

## June Lodge

### "Rollin'"

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[Saukrates]

Ha, ha

Rollin', rollin', rollin'

Ha, ha

Rollin'

Rollin', rollin', rollin'

[Chorus - Saukrates]

Money makes the world go round

So watch a nigga

Rollin', rollin', rollin'

Money makes the world go round

So watch a nigga

Rollin', rollin', rollin'

[Masta Ace]

yo, yo, I makes green backs of mean tracks,

It seems that life aint nuttin 'but phat cars

And dreams that stack two stories high

I wouldnt wanna die, po broke and lonely

No joke I'm only a hop jump and skip from 30

Gotta get my hands dirty

If I wanna see cash thats gon last

I hit you wit a blast, straight from the heart

Yo where's the math, gotta go for broke without a cast

Ain't shit changed but nickels and dimes to G notes

We floats in flush rides and crush prides and jack

fakers

Crack makers never left the, neighbourhood

Cash rules everything except me

That's what cream mean, it don't rule the mind

On valentines day nigga, you still couldn't find

The heart to try to step to, fuck wit

Mess wit, your desperate, stop bullshittin' nigga and

lets get

All this dough like Pillsbury and I still bury

Wack rappers, in 96 kid I feel very confident its my year  
too

And my tongue will tear you

Keep rollin' in dough and son I hear you

[Chorus]

[Saukrates]

(Make money) the slogan of ghetto dwellers in such  
(Take money) the phrase of an organized bank rush  
Sittin on top of the dome like Al Capone  
Interceptin' drug carriers and taking they home  
Popularity can make you a buck but nigga that shit is  
luck

Solidify, your cash you're the biggest guy  
Got taken out, the bitch caught a disease  
Called the plague Saukrates, now who's got the g's  
Desperado, get away cars hittin' the throttle  
Pinchin' diamonds the size of the lotto  
Any kind of hesitation 25 ta life you get  
Come out, kickin' Carlito cuz you can't resist  
In your world wife and kids become the minority  
'Cause yens, franks, marks and dollars are priority  
On stage frontin' as if the mic makes all your cream  
But Father Time paid off the sandman and saw your  
dream  
Nigga quit it, you in it for the cash admit it  
Cuz I did it, and never gave a fuck for rap critics  
Realize Corleone style, I know some niggas desperate  
They'd sell they mother for a seven digit figure  
Dont you get it...

[CHORUS]

[O.C.]

Yo Sauk, yo Ace, what's up wit money over there  
Whippin' on the street like he just don't care  
He's flamboyant see annoying,  
Ignant nigga figure he gonna be rollin' all his life  
Being the big bad bull motherfucker, what!  
Sellin' drugs, you ain't nuttin' but a sucka, uh  
Can't free mold your mind mad mushy, intelligents all  
fuzzy  
Get shot street nigga forgot who was he  
Hit it to put things in perspective  
Do right, don't defy laws of life and be deceased or  
arrested  
Mastermind desgined you had thru a science giver  
Mad man dreams of a major alliance  
Your world revolved around gold, cars and diamonds  
Sluts and scars , draggin behind bars still  
The wake up call, face off the jail bully  
Takin' your manhood, as thought you had a pussy  
Come home seen your man, now the lies arise  
Tellin' your man you was fightin niggas twice your size  
Your conscious is feelin' it, sippin' a brew  
Two ways you got screwed, by the system and a stiff

one  
Mental swollen and your manhood stolen  
Wrecked and got dugout for the price of rollin'

[CHORUS X2]

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