

Ludacris "Roll Out"

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Roll out, roll out, roll out
Roll out, roll out, roll out
Roll out, roll out

I got my twin Glock, 40s, cocked back
Me and my homies, so drop that
We rollin' on twenties, with the top back
So much money, you can't stop that

Twin Glock, 40s, cocked back
Me and my homies, so drop that
We rollin' on twenties, with the top back
So much money, you can't stop that

Now where'd you get that platinum chain with them
diamonds in it?
Where'd you get that mackin' Benz with them windows
tinted?
Who them girls you be with when you be ridin' through?
Man I ain't got nothin' to prove, I paid my dues

Breakin' the rules, I shake fools while I'm takin' a cruise
Tell me who's your weed man, how do you smoke so
good?
You's a superstar boy, why you still up in the hood?

What in the world is in that bag, what you got in that
bag?
A couple a cans a whoop ass, you did a good ass job
Of just eyein' me, spyin' me

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Man, that car don't come out until next year

Where in the fuck did you get it?
That's eighty-thousand bucks gone
Where in the fuck did you spend it?

You must have eyes on your back
'Cause you got money to the ceiling
And the bigger the cap, the bigger the peelin'
The better I'm feelin', the more that I'm chillin'
Winnin', drillin' and killin' the feelin'

Now who's that bucked-naked cook fixin three-course
meals?
Gettin' goosebumps with her body tapped in six inch
heels
What in the world is in that room, what you got in that
room?
A couple a gats, a couple a knives, a couple of rappas
A couple of wives, now it's time to choose

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Are you custom-made, custom-paid, or you just
custom-fitted?
Playstation 2 up in the ride, is that Lorenzo-kitted?
Is that your wife, your girlfriend or just your main bitch?
You take a pick, while I'm rubbin' the hips
Touchin' lips to the top of the dick and, whew

Now tell me who's your housekeeper and what you
keep in your house?
What about diamonds and gold, is that what you keep
in your mouth?
What in the world is in that case, what you got in that
case?
Get up out my face, you couldn't relate
Wait to take place at a similar pace, so shake, shake it

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Twin Glock, 40s, cocked back

Me and my homies, so drop that
We rollin' on twenties, with the top back
So much money, you can't stop that

Get out my business, my business
Stay the fuck up out my business, ah
'Cause these niggaz all up in my shit
And it's my business, my business
Stay the fuck up out my business 'cause it's mine, oh
mine

My business, my business
Stay the fuck up out my business
'Cause these niggaz all up in my shit
And it's my business, my business
Stay the fuck up out my business, 'cause it's mine, oh
mine

Ah, ah, Timberland, Ludacris, Disturbing Tha Peace,
hoo

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