To all my real playas

Throw yo Rollie's in the sky

Yes, yes, yes, uh! Balla shit, nigga Timer shit nigga (Regime shit baby) Flossy shit, boi! (Smoke-A-Lot, Smoke-A-Lot) Rolex Rulez Check it, we rock big jew-els an shit, big karats an baggets an shit Muthafuckas be starrin, niggas packin big thangs too nigga, uh I started off wit heata shit Carry a nine millameter shit Rolex on my wrist Never fuckin' wit Geneve shit (playboy what's Geneve shit?) Somethin' like 20 g's cheaper shit Tryin' to pawn this shit, but the jewelry store tell you to keep the shit Look juss like a Rollie, but it really ain't Rollie What the fuck you think homie, you walkin' around wit fake Rollie I never knew that swap meets a-wraps could make Rollie The Motra fake Rollie's, yo time an date gone break Rollie The type of shit a thief won't even attempt to take Rollie Go out on a date, start makin' bitches hate Rollie Now pump yo brakes homie Only the ballin'' qualified can rock the platinum, oyster, in distant Rolex wear outside "Stayin Alive" like Wyclef, gettin' high until my eyes shut Wise steps, hands carrassin' my tech Rolex under my sleeve nigga To each nigga playa hatin', I make you muthafuckas bleed quicka I read niggas Look in my eyes an die slowly Meet my four-five Niggas done died fo a Rollie I leave yo chest over yo family outside lonely They died on the stretch an take an ambulance ride homie My four-five told me, that shit that crucify homies If I didn't, got so many down niggas ready to ride fo me Die fo me Eye fo an eye homie That's what you get for tryin' to rob me fo my Rollie nigga Rolex Rulez Well an nigga wit the Rolex on You best believe he packin' Stretch Armstrong Some kinda gat or thang on him Hit you bullet rain storms When you got the Rolex watch, piece an chain on, listen Well an nigga wit the Rolex on You best believe he packin' Stretch Armstrong Some kinda gat or thang on him Hit you bullet rain storms When you got the Rolex watch, piece an chain on, listen

Wave 'em side to side Then keep yo four-five caulked to ride So many muthafuckas done died Tryin' to steal a Rolex watch Especially tryin' to steal mines I remember the day I bought my first watch The turfs hot Slangin' them birdies, that chirpin' jus' don't stop Raise niggas off the block who turf hop Jus' got my first 5 in the world to check in the jewelry store the first sp I'm wet cash the check, grab the tech an jet 10 G's in my pocket headed straight to Spence I want my shit all baggets But it cost too much Had to fuck wit somethin' less Ain't tryin' to floss too much A straight gold Presidential No diamonds down the wrist Princess cabezel You know That's small timer shit But fuck that! I got the Rolex, chain an ring that match Stack my scratch, until I got enough green to bring shit back Exchange? Yes! Give up the chain an gain a Rolex Drop some G's It's juss like property so invest An if you ever go broke, don't feel depressed under stress Pawn yo shit, I give you what you paid an not a dolla less That's big timer shit White colla' shit, so I jet I see some niggas casin' the set Hangin' out by my Lex I grab the muthafuckin' Tech 9 The first time, I get to hear that muthafucka scream an whine Rolex Rulez! Well an nigga wit the Rolex on You best believe he packin' Stretch Armstrong Some kinda gat or thang on him Hit you bullet rain storms When you got the Rolex watch, piece an chain on, listen

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I suggest you pack a gat too, my ballin' ass potna

Uh, to all my real playas, nigga, uh
Smoke-A-Lot up in this bitch
Regime shit, uh
Sometimes you gotta floss, sometimes keep that shit up under yo sleeve
Haha 'cause niggas tryin' to get us
But I keep big heats, nigga Uh
How many holes you want in yo ass?
Blow, blow
1, 2, or 3? Nigga what?
Blow, blow
Back the fuck up nigga We do our thang, Rolex Rulez

Or you will get flat lined Done deal