

2Pac F/ Dwanve Wiggins, Silky

"Do You Wanna Roll?"

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[Snoop Dogg]

It's somethin about the West Coast, that makes me
thank the East
Eastside! Eastside!
And somethin about the West Coast, that makes me
bang the beat
HELP ME SING IT!

[Chorus: R.L.]

Do ya wanna roll, in my six fo'?
Let's have some fun baby, let's have some fun
Oh we'll get low (we'll get low) and dats for sho'!
and hop on dubs baby and have some fun, now check
us out!

[Verse One: R.L.]

From when I met you at the roller rink
Cotton candy with her Shasta drink
Braced with caress that were white and pink
All the kissing we did, was on the cheek
Remember, like yesterday
We'd hop on our bikes and just ride away
Knew you'd be mine some how, some day
And I'ma say I do

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Snoop Dogg]

Three, bottles of Moe', doe, models fa sho'
We havin a good time avoidin one time
Layin in the sunshine its all gravy!
Dipped it, hit a switch, what's crackin' baby?
Ride with me slide with a double-oh, sip on this
moe'moe
Get your bubble on, bring your girlfriends
All y'all can come along
Cause we'll be doin this all summer long
In the Cadillac beatin' up some Battlecat
Dogg youse a fool baby lemme handle that
Oh you don't drink so you don't think
You ain't gon' win you don't speak, you ain't no freak

cause I can turn you, learn you and burn you up
Gimme the cup sit down and shut up!
I be damned we done run outta Mo' again
Here we, here we go again!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: R.L.]

I gotta Chevrolet, white walls and them
Twenty inch thangs in the coupe with Snoop
Gettin juiced orange juice top down
And feel the sun rays feelin kinda good right know
Right around my hood right now
Lookin for somethin to do like a barbecue
It's too hot to be in the house
A little bit of music and a couple of babes
A little bit of drank and a game of spades
Take your kids to your mama's house
Sure know what I'm talkin bout, it's about to go down!

[Chorus]

[Verse Four: Lil' Kim]

Aight aight, I admit I'm type picky
Take trips to Cali, strictly for the sticky
I'ma get get it crunk anywhere I go
why you smooth haters actin' like y'all don't know
From barbecue's to barmitzvah's
O.G.'s crack the O.E. while they listen to me
Cris' on the table, chronic in the air
Come on pass that shit like that's that shit
We doin Battlecat pump this in the Sony
The Bee showin love to the westside homies
Give you somethin you can feel, real recognize the
real...
Cause it's, cause it's somethin bout the East Coast
that makes us wanna squeeze mo'
For those that don't think that we ride
We gon' show you how we do the damn thing
We gon' show you how we do

[Chorus]

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