

Taydatay

"Roll em up"

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well it's the cream of the crop
we straight flow from the block
the party ain't over till I'm pullin' out the glock
unnecessary, that I unleash the real
I rubbin' you the right way like Johnny Gill
feel, a nigga tryin' to put it down on the town
even though all the hatas being around
I still clown
with the sound that will keep you pumped
I'm pushin' nothin' but this motherfuckin' gangsta funk
when I skunk
creepin' with my ACG
with the Vegas and the weed
got to let the brain feed
not a bad boy
but I put it down like Mase
in the thug category
tryin' to shake the face
game lace
tighter than a pair of new Jordan's
holdin' down the line like my name Ken Norton

for the team

rollin' up nickels like green

bud and you hatas in the town

got to show me love

[chorus]

I got sacks of weed

and we can hit the cuts

and roll 'em up

roll 'em up

when you dealin' wit the mob

fool you know what's up

cause we'll roll you up

roll you up

when you in the sco town

don't press your luck

just roll 'em up

roll 'em up

or hit the heel for the nade

and we can blow shit up

cause I'm rolls 'em up

rolls 'em up

represent the tip of the sco

lettin' niggas know

how a playa rolls when I hit the door

lettin' off smoke like the wild wild west

blowin' nade can't fuck wit the cest

I got a complex

I need premium

grade A dojah

bitch I'm a soldja

can't nothin' hold ya

nigga from the point down

in the background

niggas yellin' kill-a-hoe

lettin' off nine rounds

it's all over now

had 'em jack at the hash

Plus I got a twamp sack stashed in the ash tray

Dre, bitches and nigga Taydatay

put it down like a hog

for my niggas all day

it's the bomb bay

a real G parlay

won't stop rollin' blunts till judgement day

call it what you want

but I'm addicted to the cannabis

niggas can't handle this

Cuz I'm so scandalous

[chorus]

hit the liquor store for some pour

fuck all of y'all

if you can't roll wit the hog
Livin in the city of the fog
keep a trail hill
for the real deal
off the nade and a mad dog
it's your car
the bitch ridin' shotgun
she wants to heat the hottub for some action
grab the gat son
I don't trust neer bitch
Nina Rostine in the cuts
can you handle this
you know I come equipped
with an extra clip
pull out another blunt
roll another sack of hemp
don't trip
just to my fashion
when I start flashin'
I might start blastin'
off to the land of unknown
let me call Big Mac on the clome
you know it's on
lookin' for more endo smoke
hit 3rd street fiendin' for some JC roll bowl

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