

Greg Kihn Band

"Roll 'Em Up"

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[Tadatay]

Well it's the cream of the crop
I straight flows for the block
The party ain't over till I'm pullin' out the glock
Unnecessary, that I unleash the real
I rubbin' you the right way like Johnny Gill, feel
A playa tryin' to put it down on the town
Even though all the hatas being around
I still clown
With the sound that will keep you pumped
I'm pushin' nothin' but this 11/5 gangsta funk
When I skunk
Creepin' with my ACG's
With the Vegas and the weed
Got to let the brain feed
Not a bad boy
But I put it down like Mase
In the thug category
Tryin' to shake the face
Game lace
Tighter than a pair of new Jordan's
Holdin' down the line like my name Ken Norton
For the team
Rollin' up suckas like green
Bud even hatas in the town
Gotta show me love

[Chorus]

I got sacks of weed
And we can hit the cuts
And roll 'em up
Roll 'em up
When you dealin' wit the mob
Fool you know what's up
Cuz we'll roll ya up
Roll ya up
When you in the Sco town
Don't press your luck
Just roll 'em up
Roll 'em up
Or hit the heel for the nade

And we can blow thangs up
Cuz I rolls 'em up
Rolls 'em up

[Tadatay]

Represent the tip of the Sco
Lettin' hatas know
How a playa roll when I hit the door
Lettin' off smoke like the wild wild west
Blowin' nade can't mess wit the cest
I got a complex
I need premium
Grade A dosia
Girl I'm a soldja
Can't nothin' hold A
Playa from the point down
In the background
Dawgs yellin' kill-a-what
Lettin' off nine rounds
It's all over now
Had 'em jack at the hash
Plus I got a twomp sack stashed in the ash-tray
Trip, it's the playa Taydatay
Put it down like a hog
For my homies all day
It's the bomb bay
Where real G's parlay
Won't stop rollin' blunts till judgement day
Call it what you want
But I'm addicted to the cannabis
Bustas can't handle this
Cuz we so scandalous

[Chorus]

[Tadatay]

Hit the liquor store for some pour
They wanna see me fall
Cuz they can't roll wit the hog
Livin' in the city of the fog
Keep a trail hill
For the real deal
Off the nade and a mad dog
It's your car
The girl ridin' shotgun
She wannna heat the hottub for some action
Grab the gat son
I don't trust neer trick
Nina Ross in the cuts
Can you handle it
You know I come equipped

With another clip
Pull out another blunt
Roll another sack of hemp
Don't trip
It's just a mob fashion
When I start flashin'
I might start blastin', off
To the land of unknown
Let me call Big Mac on the clone
You know it's on
Lookin' for more indo smoke
Hit 3rd street fiendin' for some JC bolo

[Chorus] x2

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