

Yukmouth "Rolex Rulez"

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Yes, yes, yes, uh
Balla shit, nigga
Timer shit nigga
(Regime shit baby)
Flossy shit, boi
(Smoke a lot, smoke a lot)
Rolex Rulez
Check it, we rock big jewels and shit, big karats and
baggets and shit
Mutha fuckas be starrin', niggas packin' big thangs too
nigga, uh

I started off wit' heata shit
Carry a nine millimeter shit
Rolex on my wrist
Never fuckin' wit' Geneve shit
(Playboy what's Geneve shit?)

Somethin' like 20 g's cheaper shit
Tryin' to pawn this shit, but the jewelry store tell you to
keep the shit
Look juss like a Rollie, but it really ain't Rollie
What the fuck you think homie, you walkin' around wit'
fake Rollie

I never knew that swap meets a-wraps could make
Rollie
The Motra fake Rollie's, yo' time an date gone break
Rollie
The type of shit a thief won't even attempt to take Rollie
Go out on a date, start makin' bitches hate Rollie

Now pump yo brakes homie
Only the ballin' qualified can rock the platinum, oyster,
in distant
Rolex wear outside
"Stayin' Alive", like Wyclef, gettin' high until my eyes
shut

Wise steps, hands carrassin' my tech
Rolex under my sleve nigga
To each nigga playa hatin', I make you mutha fuckas

bleed quicka
I read niggas, look in my eyes an die slowly

Meet my four-five, niggas done died fo' a Rollie
I leave yo' chest over yo' family outside lonely
They died on the stretch an take an ambulance ride
homie
My four-five told me, that shit that crucify homies

If I didn't, got so many down niggas ready to ride fo'
me
Die fo' me, eye fo' an eye homie
That's what you get for tryin' to rob me fo' my Rollie
nigga
Rolex Rulez

Well, an nigga wit' the Rolex on you best believe
He packin' Stretch Armstrong, some kinda gat or thang
on him
Hit you bullet rain storms when you got the Rolex watch
Piece an chain on listen

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To all my real playas, throw yo' Rollie's in the sky
Wave 'em side to side then keep yo' four-five caulked
to ride
So many mutha fuckas done died tryin' to steal a Rolex
watch
Especially tryin' to steal mines

I remember the day, I bought my first watch the turfs
hot
Slangin' them birdies, that chirpin' juss don't stop
Raise niggas off the block who turf hop juss got my
first 5
In the world to check in the jewelry store the first spot

I'm wet cash the check, grab the tech an jet
10 G's in my pocket headed straight to Spence
I want my shit all baggets but it cost too much
Had to fuck wit somethin' less, ain't tryin' to floss too
much

A straight gold Presidential, no diamonds down the
wrist
Princess cabezel, you know that's small timer shit but

fuck that
I got the Rolex, chain an ring that match, stack my
scratch
Until I got enough green to bring shit back exchange?
Yes

Give up the chain an gain a Rolex drop some G's
It's juss like property so invest
An if you ever go broke, don't feel depressed under
stress
Pawn yo' shit, I give you what you paid an not a dolla
less

That's big timer shit white colla shit, so I jet
I see some niggas casin' the set hangin' out by my Lex
I grab the mutha fuckin' Tech 9
The first time, I get to hear that mutha fucka scream an
whine
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Uh, to all my real playas, nigga, uh
Smoke a lot up in this bitch, regime shit, uh
Sometimes you gotta floss
Sometimes keep that shit up under yo sleve

'Cuz niggas tryin' to get us
But I keep big heats, nigga
How many holes you want in yo ass?
Blow blow

1, 2, or 3? Nigga what? Blow blow
Back the fuck up nigga, we do our thang, Rolex Rulez
I suggest you pack a gat too, my ballin' ass potna
Or you will get flat lined, done deal

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