

Box Car Racer

"Pops Was a Rolla"

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[L.V.]

Papa was a rolling stone
Wherever he laid his hat was his home
And when he died all he left us was alone

[Prode'je]

Pops was a roller, on the streets
He'd beat the young busters he used to meet
I mean scandalous, all I heard was in the contrary
Yo, that's why the Prod is no fairy
Papa was a hustler, so I wanted to sling
To live up to the name I claim
Mama cried, tryin to stop me in my ignorance
But I was grown, I didn't have sense
All I knew I was poor, black, broke and hungry
And the streets, they were callin me
So I stepped, ready and willing to be a G
To make it easy for my family and me
As for pops, I never got to see the man
But I heard he took matters in his own hand
In the streets he was up on it, well renowned
And if you put him down, yo, then go down
Hard, I won't take charts, I serve charts
Pimpin hoes and breakin hearts
On the for realer my nigga, yo, plain and simple
The man's back, but now he's uptempo

[L.V.]

I never had a chance to see him
Never heard nothin but bad things about him
Brother, I'm depending on you
To tell me the truth

[Havikk]

Pops was a roller, moms seems to tell me
Well respected by all, that's what I wanna be
Hardcore, in the streets I'd be a macker
Quick to smack a, yo, or even jack a
Soft-hearted brother, pops was a roller
Gamin a dub and now here comes his son
Street-smart, on the dice he was a straight G

On the dice my pops would get busy
Yeah, my pops was a true pimp
He kept a nine and a gangsta limp
Whoever owed him money got beat cause he ran the streets
Like a G and brought people mysery
I heard pops used to hang out
On the corner gettin drunk and beatin niggas' brains out
I got a name to uphold, so I hit the streets
Broke as hell to take what belongs to me
I saw money, moms said: "Yo, Havikk, please
Leave the streets", then I thought of clockin gees
Jack of all trades, like pops I ran the street scene
It's my turn to roll and live life a king

[L.V.]

I heard papa called himself a jack of all trades
Tell me is that what sent papa to an early grave
Folks said papa would beg, borrow or steal
To pay his bills

Papa was a rolling stone
Wherever he laid his hat was his home
And when he died all he left us was alone

[uncredited guest rapper]

Cold fakin, never ever on the home front
Beatin moms, yo, pop was a punk
Smokin lleyo and drinkin 8Ball
Thinkin small and tryin to be tall
I was a kid but still I can say this
Pop was tryin to game in a quiz
In the streets he got beat down
Wearin a frown he came home, playin moms like a
weak sound
?????? more fools that you're askin
Told the truth, G's you'd be faded
So you better chill, punk, or get smacked
Huh, smack me and I smack you back

[L.V.]

My brother
Folks said papa was never much on thinkin
Spendin most of his time chasin women and drinkin
Brother, I'm depending on you
To tell me the truth

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