

Rolex

The-Dream

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, okay
Yeah, yeah, yeah, (what up Rozay)

This is Rolex music
Sittin' in the back of that 62, just me and my boo
Radio Killer music
We always with the baddest hoes, fuck the status quo
You can't see me, you can't see me
Give a fuck what you think, blowing bottles of that drink
You can't see me, you can't see me
Shawty we shut it down, down, down, you can't see me

Red Ferrari, me and my cutie pie
Blowing money fast, Westside shawty til I die
Back to the haters, wind in my face
Louis Vuitton shades, Levis jeans
And I feel like Master P cause my cards ain't got limit
Pull a black Visa - buy a black Jesus
My nigga Chris say he can't imagine what this is
Can't wait til you get home, nigga look how we living
Waking up, breaking up with the baddest bitches
I heard my cousin told his mother "that nigga gettin' it"
So this one goes out to them haters, fuck you and your blank stare
Arm out the window, smiley face, Rollie in the air

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You already know what it is when you see me
Radio Killa straight out of the C P T
Compton if you didn't know, westside til I die
Hair down my back, Gucci Print on the bag
Cali swagger, Rollie on my arm
See I been to hell and back, and I put that on my mom
And now I'm in the building with the hottest nigga doing it
Got to get that money baby, that's why I'm pursuing it
It's a celebration when them gold presidential links
Are wrapped around your wrist, yeah, shawty is the shit
So this song's for them haters, fuck you and your blank stare
Smiley face, Rollie way up in the motherfucking air

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know it

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah you know it
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know it
Compton in this bitch
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know it
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know it
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
ATL up in this bitch, yeah