

Gucci Mane

"Rolly Up"

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[Hook: x3]

Hold ya rollie up, hold ya rollie up
If youâ€™ve got a rollie then hold it up
If you ainâ€™t got a rollie bitch step it up
If you got a rollie then keep it up

[Verse 1:]

Since my money fat Iâ€™m throwin stacks
Patron shots Iâ€™m throwin back
We look good, Iâ€™m a spend some racks
Turn round back and a brick squad tat
Taz brought it back but it still donâ€™t pass
Push that Jag with a bag of cash
All this stash, and I hope it lasts
And Iâ€™ve never seen the bitch, suck dick so fast
I ainâ€™t even know you was rich like that
How the hell a nigga pull a bitch like that?
How the hell a nigga got a watch like that?
How a nigga face to face with some shit like that?
Better have a mil, weâ€™ve been like that
Tell the hoes how the goose is like that
Whole clique, rock â€™nâ€™ roll looks like that
Got chick like this, so we flex like that
Iâ€™m serious, nigga, theyâ€™re curipus nigga
These thugs have a bitch delirious nigga
Donâ€™t see it, nigga, canâ€™t hear them niggas
Donâ€™t stand there, and donâ€™t feel them nigga
Iâ€™m the trill nigga since a lil nigga
Only difference got it bigger, nigga
She a eye catcher let er car catcher
But itâ€™s chainless so let the watch go

[Hook: x2]

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If youâ€™ve got a rollie then hold it up
If you ainâ€™t got a rollie then step it up
If you got a rollie then keep it up (hold it up)

[Verse 2:]

A dope boy watch is a Rolex
Every dope boy dream to have a Rolex

Everybody in the hood want a Rolex
You better keep your pistol with your Rolex
Ride, smoking, counting in that Rolls Royce
I brought the streets back, it needed my voice
Took the nigga for a check and bought a white horse
Bought a gold rollie just to match the dope
You want a yacht, master know your mathematics
Hold your rollie up, and view a real traffic
IÂ'm not a real rapper, IÂ've got a real chick
Real street nigga, with a rollie

[Hook: x2]

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If you ainÂ't got a rollie bitch step it up
If you got a rollie then keep it up (hold it up)

[Verse 3:]

ThereÂ's a plan, masterpiece, no AP
64 Gs tryina freeze me
My diamonds kicking, Jet Li
IÂ'm balling hard, no referee
Brought present watches for the homies
Crime pay, fuck police
Came a long way from that Benny
Getting topped off of my Bentley!
ItÂ's a Daytona, no Hubo
Got a pink slip, no car note
IÂ'm balling hard, fucking up a chick
Real street nigga, I ainÂ't gotta flex
I can count a mil, donÂ't break a sweat
That iced out rollie got a pussy wet
Got your little brother throwing up the set
Got your lil sister throwing up the set
Waka Flocka Flame!

[Interlude:]

Chugga then your motherfucker, screaming Rolex
game
If you own a rollie, getting money, do your thang
You a broke nigga, kill yourself Â- Kurt Cobain
Squad!

[Hook: x2]

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