

Mavis Staples

"Picture Me Rollin'"

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(I walk the streets alone) It's a priviledge
(I walk the streets alone)
Suttin' you can't do baby
That's another topic, let's give it to 'em

Verse 1:

Them niggaz need to hit me with my grip
I want it now, I'ma ride on these bitches till I get it
I'm comin' down to the studio, we know where ya be,
you can hide, but you can't run
Get that bitch from me, here her man come
Jealous like a little green monster
These bitches just flashin' money, Maxi I really want ya
I just wanna start a lil' familay
Bitch, what ya talkin' 'bout, your daddy think I'm a pimp
and ya mother can't stand me
Candy, brought her on her birthday
Fuck is the PD3, niggaz is gettin' thirstay
Lip Sing, dammit that's my joint Max, when you tryna
put it out
She said my dick is the best, so when you tryna pull it
out
All my niggaz hoodied out, hooded up
Now whisper it in her ear, then tell me if it's good
enough
Shorty coulda fronted but she didn't man, pump and
steady pitchin' man
Got me duckin' the fuzz, somebody's gonna get ya
man, damn

Chorus:

Just let me live my life wit' you
(Just let me live my life wit' you)
I can cook, clean, and cater and be nice to you, ooooooh
Lil' nigga you just mad I won't write wit' you
Owwwww
You ain't never seen a nigga prolific like the Bigga so
let go
Owwwww
Picture me rollin'

Verse 2:

I be speakin' to my brother
He told me keep the pressure on these niggaz, never
trust 'em
They test you, muthafuck 'em
Nigga Gida gettin' big, smoked and stroll, he said
"Biggavel'...
Watch them niggaz you with", then he lit up a L
Gotta give 'em that, Bigga mannin' up, nigga bounced
back
Gain Greene, bottle of the Cru, blow a ounce back
See the boy finally on his shit, he so handsome
Momma, she in love wit' her grandson
Love his chubby cheeks and his nice skin
Lookin' like his daddy back in '80 when he was just a
baby
Maybe, one day he can be a star, just like his poppa
was
Only fucks with the sour, that's how I get a proper buzz
Lemme tell you how I was, wild lil' nigga in the streets
Nigga don't sleep, runnin' from the police
O.G. told me, step on niggaz, had to get to the top
Nigga we non-stop, nigga we gon' pop

Chorus

Picture me rollin' baby
Boss Don Biggavel', oh man
Shout ot my boy, Yung Los, on the beat
Musical genius, yeah
It's Gain Greene baby
Domain Pain, art of lip singin'
So wavy, gotta love it, Oww

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