

Rapper Big Pooh f/ Chaundon, Joe Scudda, Jozeemo

"Roll Call"

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[Jozeemo] Uh, give me a second, I'm having a nigga moment Jo' reaching under the shirt's your first omen
We man up, y'all niggas is still zoning I'm on my third hustle while niggas is still yawning Five in the morning, out of town cell phone Roaming on my Philly shit, beard need coaming Work's never done, fake niggas need bitching Set off a pistol whipping, trigger finger still itching Pots in the kitchen, 'caine needs cooking As long niggas balling, Jo' Gutta still jooking I see the crowd looking, I thought he was a rapper? That's part-time bitch, I'm an AK clapper Dress code's something like the opposite of dapper Send a black rose to your mother and your pastor I'm after, everything I feel that I'm due On the grind 'til I feel that I'm through
[Chaundon] Even though I moved out of NYC I'm the realest Transferred to Central Carolina Phyllis The world black and white but a nigga dream of color Like blue and cream wallies, I'ma rock 'em this summer Took a few losses, had a little setback Reparation time, dude for the get-back Had a premonition, I'd be the illest spitting Shut down Webster's, become the definition Used to have more +Nightmares+ than +Dana Dane+ A voice woke me up and told me to change the game Never second guessed it, rose to my feet Metronome flow, huh, controlling the beat The heart of the street, put my vocal chords in a frame Hang it up because it's art when I speak Don't need to autograph it, my verse is the signature Now open up the calorie doors [Chorus] I never should have rolled the dice Now I'm trapped off in the game (in the game) No matter how you live your life Some shit don't never change (never change) I'm here for the money and the power Y'all keep that fuckin fame (fuck the fame) Either way when I leave this bitch You gon' know my fuckin name [Joe Scudda] Yeah, so come with it, Joey done shitted Best to do it and damn near best that did it Nine-one-nine on the wrist and the fitted Probably know I capped, lil homie don't forget it Put the bait out and you bit it Fuck around with me, catch a bald like Riddick or bald like Jackson, time for some action If you asking, I ain't with all the rassling I'm about moving, I ain't with

the losing As a fly-by I'm still cool cause I'm cruising
What you think you doing? I might have to ruin Better
catch up homie, come get with the movement (Better
tell 'em bout it) H-O-J, they don't play That's my team,
this my day Crown City boy, that's where I stay and we
the best out, that's what they say [Rapper Big Pooh] Uh,
niggas always wanna talk about money Told y'all I
came with Dho/dough, young'n you ain't know? Toured
the world with my group Lil' Bro' That means I'm
professional, who's next to blow? You just standing in a
shadow Hurt pride like I stole your mojo I'm so thoro,
get a book, maybe I'll explain how I maintain, do this
with no strain Huh, you do it with no gain and they tryna
put us on the same plain No disrespect, that's a
disconnect I achieve milestones you ain't even seen yet
Been a couple places you ain't even dreamed yet Six
years later, how quick we forget And yet, there's still
not one comparison that they compared me to that I
ain't much better than, my nigga [Chorus] [Outro:
Rapper Big Pooh] Yeah, haha HOJ, that's the muh'fuckin
movement Yeah, uh, that's the muh'fuckin unit J.O.,
Doovie, Jozee', Rapper Sean Boog, what up? Khrysis,
what up? D-Brock, Big Dho

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