

## **Lil Jon & Eastside Boyz "Roll Call"**

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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, Alabahma, 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

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[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

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

