

Big Moe

"Roll Candy Red"

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f/ Noke D, Killa Milla

[Hook]

Roll candy red, candy red turns heads
Banging my Screw, baby
While these boys, out here faking
Knowing that ain't true-oooh
Roll candy red, candy red turns heads
Banging my Screw, baby
While these boys out here faking
I'll keep it true-oooh

[Big Moe]

It's Big Moe, I'm back again
Niggaz in the hood, like where you been
I try to do my thug thang, keep a level head and
maintain
I've been going through some stuff
Boy Big Moe, done had it rough
But I gotta keep my head up, even though a nigga gets
fed up
Boys talking down, say I always slip
Big dude coming through, knocking down your freak
And I gotta get my life right
So much jealousy and envy in my eyesight

[Hook]

Roll candy red, candy red turns heads
Banging my Screw, baby
While these boys, out here faking
Knowing that ain't true-oooh

[Noke D]

Now when a playa in the limelight, niggaz don't act
right
Mad cause you trying to get your stacks tight
Here come the rumors, hey them niggaz gone bank
brah
And that really ain't purple stuff, they sipping in the cup
Man them niggaz really ain't, really trying to make no
do'

Cause they spend all their time, sleeping in the studio
On the reezy Noke Deezy, fin to square it all off
'Fore I haul off, slap a bitch nigga in the mouth
Need to put some deuce in it
We worldwide independent, evicting all tenants
When we drop shit y'all, panicking
Cause you live the lifestyle, of a mannequin
Gotta plan to win, all the way to the top
Like Spre's at the light, nigga we won't stop
It's all good, gon remain understood
And we still roll candy, roll through the hood ha

[Hook]

Roll candy red, candy red turns heads
Banging my Screw, baby
While these boys out here faking
I'll keep it true-oooh

[Killa Milla]

Picture a 600 Benz, candy red with blue lens
Top down dance around, chrome two foot rims
Fill my cup up to the brim, live lavage and love it
Throw my rings to the sky, no headliners above it
My words are real niggaz trust it, and turn to gold if I
touch you
Leave me in a Benz, or stay behind in a bucket
Take my time and don't rush it, break a law with the
public
In order to reach all your goals, you have to stick to the
subject
We sure the whole world love it, bootleggers gon dub it
All real niggaz club it, and God is above it
Killa Milla won't stop it, until the first c.d. dropping
Signing off with this advice, make sure that you cop it,
for real

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