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Lord Hector Diono "Rollin Seven"

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Intro-Code red I rip with the champion-code red-no more loses here man lâ€[™] m rollin straight seven nigga

Lyrics

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Verse 1

I got hustlers on my block shooters guard my roof top just paid off that new cop and your bitch bought my new Glock lâ€[™] m a problem on your streets stay away from my alley way homey told us he gangsta why he dead in my alley way I aint takin no loss run and tell your boss paid thirty K for that Punky Brewster we still loose at that cost nigga hold up_

Now where was I-product better be right tonight I got fifteen killas finna ride tonight

l' m a quote me some Parliament boy don' t step on my funk end up off in my trunk nigga my crocs' ll have you for lunch nigga that box' ll be what we bump right I clap a few of them chumps my laughter be after math for that month then after that grab the bag that I want then after that rollin

[Chorus]

lâ€[™] m Rollin-Seven |lâ€[™] m Rollin-Seven-|lâ€[™] m Rollin Seven| lâ€[™] m Rollin-7|Repeat one time Verse 2

My Donkey Kong go bunky bunkers she be on them streets get my pay load then lay low them fuck boys belong to me $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{J}$ geeeesus Call $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{M}$ em out too late lose your mouth my hood know what $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{M}$ m rollin bout My TF2 RL came to raise some hell $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{M}$ don $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{M}$ t keep my enemies close nigga all my fuck enemies ghost nigga $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{M}$ m rollin kickin in doos $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{J}$ you hittin the floo $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{J}$ and hopin $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{M}$ m jokin I aint jokin homey you owin and these streets out have spoken

What I tell you bout boti boy roti boy you boti boy now you pissy like kissy boy ooh he cry like kissy boy I might call my foreign boy right from the cab of my foreign toy you don't want them kind of problems nah not from my foreign boys

What up Don Carlito this heap blow done fucked up my nose I need three of yoos and four- Eskimos to blow hollow holes with them calicos my chain gang niggas just hit the rows and they lined up and they trained to go and them lame hoes and them lame foes got days left fo-l aim low and That Range Rove is stolen- fuck it nigga we rollin| that Range Rove is stolen- fuck it nigga we rollin| that Range Rove is stolen -fuck it nigga we rollin| that Range Rove is stolen- fuck it nigga we rollin| Fuck it nigga we rollin| fuck it nigga we rollin |fuck it nigga we rollin |fuck it nigga we rollin [Chorus] l' m Rollin-Seven-Repeat -12 Times {Song End}

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