

Jon Secada

"We Keep Rollin'"

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[Hook: Kaos]

Caddies, Cutties, and Coups
All at the hot spots
Navi's, Bourbons
We scoopin ol' school drop tops
And it don't even matter if them
Hatas and them cops watch
Cuz we keep rollin' derty we keep rollin'

[Verse 1: Kaos]

Headin' on them highways, keep markin' and swervin'
In Excursions down Kingshighway
Rollin Escalades down Page, urryday
Double R's, Hummers and Jags, they derty D's boy stay
paid
Top dropped, woody hella plush inside
Fully loaded mo wit urrythang customized
And he's rollin' wit the humps, the bump bumps
I mean the bump, thump hump bump humps in his
trunk
And he's firin' up the dank, rollin' candy paint
Cheese, got blowed on the Rock Road, oh cant even
blink ha
6-4's and SUV's wit the brains blown, runnin' trains on
them
Only when they change the game mo

[Hook] - repeat 2X

[Verse 2: Kaos]

Ay lil' partna you ain't gettin' no hollas
Man there's too many ballas wit top dollas
Rollin in chromed out Pradas in Impalas
Steady sippin' and steady dippin'
They on a mission while you trippin'
Can't take that heat up out mo's kitchen
Your girl huggin' em, she got them vapors, he got
paper
And she lovin' em, plus he hella cake it but uh
That's how it is wit them fine freaks, if you got mo'
money

She gone mo you won't never keep no dime piece
Hangin' be wonderin' why you cant find her mo
She out hot sidin' wit Mr. Big Timer blow
She went from hikin' in them Nik's, to loud pipes
To wild nights, man your boy was triffin' them trucks
and now bikes
And now I know that your feelings be hurtin', you see ya
girl flirtin'
While you out wit your partnas purpin', tellin' urrybody
That your Excursion, you be splurgin' but whys ya girl
twurkin'
And I heard she be workin', settin' it out wit just the
mouth
You get it all up for a dub and we be like "What's up wit
ya girl cuz?"
She runnin' choo-choos wit few crews and lil' dudes, be
like
"Ay that's my girlfriend man she call me poo-poo"

[Hook] - repeat 2X

[Verse 3: Kemo]

Camilin paint on the Range, 22 inch rims derty
Switchin' lanes (TV!) peepin' out the Rams game
Urry chickenhead in the city know ya name, and ya be
breakin' bread
Makin' change, even got a fo' wit the blown brain,
damn dogg
Them rims tall as a mug, gotta use a purrachute to get
up out the truck
You tryin' to embarrass every crew comin' up, postin'
on them 22's
Laughin' at them dubs, ballin' out, wit ya crew snappin'
at them clubs
After that what you doin' tappin' at some guns (yes'ir
yes'ir)
3 ol' hoes in the basement, one from Nigeria and the
other ones Jamaican
And they maybe, jockin' ya ride so derty do some
backbreakers
But after that make sure the house vacant (y'all gotta
bounce)

[Hook] - repeat 2X

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