

Rollin

Z-Ro

Comin' up as yungsta
Watchin' the OG's in the hood while they flossin' in
they rides
Candy paint, chrome wheels, and black magic on the
attire
Me, yeah I was lovin' it, but not old enough drive
Parkin' lot pimpin' from the passenger side
I use to walk everywhere I had to show up
Shoe hills, one down like wheel rubber, man I was about
to go nuts
Hopefully I would blow up in these rap game man
My people roll swanga's, I wanted to be rollin' the
same thang
Never had alot of work, but I was doin' what I could
Movin' nickles, dimes, twenty's, and ounces all threw
my hood
Since I had a one yolla fines cash me up
Mean while thumpin' for a ride my homies pass me up
It's all gravy, when I'm able I'm a showin' all
somthin'
From a hopte to a foreign, I'm ballin' it's all or
nothin'
Treat my feet with' designer to fine sneak's when I
leave my home
Only place you catch me walkin' is to my mail box's
Cause on the streets I be on crome

I'll keep rollin' chrome
I'll keep rollin' chrome
Wood grain is what I'm holdin' on
I'll keep rolin chrome

Huh, I started off with' a canary yellow cuttlase
supreme on bald tire's
Yeah I know I was out of line
But that was all I could find
Or should I say that was all I could purchase for what
I had to spend
But at least I had somthin' to go from point A to B and
No more offerin' gas money to get a lift
Besides when your driven it's easier to get a chick
So ani't no more parkin' lot pimpin' at the club I'm up
in there
Seekin' little mama, with' thick thighs, I hope she let
me in there
Like swim wear, pull up to the motel, and we'll go in
there
Nothin' left to do but comit a sin there
And that was in my hopte, but when I show up in my big
body with' the gloss

All of the boppers was boppin' I just could'nt shake'm
off
Sixteen switches, tewnty-two inches, trunk goin' to war
They don't want to lay here with me, they want to lay
in my car
I was lovin' it back then and still love it today

Except I'm not yellow cutlase no more, I'm 300 blue
over gray, on chrome

I'll keep rollin' chrome
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Finally I'm in the mix, ridin' twenty-four's or twenty-
six
My neck and my wrist lite, with' out me sellin' a brick
Tv's in the roof and the dashboard and I'm watchin' a
flick
Rollin' with my pistol in my lap and I'm cockin' if
I spy somthin' suspicious in my rear view mirror when
I'm creepin'
If you plan on jackin' me I plan on leavin' you
sleepin'
I be in different vehicle cause I'm havin' thangs
King of the ghetto enertainment got me havin' change
You can smell it on me, even tho quite, the way I live
it be tellin' on me
Don't get twisted I'm still a felon homie
Thinkin' you goin' to rob me that's a N O
And when I'm in N O I roll with god and as always
Mr.Marsello
And they be with me when they in texas don't par take
it as a spy
Harlum nights in stores where they drop it like it's
hot
So if your tryin' to call me and I don't answer my
phone
I can't hear it cause my music to loud I'm bangin' on
chrome

I'll keep rollin' chrome(rollin chrome)
I'll keep rollin' chrome(rollin chrome)
Wood grain is what I'm holdin' on(holdin on)
I'll keep rolin chrome(Yaah)
I'll keep rollin' chrome(yes I am)
I'll keep rollin' chrome(I'm rollin chrome)
Wood grain is what I'm holdin' on(is what I'm holdin
on)
I'll keep rolin chrome(S.U.C.)
(baby) (S.U.C.)