

# Gotta Get My Roll On

Montell Jordan

Can you ball Montell?  
You got game?  
(Yeah, I got game!)  
Okay buddy  
(Okay)  
I know he ain't got no game

From the westside to the eastside  
From the northside to the southside  
I got good dues if you like the rules  
I said I got good dues  
Oh oh ohh, oh yeah  
Oh yeah

The sun comes up in my neighborhood  
I scratch my nuts, and man it sure feels good  
I'm leanin' in the corner like I'm barely alive  
'Cause I remember a time when I didn't have a ride  
Always in the passenger seat  
And always next to last when the honeys, we would meet  
But now that things have changed, slightly re-arranged  
I must admit, it's kinda strange  
To be walkin' down the 'Shaw with my big black boots  
And my happy Nappy wear, and my Karl Kani suits  
I got a big truck, it's parked up the block, and  
I see ya ladies jockin', yeah, you're takin' stock  
Now that I have your attention, did I mention  
I got back in LA, uh, it's in my CD player  
The days of ol' when I used to get my stroll on  
Are now long gone, 'cause...

I gotta get my roll on  
I've got to get mine  
Don't you know it's time  
I gotta get my roll on

Now check it  
I'm sitting in my ride  
And all the honeys all look inside  
And see what's going on  
'Cause a brotha got a telephone  
They roll up slow, but they have to squint  
'Cause my windows have a real dark tint  
To keep these hoochies steady starin'  
Tryin' to see what a nigga is wearin'  
My license plate says "swing"  
And you know they're thinkin' crazy things  
About chandeliers and ice cream bars  
And sick sick brothas, and the big black cars  
But hold on tight my dear  
'Cause Monty got speakers out to here  
I'll have you shakin' your head like you're losin' control  
Because I gotta, I gotta, I gotta (roll)

I'm at Sharwin King, I checks my rear-view mirror  
A nigga like Monty needs to see a little clearer  
Then I hear a honey honkin' at my Rover

She says "pull over" so I pull over  
Out jumps my ride and I go to the curb  
My ? to her, I attempts to serve  
She say she likes me, she's jockin' my crew  
So tell me what the hell am I supposed to do  
She's givin' me love, she's givin' me love  
So I write my phone number on a dub  
Then I pass it through the window  
It's back inside  
All of my niggas like to ride, yeah  
I might make her my girl  
'Cause she says she wants to take me  
To the top of the world  
But I don't know, I think she better hold on  
'Cause a brotha like Monty has got to get his roll on

O.G. gotta get his roll on  
Paul Stewart gotta get his roll on  
If I'm talkin' to your girl, you better hold on  
You know I gotta get my roll on  
P.M. gotta get they roll on  
My brother ?Mark? gotta get his roll on  
Now ? has gotta get his roll on  
You know I gotta get my roll on  
B-Low gotta get his roll on  
T.M. gotta get his roll on  
If I'm thinkin' ways to get my swole on  
You know I gotta get my roll on

I gotta get mine, I gotta get mine  
(Don't you know that I gotta get my roll on)  
Said I gotta get mine, gotta get mine  
(Gotta get my roll on)  
Russel Simmons gotta get his roll on  
Dior gotta get his roll on  
Def Jam has gotta get their roll on  
Power Moves gotta get your roll on  
And Monty gotta get his roll on

You know why I can tell Montell?  
'Cause you don't walk like a ball player  
You walk just like "Yay, I'm happy!"  
You know?  
But I know he can sing though  
The album, the boy's album is nice