

Can I Roll Wit U

South Central Cartel

Can I roll with you?
Nigga, what can I do?
When I still seem
To day-dream and fiend for green
Cause one plus two, broke muthafuckas, don't equals naythin
In a buck-fortyfive's what I'm waitin
So now it's time for me to grab the strap
And put you in a sleeper eternally
That's what my psychic's tellin me
So now I'm ridin to the sun, and I
Know it ain't shit for me to lose...
...So I
Asked the big homie to put it down for me
When I was down you been around for me
Give me nine ounces, and count this stackola
That I can rack for ya
For sho', yo ride, as I slide to Kansas City
Not lookin for hoes that shake no titties
But to drop off ki's and collect my g's
My fees for this job is three g's
Let's see if I can get it crackin for me

Can I roll with you?
Nigga, what can I do
For you, now that it's really on and poppin?

Went to the city and my big homies is ???
With my 3 g's, can I get it crackin for me?
I always heard that bullets turn curves like Nike stripes
So one silent night they take flights to put out headlights
Turn to your skull where your brains was
Game recognize game, can you dig it?
I did it, stackin to see what's happenin
Loop - there it is, I'm handlin my biz
With this I'm buyin powdered shit
So I can rock it up and make it whoop, the loot
Chop it into doves to serve em love like Herbie
This whooped-up lley gon' freeze they brains like slurpies
But I'm tryin to kick back, relax and stack a meal ticket
Motivation is good preparation, so I rolls with it
(In a '86 coupe) in a '85 cutlass
2 O.G.'s on fo' d's, and we're comin

Nigga, what's happenin?
Shall we get to scrappin or cappin?
A king-size .44 magnum to tag em
Well, I guess we'll get into some gangster shit
I let my strap holler at your chest while Mouthpiece holler at your bitch
And I'm checkin eyes, so you best to recognize
When I let these bullets fly, from this heat you gon' die
Right, you muthafuckas wanna see the gangstas
I'm comin from the squad, I ain't no peace treaty banger
I was born in the hood and raised, I stayed in the hood, that's real
From emptyin my clip, from dumpin on niggas, I'm pistol-whippin your grill
But still you feel me in attempts to pull my card
I'm rollin a fo' do', Eagle out the window, dumpin on y'all
And all I did was struggle for my land

And I'm too much of a gee to die by another man
And understand you gotta bury me, you won't worry me
With your playa-hater strategy, for my enemy