

## Saukrates F/ Masta Ace, O.C.

### "Rollin"

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Intro: Masta Ace

Yeah, just like I was sayin  
things are same all over,  
it dont matter where you come from  
east coast, west coast, T dot O dot, down south,  
you gotta keep rollin if you gonna get thru all this

[Masta Ace]

yo, yo, I makes green backs of mean tracks,  
it seems that life aint nuttin but phat cars  
and green stack 2 storeys high  
I wouldnt wanna die  
po broke and lonely, no joke Im only  
a hop jump and skip, from 30, gotta get my hands dirty  
if I wanna see cash thats gon last  
I hit you wit a blast, straight from the heart  
wheres the math, gotta go for broke witout a cast  
aint shit changed but nickels and dimes to G notes  
we floats flush rides and crush prides and jack fakers  
crack makers never left the neighbourhood  
cash rules everything except me  
thats what cream mean, dont rule the rhyme  
on valentines day nigga, you still couldnt find  
the heart to try to step to, fuck wit  
mess wit, your desperate, stop bullshittin nigga and  
lets get  
all this dough like Pillbury and I still bury  
wack rappers in 96 kid I feel very confident its my year  
to  
and my tongue will tear you  
keep rollin in dough and son I hear you

Chorus

Baby roll wit me, maybe you can see  
what all life can be  
(what you gonna do when your mind gets old)

[Saukrates]

(make money)the slogn of ghetto dwellers in such  
(take money)the phrase of an organized bank rush

sittin on top of the dome like Al Capone  
interceptin drug carriers and takin they home  
popularity can make you a buck but nigga that shit is  
luck  
solidify your cash, your the biggest guy  
gotta taken out,  
the bitch caught a disease for the plague Saukrates  
now who's got the g's  
desperado, get away cars hittin the throttle  
pinchin diamonds the size of the lotto  
any kind of hesitation to 25 ta life you get  
come out, kickin Carlito cuz you cant resist  
in your world wife and kids become the minority  
cause yens, franks, marks and dollars become your  
priority  
on stage frontin as if your mic makes all your cream  
father time paid off the sandman and saw your dream  
nigga quit it, you in it for the cash admit it  
cuz I did it, and never gave a fuck for rap critics  
realize Corleone style, I know some niggas desperate  
they'd sell they mother for a 7 digit figure  
Dont you get it...

Chorus

[O.C.]

Yo Sauk, yo Ace, whats up wit money over there  
whppin on the street like he just dont care  
his flamboyancy annoying,  
ignorant nigga figure he gon roll all his life  
thinkin he gon roll all his life being big bad and bold  
and what, sellin drugs on the street aint nuttin but a  
sucka  
he gets fucked and his mind mad mushy intelligents all  
fuzzy,  
get shot street nigga forgot who was he  
in it for all things respect  
you rightful to fall of in life either deceased or arrested  
mastermind desgined you had thru a science giver  
mad man reigned over major alliance  
your world revolved around gold, cars and diamonds  
sluts and scars , draggin behind bars still  
the wake up call, face off the jail bully  
takin your man hood, thought you had a pussy  
come home seen your man, now the lies arise  
tellin your man you was fightin niggas twice your size  
your concious is feelin it, sippin a brew  
2 years you got screwed, by the system and a stiff one  
mental swollen and your manhood stolen  
wrecked and got dugout for the price of gold

## Chorus

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