

Roll On Out

Mac Dre

WHOA~! We'll roll youuuu!
We'll roll you, we'll roll youuuu!

Pull up slappin in me Chrysler LeBaron
Twisted off that happy, Bobby Darrin
The Hutches had me, jockin, starin
Is it the Nikes I'm rockin or the ice I'm wearin?
I won't pout over it, I ain't sharin
I'm a home run hitter, Mr. Mack Hank Aaron
The Mack ain't carin I'm cutthroatish
No dough bootch, you gettin my dick to notice

I'm clean like a greedy genius, stay fiendish
All up to par, star in the zenith
I'm leanin, dippin, blazin my sippin
Tapers or vapors mayne, we ain't trippin
So focused cousin, suds keep me buzzin
Ridin and sidin, you thought that I wasn't?
Stuntin, young blood push the button
We slumpin and bumpin, cutty it ain't nuttin!

Me and Mac Dre - ridin and leanin!
Hittin on 4's - runnin dippin steamin!
Comin yo' way - ridin on chrome!
Rollin down the block - bringin heat to yo' dome!
We'll roll you - right on out
We'll punk you - right on out
We'll roll you - right on out
We'll punk you - right on out

I'm leaned way back when I stack my bread
Might scare yo' momma with them nappy-ass dreads
I'm in my zone, my mind is gone
I feel so good, couldn't be no wrong
I feel savage, let me smash the beat up
Twist up the cabbage, kack my feet up
I'm V'd up, cause I need the dough
And I stay with a slumper, that's all I know
We gon' roll you

Right on out!
That's right bitch, right on out, slide on out
Hurt's out, I gets further
And when I'm on the beat, bitch, call it murder
I kill the track, make a swift feel The Mack
And make a punk rock, show me where the skrilla at
Copper quit spillin that, it's almost 2
With no mo' liquor nigga what we gon' do?

I know y'all feelin that Bay Area mayne
R.I.P. Mac Dre
Zion I the face mayne
Amp Live on the beat ya feel me?
See Holiday, the Bay still alive mayne
Let's go~!