

## The Clipse f/ Miles

### "I'm a Roller"

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[Pusha T]

Uh, yea they call me Pusha, uh, Draper Inc., Star Trak  
What you know about this pink on wrist  
Je-sus flush like je-sus sick  
Same color glow through the crucifix  
Pa-vay pink like white girl clit  
Might not cook if you ain't used to shit  
But see me I'm used to rich  
Livin' this two-door life coupes all white  
The SL like a swiss army knife  
Tuck away the roof shed some light  
Fold it back out if you keeps it right  
Hold the tech close day turn to nights  
Cause niggaz hate to see you with phenom lights  
Rims on gleam, techs on beam  
Three times dope got hex on fiends  
Look through the hood checks on lean  
Pusha bounce weight like trampolines nigga

[Chorus/Clipse]

I don't mean to brag  
I don't mean to boast, but  
Baby I'm A Roller  
Now move them things up and down the coast  
Like daddy showed ya'  
Keep heat close on the waist Fa-SHO  
Always been a soldier  
Hoes and money that's all I know  
Definition of a roller...roller

[Miles]

Listen up boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen  
Whatever side of the world or hood you livin' in  
It's Miles back in this bitch  
I come through stackin' my chips  
You show me ten broads I'm bodyin' all ten of um'  
Sweet brown cinnamon even hot chocolate  
Let me kick that once I go non-stop in it  
Back in the place to be and  
Guess what I got on my waist with me  
It's the 4-5th of the clip we roll thicker

Than your homey's on the corner who pourin' that malt  
liquor  
Sicker than sick I'm flippin' a switch  
Im inventin' a feelin' of venomous spit I been in this  
bitch uh  
Girls, broads, boppers females  
Rims blades choppin' spree-well's  
Draper Inc. records we sell  
With the Clipse offically Big boy shells...

[Chorus/Clipse]

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[Malice]

Center of attention my back to the ropes  
All eyes on me the streets got me in they scope  
Ain't hard to tell a nigga reelin' in that dough  
In a 4.6 range feelin' like the pope  
I keep it real close this you can quote  
For any motherfucker maybe feelin' like I'm joke  
But I'm not Richard Pryor  
But prior to rap I was cookin' crack over an open fire  
Why they wanna try and play malicious  
I'm humble to the point I down play my riches  
This is what it is it's hard to be discreet  
While the frank mueller watch play peak-a-boo to  
sleeve  
Tucked in the chain in order for you to breathe  
I'm out into a mote here this is you to me  
The comparison is way to embarrassin'  
Niggaz ain't averagin' what I'm averagin'

[Chorus/Clipse]

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Definition of a roller...roller X2

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