

## Warren G

### "Rollin' on 20's"

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Here we go, welcome to my world nigga of  
Cadillac's and stacks  
Triple X throwbacks with my name on the back  
Uh, I know you see us  
You wanna be us  
With Jam Master Jay on my Adidas  
Plus I ride around in two-seata's  
I hope it's cold cause I'm comin wit my heata  
I'm on the Fleeta, doin 150  
Can't you tell by my cut why I'm pimpin  
And if I hit one time she's limpin  
And if he trick one dime he's simpin  
Cause we don't do it like that over here  
All we do is grip grain on the stair  
Like Killer Mike all I do is dream about sex  
But when I wake up I have a dream about a check  
And after that I burn rubber when I jump in my Vette'  
Yet his hoes raise up but it ain't come out yet, I'm  
speed racin

(Chorus 1)  
On 20's (On 20's)  
Wheel's Spinnin (Wheels Spinnin)  
These hoes grinnin  
I pulled up with the top off  
On 20's (On 20's)  
Wheel's Spinnin (Wheels Spinnin)  
These hoes grinnin  
Futuristic tennis shoes when I hop off

Yeah, yeah, yeah I got a need for speed get in da truck  
wit me  
Or we can start in the Bentley doin a buck fifty  
I'm so gangsta, chickenheads don't wanna fuck wit me  
But you can love me or hate me baby you're stuck wit  
me  
And I'm a fluff till the police come and get me  
We run dis city, you can't do nothin wit me  
It's young red ya'll, I'm rollin somethin sticky  
You see them 20's, believe they worth three a penny  
And I ain't really got nuthin to lose

So announce on 22's start spreadin the news  
Let's speed it up a little  
Hoes love to choose  
Soon as they spot the drop, man, it gotta be the shoes  
The fast lane is where a nigga live e'er night  
Look for the grain stay away from the red light  
Them old folks hear me creepin up the street  
Cause they know I got them, I got them  
Woofers in my jeep, nigga

(Chorus 2)

On 20's (On 20's)  
Wheel's Spinnin (Wheels Spinnin)  
These hoes grinnin  
I pulled up with the top off  
On 20's (On 20's)  
Wheel's Spinnin (Wheels Spinnin)  
These hoes grinnin  
Futuristic tennis shoes when I hop off  
On 20's (On 20's)  
Wheel's Spinnin (Wheels Spinnin)  
These hoes grinnin  
We never lose sleep, lemme  
On 20's (On 20's)  
Wheel's Spinnin (Wheels Spinnin)  
These hoes grinnin  
You can't even breath in it

(\*talking\*)

Say, there go the laws, man  
Where, where  
They gettin behind us right now  
Stop lyin man, you lyin  
Don't worry about it, we in a lamborghini, man  
I'm gone

I got a lambo, I got a drop jag  
Plus I got a Harley bike, nigga top that  
Now e'erbody be like where you shop at  
And they be askin dumb shit like where you got that  
That's when I look back and say I'm a superstar  
And if it cost a hundred grand it's a supercar  
I'm still ballin, 20 still crawlin  
Like retarded kids, my DVD's stallin  
Lakers still callin, but we already signed  
We about to be legends like Morris Day & the Time  
When Paul gave me a call, man I had to do it  
I gotta rep where I'm from so I had to screw it, uh  
I'm from the home of the Houston Texans  
The only horse we ride is in our Lexus  
Nowadays, everybody wanna chop on blades

But we been doin that ya'll better behave

(Chorus 2)

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