

Big Tymers

"Get Your Role On"

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(Mannie Fresh):

Oooooooooohhh.....

What (Yeah), What (Yeah), What (Yeah)

Oooooooooohhh.....

(Yeah) See....

(Mannie Fresh):

I fuck these ho's, af-ter our shows,

Big dicks we slang, freak bitch do yo' thang, (Do yo' thang)

Benz, 'Vette's, Hummers, jets, Ro-lex, Mo' sex..

Tele-vision, head-rest, Twenty inches, nothin' less..

Every day, iced out.. Nigga play? Lights out..

"M" period, "Fresh" comma, your wife is my (era) baby mama.

God-damn, mutha-fucka', She's a good dick sucker,

What the fuck? Hold on.. Everybody (era-era) get yo' roll on!

Chorus:

Everybody get yo' roll on...

Everybody get yo' muthafuckin' roll on.. (What?) (4x)

(Baby of Big Tymers):

Be-atrice, bitch please. You know, who I be.

Nothin' else, none other, the number-one stunna.

Nigga, I pimp ho's.. Boss, toss, pimp, ho's.

Show them, bitches, no love... Ride 2G 'Lac on dubs.

Ounces, quarters, halves, bricks..

Nigga, I done sold all that shit..

Soon as, my tour stop.. Bought 5 Bentley Azure's, drops.

TV's, must, buttons, must, C.M.B., Platinum plus..

What the fuck? Hold on... Everybody get ya muthafuckin' roll on..

Chorus (4x)

Mannie: I like loud pipes....

Baby: Big rims, ho's, ice...

M: V-12's or better....

B: No itch, strictly leather...

M: Play-station, DV-D...
B: Don't worry about ya bitch, she comin' with me...
M: Leave the stickers on the Bentley to show the price..
B: Arm out my window, just to floss my ice...
B: Fresh, wait, hold up...
M: That's that bitch we fucked...
B: Nigga, what yo' bank bout?
M: Dog, I been, lost count...
M: Pop that Cris'....
B: Pop that Mo'....
M: Slap that bitch....
B: Punch that ho....
M: What the fuck? Hold on...
B: Everybody get yo' muthafuckin' roll on...

Chorus (5x)

What?
What? What?
(Repeated to fade....)

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