

Marietta

"Roll Yo Voges"

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Verse 1:

We rollin' five cars deep, all logo thangs:
A Cutty, a Caddy, two OJ's and a drop Mustang.
My nigga's fucked in the Cutty gettin' donuts, fishtail
And smokin' up the block and "Two hun'ed block" is
what he yellin'.
Hyped as fuck, gone of the Hen and dank,
Bitches all over the place, jockin' niggas off gold
Daytons.
6-7 lock is what I'm rollin' when it's sunny.
Fo' figured, five block to keep my shit runnin'.
Gold thangs, spin in pearl pains, shinin'
And everywhere I go, niggas ask if they can buy in.
Bitches jock everywhere I go,
That's why I roll solo at the sideshows.
Creepin', peepin' out these hoes,
Cuz the first one to look is the first to get chose.
So come take a ride and let me show you how it's done,
Up in the state of Cali-funk-ia.
Nigga.

(chorus x2)

Roll, roll, roll yo' voges up and down the street.
All the niggas drop the tops and hit the spot, if you're
ridin' on gold
D's.

Verse 2:

Sippin' on some hindu, blowin' on some indo,
Brang paint, tick tock to the Regal to the rallies, all
addicted
chrome.
Strike a well, my crews is saying, you ain't ne'er be
mine,
Hungarian P.R., now I'ma let me throw back windows
back and a bangin'
job.
It's funk in the town of the fog.
Too many deaths, ain't nobody down for the squad.
Rollin' plushed out exact like your Cadillac,
Soldier Seargent in a car wit gat on my lap

All day. Escapin' tracks from Vice,
Can't wait till it get dark, might hit the club tonight.
You know them sound recycled clubs,
Where there to the bunch a big be life hype, who to da
bunch a glocks
and then a bunch of unknown damn buds.
Niggas poppin' the trunk for the funk
Benzes, Beamers, Lexus', Caddy paint wit drops what's
out, pushin' a
Bump.
Y'know't's how we do it in the town and I was cold,
And now to the Bay, nigga go roll yo vogues.

(chorus x2)

Verse 3:

Nut'n nice, it's like life, I'm livin' off in my buildin's,
Slangin' that 'caine, get regular cash back, a nigga's
spillin'.
Ready and willin' for some freaks to leap off in these
streets,
So I can yap on high cap, in a nina millimeter
Then fall down, these niggas is walkin' around with one
of these ammos
under they belts.
More niggas I'm killin' than killed, then I be up on tilt.
Right to my belly, rush is so striggity-straight as cops
And me and my ridah potnas, back to the Bay, got caps
at you intrudas.
Mug, that's when I'm slug-killed, still makin' these drug
deals
Wit a 9-double 8, tryin' I'll think it him and dark kill.
It was a thrill, comin' up in these projects
All the set arsenal with them took years to duck this.
Stuck to the set, you rarely see me off the turf,
A young nigga that's showin' off, ready steady pushin'
that work.
Pushin' a Caddy on Originals and Voges,
Stack wit my lap strap, with my mack Mud'fuck's.

(chorus till fade)

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