

Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz "Roll Call (Clean Version) (Featuring Ice Cube)"

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[Lil' Jon talking:]

Yeah!

Right about now (what's up)

It's time for the real, real roll call

Now when you hear your city or state (Uh Huh) being called

You put your What put yo' middle finger up

ATL, St. Louis, Alabahma, Chicago, The Carolina's,

Naptown,

DC, The Bay Area, VA, Miami, New York, texas, You

ain't know!

[Chorus:]

[Lil' Jon:]

Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)

Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)

Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)

Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz

[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz

[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz

[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz

[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks

[Verse 1: Lil Jon]

Whut's that click flexin' ass flauntin' ass,!

Be some real ass trill ass

Be some ho ass!

Homie ass rapper!

Be some head-bussin' gangsta ass, gangsta ass !

Be some runnin' and scarey ass, scarey ass!

Be some Roy Jones beat ya ass, beat ya ass !

Be some cake and handcuffin,! handcuffin ass!

Be some "Send them girls out!" "girls out!" !

Be some tricking "Don't pay them , pay them!"

Be some Don Juan pimpin' ass!

Be some 22 havin' ass!

Be some chopper street sweepin' ass, sweepin' ass!
Them ol' half ounce sellin' ass, ass!
Be some dirty bird movin' ass!
Be some kissin' security ass, security ass!
Them girls and let 'em know ass, ass, ass!

[Chorus:]

[Lil' Jon:]

Ya'll really can't mess wit my click (yo!)
Ya'll really can't mess wit my click (yo!)
Ya'll really can't mess wit my click (yo!)
Ya'll really can't mess wit my click (yo!)

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz
[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks
[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz
[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks
[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz
[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks
[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz
[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks

[Verse 2: Ice Cube]

See I'ma mean
Youse afraid
Ol' pretend
Smile and grin
I hate a false
Diana Ross
So if ya lost
Meet tha boss
He's a super
Grin and groupa
Act stupid
I'll really' nuke a
'cause youse a happy
And im a nappy
Lil' scrappy
Meet ya pappy
Its Ice Cube
And Little Jon
So if ya crunk
Keep it crunk
To you punk
Feel tha bump
Get yo testifyin ass in tha trunk
You wanna tell?
I'll dump a shell
Send a frail
Str8 ta hell

That's ya shelter
Helta-skelta
And when I belt a
God help a!

[Hook:]

[Lil' Jon:]
Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)
Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)
Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)
Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)

[Bridge: Lil Jon (Talking)]

Yeah!
I see you and your lil click up in tha club (what!)
I see ya'll ifngaz over there talkin' and isht
But you know what (What!)
Yeah do it and get dealt wit real...'motha motha real
quick! Get 'em Cube!

[Verse 3: Ice Cube]

Here we come boy
Real, Real shoot ta kill betta run boy
Or you can tell me how I feel as a
Real, real
Which, which
Go get a, get a (What!)
No better
(What!) better do what I say
'cause I'm insane in the brain (insane in the brain)
Yeah, I got Rick James in my veins
Real, real never change
We just let it bang
Roll thru tha gutter lane
Daddy said let 'em hang
And cut 'em like it's butter man
Skeet skeet skeet
Naw that's tha other man
'cause my skeet never LEAK
OUT THIS RUBBER mayne
TNA ain't workin' out my ass DNA
That crazy *itch have ya ass off E&J
Fake, fake got these real, real bein' gay
Til my peoples come around it's like night and day
Now she wanna change her god and the way she pray
Authentic boyz all know that's tha playa way

[Chorus:]

[Lil' Jon:]

Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)
Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)
Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)
Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz
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[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks
[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz
[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks
[Bridge: Lil Jon]
We runnin this
Ya'll click ain't shoos
We runnin this
Ya'll click ain't shoos
We in tha club gettin' crunk
You in tha club gettin' stomped
We in tha club gettin' crunk
You in tha club gettin' stomped
We in tha hood on tha block
You in tha hood gettin' shot
We in tha hood on tha block
You in tha hood gettin' shot
We quick ta show you what we bout
You quick to run ya run ya, ' mouth
We quick ta show you what we bout
You quick to run ya, run ya' mouth
We real, real from tha east
And we act a like a beast
We real, real from tha east
And we act a like a beast
We gangsta, gangsta from the west
Puttin holes in ya vest
We gangsta, gangsta from the west
Puttin holes in ya vest
My midwest click hard
Quick ta pull ya pull ya' card
My midwest click hard
Quick ta pull ya, pull ya card
And down south we set if off
Blow ya , blow ya' face off
And down south we set if off
Blow ya , blow ya' face off
(roll call!)

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