

## The Wreckshop Family

### "Rolled Ova"

Visit "[Rolled Ova](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(\*talking\*)

Aaaah huh, right back up in ya  
Platinum Soul, bend over or get rolled over

[Noke D & (Double D)]

If you, ain't up on thangs  
(Wreckshop is the click, Platinum Soul's the name)  
And we, make beats that bang  
(ain't a damn thang changed, still thoed in the game)

[Hook]

Now tell me what it do nigga, you got your ass on your  
shoulders  
Peeping like the rollers, you niggaz can't hold us  
I told ya, y'all don't wanna see a real soldier  
Either roll with us, or you get rolled over

[D-Gotti]

Thoed in the game, I flow for the change  
It was just me shooting me in the foot, locked in chains  
Body rock, I thank around the block still paid  
But I'm focused, with a lil' mo' respect for the game  
Check game, my mama and them in the projects  
I gotta get her out, so getting paid's my only option  
God protect a nigga off his game, stay strong  
Tell myself only real thangs, smart change homes  
Running, from my blood to my bones  
Pines is on, won't put a nigga in a tombstone  
Wrong, to push them pies  
I'm not a role model, I ain't one of the good guys  
I'm Goody-Gotti, out the Wreckshop Fam  
Bout to be one of the greatest, swear I'm bout that Fam  
Leave it or scram, I'll hit you with the tool  
Off the most in the streets, know D-Gotti a fool

[Hook]

[Noke D & Double D]

[Double D]

Hold up wait, Mr. fly guy

You ain't original why try, you pitiful  
It's gonna take a miracle, to get you to the pinnacle  
As long as you know, that we could never be identacle  
It's obvious, why niggaz copy us  
But then they coming with the sloppiest, so now I gotta  
put a stop to this  
I'm dropping this  
To put these mad rappers, and beat jackers away  
I night I still pray, for the ones gone astray  
You niggaz more drug than thugged, out occurring in  
your flow  
So I'm pulling the plug out, remembering the game  
keep me doing my thang  
And it's official, ain't nothing changed  
We ride, we stepping and repping the Southside  
No niggaz from outside, just Double D and thr guys  
Keep my eyes on the prize, but I gotta remind ya  
When you fucking with the click, we gon come out and  
find ya

[Hook]

[Noke D & Double D]

[D-Reck]

On the mash, till the motherfucking cash come  
Fuck a major deal, a nigga had to kill the last one  
Power and greed, then pride times three  
So Dirty did it like the Dirty 3, hurry back to the streets  
Cause they know, how we do's it  
Southside music, so they can't groove with this  
Wreckshop movement  
Got boys on note, hooked on it like dope  
Can't name a Houston rapper, that ain't stole at least  
one quote  
From Laffeyette, to the A-T-X  
From Dallas to New Orleans, we all in they deck  
I raised you boys, paved the way for you boys  
Don't check my coolness for no foolish, may Lil' J you  
boys  
We train blocks, and tie em in a knot  
We bring mo' heat to the streets, than a undercover  
cop  
We what you need, what these other cats can't see  
Can't be, so nigga just continue to floss me

[Hook]

[Noke D & Double D]

[Dirty \$]

Yes sir we buy, my squad go hard  
Y'all don't want no problems, y'all don't even wanna  
start  
None of y'all got heart, no bite all bark  
Puddens get torn apart, big dogs run this yard  
Yeah uh-huh, we still leading the pack  
Hustlers love the way we made it, to the front from the  
back  
Going hard for them stacks, man the Shop been thoed  
The South still hold, if you hoes ain't know  
Who me shit, it's that Mr. Dirty \$  
Original dickie boy, call me Jerry McGuire  
Higher, and strictly bout this feddy  
When it comes to fetching paper, my team stay ready  
Willing and able, first major independent label  
Go and get it, bring it back to the table  
Gorillas for scrilla, and savages about cabbage  
Cheetahs chasing cheddar, just not your average  
nigga  
And I'm married to this thang, the game  
But I guarantee before I go, y'all scream my name yeah

[Tyte Eyez]

You got your ass on your shoulders, I wonder why  
What you think you fly, motherfucker you think you  
better than I  
I think's not, and niggaz ain't hot  
Bring the heat to em, accapellas from freestyle shit  
Just bring the beats to em, so many niggaz walking with  
they nose up  
Is it cause we stealing bidness, or we done hit they  
hoes up  
Huh I really don't know, but I ain't trying to figure out  
Man my hustle ain't your hustle, cause I took a different  
route  
Buddy but anyway, why you all up in my mix  
That's why flies don't come around you, cause they  
know that you ain't shit  
Bitch, you run with to ticks and fleas and roaches  
So uh, get off my dick soon as you breathe you choking  
Bitch, you on my phone you know you wrong  
Just admit it, ain't nothing in the city seeing or hearing  
my committy  
So deal with it, or you getting rolled over  
Mr. Tyte E-Z, signing out like a soldier

Visit [The Wreckshop Family](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.