

# 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~!