

P. Diddy & The Bad Boy Family "Roll With Me"

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Yeah

Yeah

Yeah, yeah

This big 'Ball mayn, P. Diddy and MJG

We raw mayn if pimp was a drug we'd O.D.

Got game for days

Betta keep yo' broad away from a nigga like me

I likes to play

Drop the top and feel the summer breeze

I know you can get with that, flippin' through the city

Bright lights and all my G's is out here rollin' wit' me

Big trucks or fo'-deep in a old school

Lookin' for the hoes, at a club full of drunk fools

What, what, what?

Who wanna get it krunk non-stop

Who you with? Who you with?

Yo chill fo' dem guns pop

Official player anthem, say what you drinkin' shorty?

Pop that Henn, roll somethin'

Let's get this party started

I roll with Bad Boys, we like them bad girls

Them fast girls, them love to shake that ass girls

Get with me, let's get a suite, order somethin' to eat

Tell me things about you and I'll tell you things about

me

Sho' nuff ridin', won'tcha come roll with me?

Come on, roll with me

We can put the top down on the highway and feel the breeze

We can feel the breeze

Baby, we can kiss the sky, don't matter if we never come down

We ain't never comin' down

From the NYC and Memphis, Tennessee is how it goes down

Yeah, uhh

Let's blow the roof off, let's ride out
Let's try to put these city lights out
Just flow with me
It's Diddy with some niggaz that y'all know with me
Eightball and MJG

We got it man from Harlem to Tennessee
Let's roll through 'em, how I call it is how I see it
Let yourself go the way I keep it real
With a smile that reminds you of my Bentley front grill
Yes, it's on again to a place near you
I'm lookin' out my rear view, fresh gear too

Holla at your man, I'm clean and I'm tight
That's all day and night, these shoes fit me right
Just bendin' corners know just where you can find
Me picture this, you only have to use yo' mind
What you know good
It's your world and I'm just in it
It's just the way that God must have meant it
Speak of the man

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Pimp tyte! MJG
Fin' to get up on the mic with a passion
Get up on some pads Gwen, my chick get her ass in
For the track, make my money
Bring it on back to the middle of the flo'
I want the whole stack
Plus I need a little more, I gotta eat a little mo'

My seed gotta grow
I got a reason to flow, a reason to show
What I mean is I go
Off like a champ, when I cling to the flo'
My twinkies shine when I hit the strip, 'llac dippin'
Strictly pimpin', as long as tricks invest in women
From the Memphis Tenn., to the NYC I'm representin'
I put mo' spice into yo' life than yo' entire kitchen

Big dickin', chokin' hoes with anaconda

If my pimpin was a drink it'd be a can of Thunder
I slang lumber, a spell I keep my women under
Through all seasons, they fall, winter, spring and
summer
I hit the highway smoked out pistol grippin'
But I ain't trippin' though I'm high as hell, spaceship an'

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