

Rollin'

Young MC

It's the bomb, 3-2-1 detonate & boom
give me some room you better wait
for the kid to blow-up and take off like a rocket
got something up my sleeve and something else in my pocket
yeah, let me see you move out there
through your hands in the air like you just don't care
cause we rollin' here coming with the funk sound
and this ain't the government so, we won't shut down
first gear, make sure you got everything you need
second gear, lean back as you pick up speed
third gear, hit the highway you're starting to roll
and fourth gear, now you're looking for the cruise control
I got my home boys with me and we rollin' kinda tight
get it washed in the day so it's shiny at night
and make you feel alright like when your pockets is swollen
so bust this as I does this and we rollin'

rollin' rollin' rollin'
on the track and we
rollin' rollin' rollin'
and there ain't no turnin' back
there's a party going on but it's hard to see
because they didn't understand it till they rolled with me
that's why we
Rollin' rollin' rollin'
in the west and we
Rollin' rollin' rollin'
east coast past the test
there's a whole buncha people with a whole lotta soul
but, it don't get started till we start to roll

come one, come all we ain't looking for no static
you can roll low riff stick shift or automatic
it's an open invitation to the whole nation
yo the whole world all of civilization
bob your head to the lyrics that I said
from an 18-wheeler down to a mo-ped
even a kid can go on a bike or a trike
can get with it as the people here me hit it on the mic
now convoy came out twenty years ago
but I love that record bay don't you know
it doesn't matter who's up front or who's behind
just as long as we rolling and we stay in line
so take your time as you get your boogie on
and let me bust my rhyme up until the break of dawn
cause some try to dis and look at this like it's stolen
don't trip moneygrip, pink slip and we rollin'

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I got kicks, I got snares, I got tracks, I got beats
I got more ryhmes than klans men got sheets
but I don't fight the quibble, bite or even nibble
mess around and I have to break you down off the dribble
with a 1-2-3 take it to the bank
and before we get started put some gas in your tank
cause we don't wanna make a pit-stop for a while
we gonna keep it going for a couple hundered miles
and when we do stop it's like a brotherhood thing
ladies become queens the men become kings
so when you hit your neighborhood treat your neighbor good
ain't no other flavor make you move but i bet this flavor could
so give me the microphone and let me finish up my mission
and tell your people you won't be home and that your on an expedition
cause there's a bunch of hope in my heart that I'm holding
so join me set yourself free cause we rolling

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yeah we roll and roll and roll with out no doubt
to the place for the nine sase baby and I'm out