

Young Money "Roger That"

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[Nicki:]

Im in the collard green 6, cornbread in the guts
Got the Halloween kicks, trick or treatin the clutch
Cmon nigga, is you trickin or what?
Flow tighter than a d*ck in the butt
Jus hopped off the plane came back from Vancouv
Little white tee, some boobs and bamboos
White girls tell me "f*ck â" "Hey Nicki, your camp
rules!
Is that why you get more head than
shampoos? "f*ck â"
As-Salamu Alaykum no oink for me
And I never let a D-boy boink for free
Cause it "f*ck â" "f*ck â" Barbie b*tch, you could join
the wave
I dun penny-nickel-dimed, I dun coined the phrase
You couldnt beat me there if you had a leer
Indian style court side withh a Cavalier
V.I.P. roseas you can have a beer
Cause honey, when you gettin money
You don "f*ck â" "f*ck â" have a care

Now R-Roger That
R-R-Roger That
R-Roger That
R-R-Roger That
R-Roger That
R-R-Roger That
R-Roger That

[Tyga:]

Aahh
Young black ricos
Kill for the C-notes
But me though, I jack son b*tch, Tito
She wanna play games but this is not bingo
Monopoly, Im pass go
Gon head and deep throat
Four chick foursomes, skin colors mocha
Sally and Sonia put the p*ssys on my totem
Pole vault stroke em
Strike it like bowling

Now open like youre yawnin
Its 6 in the mornin
Sleepin on me probably in a coffin
Im hotter than the end of f*ckin August
Im awesome, Im awesome
Repeat it to your grandma and uncles, my mothers
Tygas no dad but Im the muhf*cka
Muhf*ckas, its the last supper
Look no hands, Im a bread cuffer
I dont dare love her, Im a dare devil
I dont fear nuthin muhf*cka
YOUNG MONEY!

Now Roger That
Roger That
Ro-Roger That
Roger That
F*ck around and never get Roger back

[Lil Wayne:]
Im Goin In!
Fresh off the jet, sharper than Gillette
The blunt still wet, so pass it like Brett
We sips outta mug, we call it upset
Smoke more than four quarters
We call it sudden death
Im a beast, you a pet
AK long neck, Keith Sweat, ha
Weezy muthaf*cka, Capo in this b*tch with me
Money talks, it have a convo in this b*tch with me
Im mountain high, Colorado in this b*tch with me
Flow crazy, 730 you just 650
20 bullets from the chopper take the roof off
Laughin to the bank, Im a goof ball (ha ha)
Its YM and we at your neck like a violin
Its our world, we make it spin
And yall the preyÃfÂçâ, -Ã,Â! AMEN

Now Roger That
Roger That
Where Roger at
I heard Rog a rat
F*ck around and never get Roger back

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