

Lil Jon & Eastside Boyz "Roll Call (Clean Version)"

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[Lil' Jon talking:]

Yeah!

Right about now (whats up)

It's time for the real, real roll call

Now when you hear your city or state (Uh Huh) being
called

You put your What put yo' middle finger up

ATL, St. Louis, Alabahme, Chicago, The Carolina's,
Naptown,

DC, The Bay Area, VA, Miami, New York, texas, You
ain't know!

[Chorus:]

[Lil' Jon:]

Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)

Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)

Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)

Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz

[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz

[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz

[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz

[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks

[Verse 1: Lil Jon]

whut's that click flexin' ass flauntin' ass,!

Be some real ass trill ass

Be some ho ass!

homie ass rapper!

Be some head-bussin' gangsta ass, gangsta ass !

Be some runnin' and scarey ass, scarey ass!

Be some Roy Jones beat ya ass, beat ya ass !

Be some cake and handcuffin,! handcuffin ass!

Be some "Send them girls out!" "girls out!" !

Be some tricking "Don't pay them , pay them!"

Be some Don Juan pimpin' ass!

Be some 22 havin' ass!

Be some chopper street sweepin' ass, sweepin' ass!
Them ol' half ounce sellin' ass, ass!
Be some dirty bird movin' ass!
Be some kissin' security ass, security ass!
them girls and let 'em know ass, ass, ass!

[Chorus:]

[Lil' Jon:]

Ya'll really can't mess wit my click (yo!)
Ya'll really can't mess wit my click (yo!)
Ya'll really can't mess wit my click (yo!)
Ya'll really can't mess wit my click (yo!)

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz

[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz

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[Verse 2: Ice Cube]

See I'ma mean

Youse afraid

Ol' pretend

Smile and grin

I hate a false

Diana Ross

So if ya lost

Meet tha boss

He's a super

Grin and groupa

Act stupid

I'll really' nuke a

'cause youse a happy

And im a nappy

Lil' scrappy

Meet ya pappy

Its Ice Cube

And Little Jon

So if ya crunk

Keep it crunk

To you punk

Feel tha bump

Get yo testifyin ass in tha trunk

You wanna tell?

I'll dump a shell

Send a frail

Str8 ta hell

Thats ya shelter
Helta-skelta
And when I belt a
God help a!

[Hook:]

[Lil' Jon:]

Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)
Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)
Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)
Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)

[Bridge: Lil Jon (Talking)]

Yeah!

I see you and your lil click up in tha club (what!)
I see ya'll ifngaz over there talkin' and isht
But you know what (What!)
Yeah do it and get dealt wit real...'motha motha real
quick! Get 'em Cube!

[Verse 3: Ice Cube]

Here we come boy
Real, Real shoot ta kill betta run boy
Or you can tell me how I feel as a
Real, real
Which, which
Go get a, get a (What!)
No better
(What!) better do what I say
'cause I'm insane in tha brain (insane in the brain)
Yeah, I got Rick James in my veins
Real, real never change
We just let it bang
Roll thru tha gutter lane
Daddy said let 'em hang
And cut 'em like its butter man
Skeet skeet skeet
Naw thats tha other man
'cause my skeet never LEAK
OUT THIS RUBBER mayne
TNA ain't workin' out my ass DNA
That crazy *itch have ya ass off E&J
Fake, fake got these real, real bein' gay
Til my peoples come around its like night and day
Now she wanna change her god and the way she pray
Authentic boyz all know thats tha playa way

[Chorus:]

[Lil' Jon:]

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[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz

[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks

[Bridge: Lil Jon]

We runnin this

Ya'll click ain't shooo

We runnin this

Ya'll click ain't shooo

We in tha club gettin' crunk

You in tha club gettin' stomped

We in tha club gettin' crunk

You in tha club gettin' stomped

We in tha hood on tha block

You in tha hood gettin' shot

We in tha hood on tha block

You in tha hood gettin' shot

We quick ta show you what we bout

You quick to run ya run ya, ' mouth

We quick ta show you what we bout

You quick to run ya, run ya' mouth

We real, real from tha east

And we act a like a beast

We real, real from tha east

And we act a like a beast

We gangsta, gangsta from the west

Puttin holes in ya vest

We gangsta, gangsta from the west

Puttin holes in ya vest

My midwest click hard

Quick ta pull ya pull ya' card

My midwest click hard

Quick ta pull ya, pull ya card

And down south we set if off

Blow ya , blow ya' face off

And down south we set if off

Blow ya , blow ya' face off

(roll call!)

