

Roll With It

Three 6 Mafia

Let me chirp these fools

Juice got weed Juice got pills
Juice got the work on the corner cuttin deals
Juice know you haters out there snitchin ain't for real
So Juice got some game niggaz down for the kill
Juice know the feds got surveillance on the field
We never had a job but we sittin on a mill
We ball out in the club wit our niggaz stayin trill
We never wrote a check just them big face bills
A playa drinkin Makers, Marker, cranberry vodka
Wearin a mink coat thats furry as Chewbacca
I saw ya main gal and a playa had to stop her
Her name was the Silkk but her face was The Shocker
The feds takin pictures of us ballin but I got 'em
A 7 footer hole for his body we gon drop 'em
We always on the grind we be watchin when they watchin
And when they turn they back its the clucka-clucka-
rock 'em yeah!

If you boys got beef we can (roll wit it)
In the club or the 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)

We got them tones in the club and them bulletproof vests
Them three fifty seven titanium Smith-N-Wess
And plus we deep as hell and prepared to bust
You gonna have hell if you fuck wit us and thats whats up
The whole club we maintain
These hydrashock bullets mushroom in ya brain
We in bed with the med we give 'em somethin to do
Cuz clown ass niggaz love to act a fool

My hood is real nigga my hood ain't fake
My hood is home nigga everythang straight
My hood will rob you with mask on they face
My hood will do it to put food on they plate
My hood ain't tame dog they wanna jump fool
My hood they hang together they all jump you
And if you don't believe me then come to my hood
And you will see that it ain't all good