

Roll Somethin'

Crucial Conflict

I dont know bout y'all man
but im ready to get my motherfuckin smoke on
I want some of dat green shit, hell yeah,
Let's burn, all the ghettos, hey wassup kid?

Chorus: Crucial Conflict

Roll somethin, roll somethin
them niggas aint talkin bout shit
(bout shit, bout shit)
Roll somethin, roll somethin
just cause you just cant hang wit dis
(wit dis, wit dis, wit dis)

Verse One: Wildstyle

Yall niggas aint shit, nothing to fool with, we too swift
giddy up and get down all you niggas aint do shit
one rap down round two chop it off like cool whip(whip)
rowdy runnin rodeo can't ride
fronting in two clips shocking like shocker
evertime I pop you knock out the box, better move quick flick
comin out of the back in this motherfucker
yall disgusted bustas cant be trusted for nothing
fucking with this hillbilly wild westside
C-H-I-T-O-W-N and it's on for life
nothing nice, no ice, you chase
we fuckin niggas up across the nation
wit no lubrication dick is thick
and coming at them like Hitler (fuck you)
act like you dont hear me then,
wake up high we in your chin
we embursted with a curse and be worse
first and kick first now vice-versa
two feet first they kick first and worse
reimburse the winning cuz I'm first at somethin

Chorus

Verse Two: Never

Put it on your ass motherfucker
we kill them up bad (kill em up bad)
Hold that one shit when you fucking with the flick
you was talking that shit but you couldnt last
bring to you hoes knockin down your door
tryin to knock some chunks out yo rump,
at night to the broad daylight
if you wanna gang fight droppin yall one by one,
coming at them with the quickness with the flickness,
gonna sign your death wish
cuz you gonna get dealt with,
slappin you hoes makin sure your eyes closed
take em out by mouth and blindfold
with the foot on your chest you know the rest nigga
got us pissed off die for mine, raise up get blazed
anyways get sprayed your laying in the grave,

pop em, drop em, re-cock em,
then squeeze them we deceased to be the defeated,
repeat em and treat em like read em rights
I aint finna brag but the man cant hang
with the bogus man
treat like a punk ass trick,
put a row gonna be closed casket
serious nigga fuck that laughing
try to fuck with us we be blasting, smashin

Chorus

Verse Three: Coldhard

Buck buck, pump pump, drop drop,
we drop, bluck, hit you wit da teck
what da deck? run up your debt wit no sweat and we dont regret
disrespecting your click,
fuck you bitch, pull out the shit that got yo dangling
picture with a nigga now hangin figure let you big up (?)
got me strapped in, bust a cap, but I'm warnin ya, dont want none
start shit that you just cant finish,
be the end, and the family ended
sorry it gotta be this way but I'm sick get a gangsta plate
so now i got a rodeo, one warrant then blow me up, up, up
and away, with my team it aint no thang,
spoil your dreams, a murder theme
we dont want any crap, I'm bounty clean,
snatch that hoe and take them dividends
I mean I'm gonna fuck you, what can i do about me? Hennessy
you inferior to the new king what you hollerin? a silent scream

Chorus

Verse Four: Kilo

Come, (Come) ride her ass and cum(?) and be up
send the same aint buy not shit where motherfuckers came from
(????) shit that can get you straight knocked the fuck out
knowing you a bitch, a person,
just stop cursin' thats why I'm refrainin from hurtin yo ass
punk nigga, trick nigga, bitch nigga, fag,
say somethin smart and watch you get tagged
wit a motherfuckin bat,
who got so scared when soem tellin yo ass nigga
act like a bitch start to cry (?) ready supplies,
get em rawhide fight to the death and I won't be denied
your life like Pete's eye
mother fucker on rye them thangs'll die,
touch me I'm alive, why set yo ass to fire bitch (?)
snap off your two nuts right quick
niggas aint talking bout nothin slick
and shit to deal with, roll somethin

Chorus 2x