

We Rollin'

LL Cool J

Ha ha ha!
This is real baby, this is real
They love this
Just sit back and relax, Bentley seats in the back
Lil' momma we rollin (WE ROLLIN, WE ROLLIN)
Candy paint on the 'llac, shoes bigger than Shaq
Chrome beamin we rollin (WE ROLLIN, WE ROLLIN)
Picture a scene from The Mack, picture me on it like that
Quick get in, we rollin (WE ROLLIN, WE ROLLIN)
Yeah I rap and I act, God could be where I'm at
Lil' momma we rollin (WE ROLLIN, WE ROLLIN)
The P-I-M-P, the pockets are filled deep
The cars are sick B, the bars is milky
He hard to kill G, the God is real deep
The Coupe Deville leanin, pinky ring freezin
Creep with no ceiling, keep the chrome beamin
Cold with no feelings, rollin, dough pealin
Cruise the track, candy paint on the 'llac
Shoes bigger than Shaq, lil' momma relax
What he wearin on his back, is never off the rack
Todd Smith custom, all the ladies lust him
They with him, he crush them, we talkin 'bout a mack
A purebred dog, not one of them alley cats
Thorough to the max, Q-boro matter fact
Ice so sharp it slice through your cataracts
Hard from the wars, he tough as a battleaxe
Don't hate him cause he hot, God put him where he at
Fo' sho'!
Truly got the bottles on chill, the models lookin ill
V.I.P. locked down, crackin them hundred dollar bills
Yankee hat low, Todd Smith the rhinestones
Your chick chose him, let him bygones be bygones
All these, amateur macks with they eyeballs watery
Choosin honies over money that's how the order be
Meanwhile he gets his statements quarterly
Your starvin on the corner actin drunk and disorderly
Relax in the Maybach, gettin your booze on
Seats is like a couch, get your Tom Cruise on
French pedicure with the Jimmy Chu's on
He wanna see more he throw somethin smooth on
The modern day Goldie, game better than Kobe
Style dope than codeine, playin for his own team
When he walk up in the spot, he lookin so clean
Rubbin money in your face like cold cream
Yeah yeah...