

## Roll Roll

504 Boyz

Ain't no block too hot  
Me and my niggas bout to open up shop  
Hot boy nigga grab the glock  
So me and my niggas we can sell our rocks  
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[Master P:]  
Every bag of that raw  
We hustle in the park  
From dusk to dawn nigga  
From dawn to dark  
Now if you tweakin, boy  
You better be creepin  
But if you beefin, nigga  
You bout to be sleepin  
Me and my dogs  
We don't fuck with you cats  
Go to the pen  
Don't fuck with no rats  
See this shit is real  
I sleep with one eye open  
See in the ghetto  
Niggas gotta be pistol totin  
A thousand fuckin' grams  
That's what I'm workin' with  
Come short on the D  
You know what you twerkin' wit  
It's murder  
187  
I represent the third ward  
We tote mac 11's  
If I die, write my name in the sky  
My niggas bust yo' ass  
Yall gon' know why (baby)

[Chorus:]  
Roll roll roll ya dough  
Up and down the street  
On the first and fifteenth you don't have my money  
Me and my boys we gon' bring that heat (ya heard me)  
[repeat]

[Krazy:]  
It's a problem  
I ain't get my hands dirty wit ya  
??? gon' come get ya  
Chopper split ya  
A young soldier  
Plottin' to rule the world with riches  
Ask P to use this Hummer so I can fuck some bitches  
Run the block all week  
Trying to dodge the cops  
Niggas prayin' on my death before my album drops  
My niggas wearin wires

Feds tappin' my phone  
Send a check to IRS so they can leave me alone  
Told my dog believe you we can rule the world  
He didn't listen  
He'd rather stuff his nose with furl  
They found him dead in the project  
Brains on the ground  
When you a fiend  
That's the way the game go down

[Chorus]

[Mystikal:]

I'm from the ? chopper too!  
Come fuckin' around wit me ain't no tellin' what I'ma do!  
Put my foot so far up yo' ass I'd probably lose my shoe!  
That nigga chokin!  
Motherfucker coughin' up blood  
Well fuck the ?????  
You don't want that drama to come to you!  
Yo' mama to come do you!  
Cuz HOT IRON will run ya through ya!  
You and yo' dudes don't be around cuz you'll catch a contact  
If you ain't got beef wit a nigga  
Don't be 'round beef  
You won't be on yo' back

[Silkk:]

Oh it ain't my fault  
We'll dead these niggas  
Can't move we infrared these niggas  
We'll do these niggas  
Black proof these niggas  
Close casket these boys  
Black suit these niggas  
We'll blast these niggas  
Walk past these niggas  
And ride on these bustas  
Just keep mashin these niggas  
And after we do it  
We'll toss the tec  
And ghetto  
Plus I know not else but to fuckin' floss the set  
You ain't gotta ask who's hot  
Who's on top  
I gotta question to ask yall foreal  
Tru or not  
If I got two guns  
I'm sure one gon' bust  
If I got two niggas wildin' out  
When I bust, one gon' duck  
The one that's wildin' the most  
That's the one I'ma bust  
He still trippin' after that  
I'ma give him two cuz he don't think one was enough

[Chorus]