

**Flo Rida f/ Sean Kingston****"Roll"**

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[Intro: Sean Kingston} + (Flo Rida)

Go on gamble with it, show me I'm the mon

Shake it on the floor like dice 'pon ya hand

Let me see that ass roll, roll, roll

Roll, roll - there it go!

It's Kingston and Flo Rida (Flo Rida)

Kingston and Flo Rida (Sean Kingston)

Kingston and Flo Rida (J.R. on the track, Poe Boy)

Kingston and Flo Rida (Let's get it!)

[Chorus 2X: Sean Kingston]

Go on gamble with it, show me I'm the mon

Shake it on the floor like dice 'pon ya hand

Let me see that ass roll, roll, roll

Roll, roll - let it go!

[Flo Rida]

I could beat her man, that's if shorty understand it

Roll the police, when the feddy jock jam it

Pull over, Flo Rida can handle it

Go on place your bets, are we there yet? Atlantic

City to Vegas, God's two bust it babies

I stay on the track and get pretty pussy from Haiti

Rappers' tables invaded, great, watch it belated

Block paper, I make it so I been gamblin lately

Yeah, we could play "Ca-sino," you can be my, Ginger

Sam Rothstein, shorty I supply the dealers

I gotta thank my no-go, ropin off the game pit

Boss, ghetto boss, go on show me I'm the man

[Chorus]

[Flo Rida]

Heyyy, got money on the shooter am I talkin 'bout the  
Ruger

The man at roulette, click click, I'm no loser

Girl you da shit, Southern slang for manure

The Bucci conniseur when I'm drinkin on Kahlua

Whoa, see this rose, gal I won't try you with two-  
lips/tulips

I'm compin Ro-se, all my chickens hot as Hooters

A Mandalay Bay to Bellagio abuser  
My paper don't amuse ya then you haven't seen my  
muler(?)  
Hard Rock Hotel, I need the pink flamingo  
Gamble a female like her hips is playin cee-lo  
Check out your Chanel see eyes stroke your, ego  
I'm up at the gazebo, pure cooker youse a kilo

[Chorus]

[Flo Rida]

Seven-eleven, there it go, I call it, no guessin  
Ain't naked but all the shorties they lookin at you they  
threatened  
I reckon it's cause you high-rollin, they beggin you  
bettin  
Spent the house while you collectin from fly-rollin  
investin  
Thousand dollar chips for your thousand dollar hips  
Got these thousand dollar gifts, leave more thousand  
dollar tips  
I'll be your supplier, spin it like a dryer  
Roll for me baby be my NASCAR tires  
I know the odds of winnin, like I do mop the linens  
The gangster of all the womens, I call it Robin Givens  
Flo Rida extort ya, take you Pinto to Porsche  
Say look what your bottom bought ya, now do what your  
momma taught ya  
Go on~!

[Chorus]

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