

# Rollin'

Redman

Nineteen ninety mother fuckin six  
That's that shit though  
Get the motherfuckin Squad packed  
We got to pull these shoes out like carpet, word is bond  
Test the crew with the guns and let's get this shit on

Why, must I be like that? Why, must I pack the gat?  
On my left, niggaz be rollin with the ruckus  
Ready to get deep bust rounds upon some suckaz  
Heard PPP and LOD is a bunch of crazy motherfuckers  
Journey to the land is on  
The winner of the spittin bomb marathon  
The fuck you up lyrathon, whatever you choose  
prepare to lose that title  
Turnin vital situations suicidal, my idols, is my Uncles  
who started smokin weed outta bibles  
Gave me a puff when I bust my first rifle  
Men-estration cycles, I give bitches  
Bring your craziest nigga, I'll give stitches  
Whateva, go crew for crew, blow for blow  
Bang your headpiece and sniff the snow off your hoe  
I keep it rollin...

Ask yourself man  
How ugly do you have to be to be a hardcore MC?  
Niggaz be fooled by my plaques and my light skin complexure  
My whole texture is bombin, destroyin da schools of the wack  
From the Land of the Lost, you get tossed  
Listen to my veloc(ity), my crew's comin off  
Yeah, more sneaky than casino switches  
Diggin ditches for all Moskino bitches  
Clockin decimal figures, I'm gettin out diggers  
Now my choice of truck is a Land  
cause a Landcruise much bigger  
It pack two to three more niggaz  
Damn I hate a golddigger  
Yeah, gimme that microphone  
I make opponents shit bricks like Tyson's home  
I keep the jacked cellular phone blown in three zones  
Love seafood and keep my nine millimis chrome  
So it can shine up your dome  
When I proceed to give you what you need and clear spots like Sea Breeze  
Wreckin your ass armaggedeon style  
Twenty four seven while  
My crew chin check your profile  
(Rollin...)

I'm the master of disaster, super rhyme maker  
Grimy by nature, database maker  
Play em out like Sega, Saturn  
Blow your blocks in patterns for about nine acres  
Testes, crew wearin bulletproof and double S's  
Karl Kani down, camoflounge can't hide the sounds  
of a fo' pound (boo-yaa)  
Givin you Six Flags, bustin merry go rounds  
But my crew stay ill with that unreal appeal  
I be the raw water, my cheek bones outta have gills

below like the opera  
Smooth on the trigger for all you block cockers  
I be the key to criminology  
Blast and rotate enemies at three buck sixty  
Pick me, as your Senator  
Take the dove from your battlefield son, fuck Pat Benatar  
Run, head for the hills  
Back in the day, these niggaz rolled up on me with  
the trunk filled with Bomber Brooklyns, sheeps and quartervilles  
Aiyyo take that shit, aiyyo Money snap the grill  
Body caught chills as he ate this nine mil  
Mine kills two but my nine was sign sealed  
And ready to deliver, but Money had me too close  
to reach for toast, soon as that nigga blink I broke ghost  
Dash back to South Orange Ave with dollar bill to smoke dope  
I keep em rollin...

This is DJ SAY WHAT?? on this motherfucker  
Sayin the dick is long, but my time is short  
Before I go, just remember  
If your box ain't on FDS radio, you're fuckin up