

Rapper Big Pooh

"Roll Call"

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Uh, give me a second, I'm having a nigga moment
Jo' reaching under the shirt's your first omen
We man up, y'all niggas is still zoning
I'm on my third hustle while niggas is still yawning
Five in the morning, out of town cell phone
Roaming on my Philly shit, beard need coaming
Work's never done, fake niggas need bitching
Set off a pistol whipping, trigger finger still itching
Pots in the kitchen, 'caine needs cooking
As long niggas balling, Jo' Gutta still jooking
I see the crowd looking, I thought he was a rapper?
That's part-time bitch, I'm an AK clapper
Dress code's something like the opposite of dapper
Send a black rose to your mother and your pastor
I'm after, everything I feel that I'm due
On the grind 'til I feel that I'm through

Even though I moved out of NYC I'm the realest
Transferred to Central Carolina Phyllis
The world black and white but a nigga dream of color
Like blue and cream wallies, I'm a rock 'em this
summer
Took a few losses, had a little setback
Reparation time, dude for the get-back
Had a premonition, I'd be the illest spitting
Shut down Webster's, become the definition
Used to have more "Nightmares" than "Dana Dane"
A voice woke me up and told me to change the game
Never second guessed it, rose to my feet
Metronome flow, huh, controlling the beat
The heart of the street, put my vocal chords in a frame
Hang it up because it's art when I speak
Don't need to autograph it, my verse is the signature
Now open up the calorie doors

I never should have rolled the dice
Now I'm trapped off in the game (in the game)
No matter how you live your life
Some shit don't never change (never change)
I'm here for the money and the power
Y'all keep that fuckin fame (fuck the fame)

Either way when I leave this bitch
You gon' know my fuckin name

Yeah, so come with it, Joey done shitted
Best to do it and damn near best that did it
Nine-one-nine on the wrist and the fitted
Probably know I capped, lil homie don't forget it
Put the bait out and you bit it
Fuck around with me, catch a bald like Riddick
Or bald like Jackson, time for some action
If you asking, I ain't with all the rassling
I'm about moving, I ain't with the losing
As a fly-by I'm still cool cause I'm cruising
What you think you doing? I might have to ruin
Better catch up homie, come get with the movement
(Better tell 'em bout it) H-O-J, they don't play
That's my team, this my day
Crown City boy, that's where I stay
And we the best out, that's what they say

Uh, niggas always wanna talk about money
Told y'all I came with Dho/dough, young'n you ain't
know?
Toured the world with my group Lil' Bro'
That means I'm professional, who's next to blow?
You just standing in a shadow
Hurt pride like I stole your mojo
I'm so thoro, get a book, maybe I'll explain
How I maintain, do this with no strain
Huh, you do it with no gain
And they tryna put us on the same plain
No disrespect, that's a disconnect
I achieve milestones you ain't even seen yet
Been a couple places you ain't even dreamed yet
Six years later, how quick we forget
And yet, there's still not one comparison
That they compared me to that I ain't much better than,
my nigga

Yeah, haha
HOJ, that's the muh'fuckin movement
Yeah, uh, that's the muh'fuckin unit
J.O., Doovie, Jozee', Rapper
Sean Boog, what up? Khrysis, what up?
D-Brock, Big Dho

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