

## The Game

### "Rollin'"

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[Intro x2: Kanye West]

Will I ever change in this life?

My grandma said that I'll never change and she right

Y'all think that L.A. gang banging, shit hype?

Well you finna' find out what the game be like

[Verse 1: Game]

Red rag on my rear view

No tint in the Porsche, see clear through

God screaming up out them speakers so loud that a  
nigga can't hear you

Wake up to a diamond cross, I'm a Christian

Got a nigga feeling like Obama 'nem

Niggas shot out my windows, they jealous and envy

They spit on my 'Rari, they keyed up my Bentley

They went at my top dog like Ab-Soul and Kendrick

I said I'm a killa', god damn it I meant it

I said I sold crack, nigga bubbling skilletts

At my grandma's house, I was selling work in it

And god bless her soul, she died

Back out the four, load up the five

Pop up the trunk, load up them pots

Aye 'Ye, is this how them niggas do it in the Chi?

Vice Lords, GD's

Crips, Bloods and Impala's on gold D's

Yes a nigga did swore he was a man in the hood, now  
he begging for his life on both knees

I'm a killer, no codeind

Ask 40 Glocc , niggas don't know me

Got a problem blood, then come show me

I'm on Rose Crayon's and them Kobe's

Got diamonds off in my Rollie, granddaddy stuffed in  
my stogie

Motherfuck them Axel Foleys

Where I'm from, niggas shooting at the police

Man these fuck niggas got me screwed up

I'm like Papa Smurf in that blue truck

Red hat, red pants, walking inside dreams with the  
kush in my hand

I'm

[Hook : Z-Ro]

Rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
Them drugs up  
Rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
Them drugs up  
Rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
Them drugs up  
Rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
Them drugs up

[Verse 2: Trae The Truth]

Young nigga 15, broke, livin' the scene  
Sawed off in my pants, 'bout to go make the lean  
Finna' rob me a nigga who's money wasn't the same  
Somebody gon' give it to me, or they wanna feel the  
blade  
Mama used to stroke it just to feed me scraps  
Every Saturday, it was YO! MTV raps  
Got sick of looking at other niggas that ain't deserve it  
so I followed my older brother to beat these traps  
I ain't worried about the love, I've seen everything  
The hood hot, like the devil had it off in his hands  
Send a strap your way, I seen a couple of fans  
Last pack, I took that and a couple of bands  
To think, cause of the heat I was doing that super  
smooth  
But they would give it to me, every day I was paying  
dues  
I was a young wild nigga missing a couple screws  
In the hood, when I'm scared, only thing I'mma use,  
when I'm...

[Hook : Z-Ro]

Rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
Them drugs up  
Rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
Them drugs up  
Rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
Them drugs up  
Rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
Them drugs up

[Verse 3: Paul Wall]

Mane, hold up  
You don't need keans with a cup full of lean, and a 4-0  
tucked  
No more sleep, gotta get more bucks, OG rolled up  
The stakes are high, so I pray to God the folks don't roll  
up  
Big sister told me I need to grow up  
But I need that money, better not crumb me

Copping bands and my codeine coming  
Trying to get blow like my nose was runny  
I work for mine, you can't take that from me  
Wrap it up, like Egyptian mummy  
And have it ready when I roll on up  
Stacking dough on up, from the floor on up  
And I'm all through the hood like ice cream trucks, just  
rollin'

[Hook : Z-Ro]

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Them drugs up  
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Them drugs up  
Rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
Them drugs up

[Verse 4: Slim Thug]

Keep kush rolled, that dream I'm holding  
In the candy caddy' with with ninety-forty  
Bought a drop, put it in the shop  
But everything I got, on that bitch stolen  
Had a grill but couldn't afford the wheels  
Had paint, but it wasn't candy  
Kick endo to try and get that dough  
Whole family know, so they couldn't stand me  
Run and tell your mama, come get your son  
Mama like damn, what the hell he done  
Brother had bricks, but didn't give me shit  
So when he went to the pen, I ain't said no shit  
Mama at work, so I ran the house  
Radio on lock, I am the boss  
Turn that face up like the Mary Jane  
I was slanging 'caine, got us all kicked out

[Hook : Z-Ro]

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Them drugs up

[Outro: Game]

From Compton, all the way to Chi-Town  
Back on down to Houston, Texas baby  
Trae The Truth, Z-Ro, Slim Thugga, Paul Wall,

Common, Kanye West, and The Game

Jesus Piece

Either you got one, you want one, or you bout to rob a  
nigga for one

So what's it gon' be nigga?

(Gun shots, laughs)

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