin' up in custody
Trap for what I want, I don't believe in havin' luck for me
Forgot them nights in the 'Nolia with Juvie really stuck to me
Maybe it's the backseat of that Lexus 400, me and BG
Jimmy in the passenger and that chopper right next to me
Guess it's wakin' up and Biz takin' me to see Pimp C
Man, for both of them I'm hollerin' RIP, me and Bun B
Jayla got her first job, I told her, "Nothing comes free
You my daughter and Daddy got you, how rich can one be?"
You can get on or get life, yeah, just from one key
I'm just kickin' it with y'all, Chun Li, can somebody roll this up for me?

Let a real nigga speak, I never let 'em get to me
(I need y'all to roll this up for me)
That's the life of a G, when you're livin' fast in tough streets
I touched down for a nigga
I thought this nigga would have a bag (Roll this up for me)
Fuckin' old mama type of nigga so I had to fall back

Death before dishonor
Knife in the back wounds came from my partner
Careful with karma, they do anything for a dollar
Like Wendy Davis stayed in touch with me through CorLinks
It's some people that appreciate it more than what you think
Brought some niggas to the well but they just wanted more to drink
Instead of tryna buy some cups, I'm watching more of us just sink
Cover our bullet wounds with Band-Aids and tat our face with ink
Shoot at anything that blink, since you niggas wanted to link
Roll this up for me

To all my niggas deceased, pour some liquor for my G's
(KoKane, please roll this up for me)
I'm still in these streets
Doin' what I gotta do to get my cheese (What up, cause? Roll this up for me)
Doin' what I gotta do to get my cheese (What up, son? Roll this up for me)
I'm doin' what I gotta do to get my cheese (Roll up)