

## Shyne

### "Roller Song"

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(verse 1)

Fresh out the can, like fuck the land  
Got my mind on this paper, so whats the plan  
Ain't got no alternative but to bang  
Cause I'm down on my luck tryna up this cash  
Ain't nobody giving shit to me  
And these young motherfuckers is quick to pee(?)  
Bunch of wannabe Magoos or Pistol Petes(?)  
But I put em on ya back (???)  
Now ex-cons can't get the jobs  
So what I'm supposed to do to feed my moms  
You know what I'ma do, help me God  
Cause survival is the rule, fuck the law

(Chorus)

Now sing along to the roller song  
my name ain't Obama, I ain't LeBron  
Baby on the way, life is hard  
Ain't nobody to blame this is all-out war  
Sing along to the roller song  
My name ain't Obama, and I ain't LeBron  
Sing along to the roller song...

(verse 2)

Now sing along to the roller song  
I ain't no got money, but I got God  
I got ambition, I got charm  
All else fail, the .44 long  
Fuck my (???)  
If the words that I say seem  
to bother you  
You need to be concerned, what (?) you  
Just to eat a meal, gotta rob with you  
My records ain't the problem dude  
I'm just the voice of the bottom few  
The wants and the have-not column who  
Live a life crime all thanks to you  
So here's to the funds they cut  
The scholarships and social promo's for us

The deals that you did just to lock us up  
Great fuckin' job guys, lots of luck  
Cause I'ma do what I'ma do  
And I could give a fuck if it constitutes  
To breakin' of the laws and abandoned rules  
Cause the way you made the game, I'm bound to lose

(chorus)

Now sing along to the roller song  
We gon' make it go by the grace of God  
I know its fucked up and life is hard  
But, thats what rollers do, we beat the odds  
Sing along to the roller song  
My name ain't Obama, and I aint LeBron  
Sing along to the roller song...

(verse 3)

You can put lipstick on a pig, but its, still a pig  
You can, wrap it up, still a, smelly fish  
You can, censor Shyne, crime still exist  
Help the poor, fuck it pass the rich  
Mr. President, yeah I'm glad for him  
But this ain't got to do with the color of skin  
From the trailer parks to the (???)  
We sufferin' whether dark or pink  
So, I'ma roll how a roller roll  
Say I'm sellin' dope, but I'm sellin  
Tryna numb the pain for lives you broke  
You ain't, teach me nothin'; this is all I know  
I got the stimulus packages  
Put the workers on the corner, make 'em traffic it  
Cause mama I'ma roller, we don't have to live  
(????) sacrilege

(chorus)

Now sing along to the roller song  
I know its fucked up and life is hard  
But Mama never said it'd be easy but pa, failin' ain't an  
option, you can change it all  
Sing along to the roller song  
My name ain't Obama, and I ain't LeBron  
Sing along to the roller song

Sing along to the roller song  
My name ain't Obama, and I ain't LeBron  
Sing along to the roller song...

