

Slow Ya Roll

Mac

Send this out to my nigga mike king and
All the 22nd gangsters in columbus ohio
From a o-g to a b-gee
Slow your roll niggas
Shell shocked
Check it

15 with the triple beam, working the streets
Lil' nigga gotta ride, now he's bumpin' the beats
(it's all good, it's all good)
He pass by makin' the noise, odd boy
Yah we see him with the chip phone
He talkin' to them young bitches who used to be afraid
He shootin' the shit, cus he gettin' paid (I like that)
When I was his age, I had the same kinda ways
Had to rush to get paid, keep on a fresh pair of j's
On a niggas feet, and it was something to ball
To go to school and tell them niggas they ain't f**kin' with chall
Don't hit it, to the grime, a pocket full of dimes
I hope you got that 9 and he got it on his mind
Cus the haters won't like that, would you pass
Cus the niggas will buck, and show a man his ass
Watch your back lil' nigga, the game is cold
And most of us don't make it old, slow your roll

(rolll)
Keep it on your mind
(rolll)
A nigga shoots the same
(slow your rolll)
You better slow your roll
(rolll)
What mama used to say,
(slow your rolll)
Keep it up young man
(roll)
A nigga shoots the same
(slow your rolll)
You better slow your roll
What mama used to say

16 with a bullet to his hip bone, he was slippin'
They shot him right in front of momz' wasn't even trippin'
He healed up, let his anger build up
Now he's ready for war, he five deep in the black car
And all dem niggas got murder on dey mind
Your boy got that a.k. you got the tech 9 (I got the tech you heard me)
Passenger seat he spot woo-ney, who is woo-ney
He's that nigga that pulled the trigger when he stole me
Take that muthaf**ka, what's what he yell at the sinner
As the automatic went **bucka**bucka**
And all you niggas gots to die
Is that the killer in his eyes, or was it just a disguise
Cus I remember he was a lil' timid nigga, a lil' skinny nigga
Now he pulled the trigger, and who are you to take these laws in your
Own hands
His daddy told me like a grown man, woood, slow your roll

17 with a life sentence
He in a cell with the cousin of the nigga he killed
Now tell me how it feel to look him deep in his eyes and see your whole
Life
Ain't got a gun, gotta twerk it with a shank knife
He's five times bigger, and it wouldn't mean shit to the trigger
But you can't get to it quicker, I seen the look in his eye
When the blade penetrated, he played like he ? ?
And I can't sleep knowing how I kicked the game to him
Gave a name to him, on the block now he caught in the pine box
Is there a heaven for a killer
Forgiveness to a lil' nigga who praised nothin' but skrilla
All he wanted was the finer things
He laid in his casket with a rolex and ? diamond rags?
Dear God have mercy on his young soul
See he told, most of us don't make it old
Slow your roll

[chorus]