

## **R.L.**

# **"Do You Wanna Roll?"**

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[Snoop Dogg]

It's somethin about the West Coast  
that makes me think of the East  
Eastside! Eastside!  
its somethin about the West Coast  
that makes me think of the East  
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 your shiesty 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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