

Roger That

Young Money

I'm in the collard green 6, cornbread in the guts Got the Hallo ween kicks trick or treatin' the clutch Come on nigga, is you t rickin' or what? Flow tighter than a dick in the butt

Just hopped off the plane, came back from Vancouv' Little white tee, some boobs, and bamboo White girls tell me, "Hey Nicki, y our camp rules Is that why you get more head than shampoos?"

Asalamalakum, no oink for me And I never let a D-boy boink for free 'Cause it's Barbie, bitch, you can join the wave I done pe nny, nickel, dimed, I done coined the phrase

You couldn't beat me there if you had a Leer Indian style court side with a cavalier VIP Rosés you can have a beer 'Cause hone y, when you getting' money, you don't have a care

Now r-roger that, r-roger that R-roger that, r-roger that R-roger that, r-roger that R-roger

Young black Rico's kill for the C-notes But me though, I'm Jack son bitch Tito She wanna play games but this is not bingo Mono poly, I'm past go, go ahead and deep throat

4-chick foursomes, skin colors mocha Sally and Sonia put the pu ssies on my Totem Pole vault stroke 'em, strike it like bowlin' Now open like you yawnin', it's 6 in the mornin'

Sleepin' on me probably in a coffin I'm hotter than the end of fuckin' August, I'm awesome I'm awesome, repeat it to your gran dma and uncles M-mothers, Tyga's no dad but I'm the motherfucker

Motherfuckers, this the last supper Look, no hands, I'm a bread cuffer I don't dare love her, I'm a dare devil I don't fear no thin', motherfucker, Young Money

Now roger that, roger that R-roger that, roger that Fuck around and never get roger back

(I'm goin' in) Fresh off the jet, sharper than Gillette The blu nt still wet so pass it like bread We sip side a mug, we call i t upset Smoke more than 4 quarters, we call it sudden death

I'm a beast, you a pet AK long neck, key sweat Weezy, motherfuc ker, capo in this bitch with me Money talks and have a convo' in this bitch with me

I'm mountain high, Colorado in this bitch with me Flow crazy, 7

30, you just 650 20 bullets from the chopper take the roof off
Laughin' to the bank, I'm a goof ball

It's Y.M. and we at yo' neck like a violin It's our world, we m
ake it spin and y'all the prey, amen

Now roger that, roger that Where Roger at? I heard Rog' a Rat F-
fuck around and never get Roger back