

## The Game

### "Roll My Shit"

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Nigga I tell the bitch quit  
Sit down, shut up and floss my shit  
My music gone, all that talkin' ain't it  
So sit down, shut up and roll my shit  
Now smoke with me, I got my funk with me  
Now take this money and hold this up for me  
Now let it soak for me  
Now bitch is you ready?  
I gots to get it, I got, gots to get it

When I wake up in the morning sometimes I feel like  
goin' back to sleep  
But I gotta keep this product on the street  
Tryna take over my turf  
Stretch me out in a hurse cause that is what it's worth  
Baby momma keeps sweatin' it nigga, cause the rent's  
due  
Ton son's, daughter on the way, I think I'm Fixed too  
Get out on the streets stack the money like bill Gates  
And do whatever it takes to keep my family straight  
Livin' in Compton, some say it's suicide  
Crossin' the street and catch a bullet from a drive by  
My homie Dan's got it sippin' on a s?ance  
So many dead homies  
When I hear about it I can't cry  
I lost my grandmother, that's when I flipped  
Only decision to make now, blood or a crip  
Drove across the tracks, opened up the door on my Lac  
Put the dope in the front, hop in the back  
It was like that

Nigga I tell the bitch quit  
Sit down, shut up and floss my shit  
My musics on, all that talkin' ain't it  
So sit down, shut up and roll my shit  
Now smoke with me, I got my funk with me  
Now take this money and hold this up for me  
Now let it soak for me  
Now bitch is you ready?  
I gots to get it, I got, gots to get it

Throwin' some clothes, grab the 4 and hit the back  
door  
Hop the back gate and meet the fiends by the liquor  
store  
Cops drop by, lookin' at us like we stole somethin'  
They hit the brakes, that's when everybody starts  
runnin'  
8 ball in my sock, sprintin down the block  
Cut through the projects and that's when I threw the  
Glock  
God damn it felt good to be a home free  
The city don't sleep, right next to Long Beach  
Hard to survivin' in this motherfuckin' jungle  
Runnin' with the wrong niggas, that will take you under  
That's what happened to my nigga Big Wheel  
Trusted the wrong bitch, that's what got his ass killed  
A blunt and some Hennessy, a lot of good memories  
How do you survive when everybody's your enemy?  
Before you brush your teeth grab your strap  
Cause niggas will pull the jack and bitches will peel you  
cap  
Believe that

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Now bitch is you ready?  
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Ain't nothin' better than a down ass bitch  
When you're locked up in the pen and she sellin' you  
neck and flicks  
On the tear, reminiscin' like a mother  
Two strikes on the case file, locked up state  
Now tell me how the fuck I'm supposed to be a father to  
my kids?  
Son gang bangin' cause his daddy doin' nine years  
And that happens in every hood in America  
Shoot your own brother up and wonder why they scared  
of ya  
And your momma at home without a back bone  
Your girl gettin' tired of waitin' so she get her back  
blown  
By your homie, that used to be your man  
And you can't do shit cause you're sittin' in the can  
And when you get out, you'll probly go and kill this nig  
On the third strike, man the jury 'bout to kill this nigga

That's why I don't trust a nigga or a bitch  
Cause either way a nigga always ends up caught up in  
some shit

Nigga I tell the bitch quit  
Sit down, shut up and floss my shit  
My music gone, all that talkin' ain't it  
So sit down, shut up and roll my shit  
Now smoke with me, I got my folk with me  
Now take this money and hold this up for me  
Now let it soak for me  
Now bitch is you ready?  
I gots to get it, I got, gots to get it

Yea  
Game recognize game, nephew  
See, when a bitch with me she know if to talk  
She gon sit down, shut the fuck up and roll  
motherfuckin' weed  
Talkin' is not an issue, you understand me?  
Bitch, you do as I say  
When I tell you to talk, you talk and  
I ain't told you to talk so shut the fuck up  
You hear me?  
Real pimp shit nigga  
West Coast  
We stay keepin' our hoes in check  
Hey, that's your own problem man  
Bitches takin' your all equip, runnin' you niggas crazy  
Got niggas wanna kill like yourself  
Man, fuck a bitch man  
I grab a bitch, same dizzle and wizzle  
You understand me?  
I keep bitches like I keep weed  
I got blueberry, AK-47, train reck  
Whatever you need  
You dig?  
That's it

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