

Shyne

"The Roller Song"

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[Verse 1:]

Fresh out the can, screaming free Sudan
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 trynna up this cash
Ain't nobody giving nothing to me
And these, these young bloods man they quick to bail
But you want to be my goons, or Pistol Petes
But I'mma put them on their back, I won't skip the beat
An ex-con can't get no job
So what I'm supposed to do to feed my moms?
You know what I'mma do, Blood, help me God
Cause survival is the rule, middle finger to the law

[Hook:]

Sing along to the roller song
My name ain't Obama, and I ain't LeBron
Got a 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:]

Sing along to the roller song
I ain't no got money, but I got God
I got ambition, I got charm
And if all else fails I got the .44 long
Screw Mr. Mitt Romney too
If the words that I say seem to bother you
You need to be concerned with impoverished youth
Who just to eat a meal got to rob and shoot
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 you cut
The scholarships and social promos for us
The jails that you build just to lock us up
Great job guys, lots of luck

Cause I'mma do what I'mma do
And may not really care if it constitutes
The breaking of the law and abandoned rules
Cause the way you rig the game, I'm bound to lose

[Hook]

[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, lets tax the rich
Mr. President, yeah I'm glad for him
But this ain't got to do with the color of skin
Cause' from the trailer park, to the gutter I live
We are suffering whether dark or pink
So, I'mma roll how a roller roll
Say I'm selling dope, but I'm selling hope
I'm trynna numb the pain to the lives you broke
You ain't, teach me nothing; this is all I know
I got the stimulus packages
Put the workers on the corner, make 'em traffic it
Cause mama I'mma roller, we don't have to live
And poverty has lead us all to sacrilege

[Hook]

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