

## Roll Wit It

Project Pat

If you boys got beef we can  
Roll wit it  
In da club or da street we can  
Go wit it  
It don't make me none  
Blow for blow wit it  
Crack his head wit a gun  
I'ma sho split it

In Hollywood at the stop sign  
Watchin out for one time  
Clean on them things  
Niggas hate cause I'm bout mine  
I'm on that weed  
So the car's kinda smokey  
The glock's in the stash  
Cause I'm dodgin the pokey  
Its hard on tha street  
Niggas livin like a catfish  
A project killa, four kids  
and a fat bitch  
Try to flip e'ry quarter ounce  
Ain't no credit barred  
We accept cash, merchandise  
or ya ebit (EBT) card  
Like to start shit  
At the club we be flexin  
And we'll kill a bitch  
At these hoes we be beckin  
North North to the full  
My game they respectin  
A rope to the bumper  
You get drug by yo neck-in  
Don't come around here  
You'z betta reckon  
You get ya ass blowed off  
For playin and jeckin  
Down in this dirty  
Only real muhfuckas rule  
Hoes wearin flirty skirties  
Young niggas act a fool

If there's some ana to handle  
I'm gonna take care of my biz  
I got a scope on ya body  
I'm aimin straight for yo wig  
I love to show out on hoes  
I love to cut up wit niggas  
These bitches always get wrong  
So I love pullin tha trigga  
And since you hoes won't learn  
I got some lessons to teach  
You betta call up the pastor  
He got a sermon to preach  
I ain't wit that arguin and cussin and fussin  
Bitchin and fightin  
I'm buckin choppas off top

Committed to takin yo life'n  
La Chat a mac slash killa  
Only speakin the real-a  
I'm tryna let you know its on  
For you violate a nigga  
A bitch be quick to talk shit  
But do you mean what you say  
A real killa don't be talkin  
They just be on they way  
I don't think you wanna get down  
You boys ain't ready for beef  
There ain't nowhere you can hide  
I called out an APD  
This ain't game that ya playin  
These bitches comin up slayin  
I keep my ears to tha street  
So hoe you watch what ya sayin

They lock me up just like Tupac  
And I went platinum  
Layed it down for a calendar  
Now right back at em  
Took my game weighed it up  
On a triple beam  
Niggas rob, kill, murder, steal  
For that ghetty green  
U.S. Marshal at my folks house  
Wanna kill me dead  
Wanna see me in a pine box  
Bullet in my head  
Police mane I ain't did shit  
Why you hatin this  
Ghetto thugs love my rap songs  
They relate to this  
Swingin fists Knock ya eyeball  
Clean out ya face  
Shoulda known it was shit starters  
All in tha place  
Young niggas on that powder  
Gon off tha bay  
Sneakin tones in da club  
You could get blown away  
Its a muhfuckin clique thang  
Represent ya hood  
Slangin cane makin plenty change  
All to the good  
Smokin blunt after blunt  
Pound after pound  
Throw a dead body in tha trunk  
High weave ya down