

South Central Cartel "Can I Roll Wit U"

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[Rhimeson]

Can I roll with you?

[Prode'je]

Nigga, what can I do?

When I still seem

To day-dream and fiend for green

Cause one plus two, broke muthafuckas, don't equals
naythin

In a buck-fortyfive's what I'm waitin

[Rhimeson]

So now it's time for me to grab the strap

And put you in a sleeper eternally

That's what my psychic's tellin me

So now I'm ridin to the sun, and I

Know it ain't shit for me to lose...

[Prode'je] ...So I

Asked the big homie to put it down for me

When I was down you been around for me

Give me nine ounces, and count this stackola

That I can rack for ya

[Rhimeson]

For sho', yo ride, as I slide to Kansas City

Not lookin for hoes that shake no titties

But to drop off ki's and collect my g's

My fees for this job is three g's

[Prode'je]

Let's see if I can get it crackin for me

[Prode'je]

Can I roll with you?

[Rhimeson]

Nigga, what can I do

For you, now that it's really on and poppin?

[Prode'je]

Went to the city and my big homies is ???

With my 3 g's, can I get it crackin for me?

I always heard that bullets turn curves like Nike stripes

So one silent night they take flights to put out
headlights

[Rhimeson]

Turn to your skull where your brains was

Game recognize game, can you dig it?
I did it, stackin to see what's happenin
Loop - there it is, I'm handlin my biz
[Prode'je]
With this I'm buyin powdered shit
So I can rock it up and make it whoop, the loot
Chop it into doves to serve em love like Herbie
This whooped-up lley gon' freeze they brains like
slurpies
[Rhimeson]
But I'm tryin to kick back, relax and stack a meal ticket
Motivation is good preparation, so I rolls with it
(In a '86 coupe) in a '85 cutlass
2 O.G.'s on fo' d's, and we're comin

[Rhimeson]
Nigga, what's happenin?
Shall we get to scrappin or cappin?
A king-size .44 magnum to tag em
[Prode'je]
Well, I guess we'll get into some gangster shit
I let my strap holler at your chest while Mouthpiece
holler at your bitch
[Rhimeson]
And I'm checkin eyes, so you best to recognize
When I let these bullets fly, from this heat you gon' die
[Prode'je]
Right, you muthafuckas wanna see the gangstas
I'm comin from the squad, I ain't no peace treaty
banger
[Young Prod]
I was born in the hood and raised, I stayed in the hood,
that's real
>From emptyin my clip, from dumpin on niggas, I'm
pistol-whippin your grill
But still you feel me in attempts to pull my card
I'm rollin a fo' do', Eagle out the window, dumpin on
y'all
[Rhimeson]
And all I did was struggle for my land
And I'm too much of a gee to die by another man
[Prode'je]
And understand you gotta bury me, you won't worry me
With your playa-hater strategy, for my enemy

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