

DMX f/ Funkmaster Flex**"Roll Roll"**

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Ain't no block too hot
Me and my niggas bout to open up shop
Hot boy nigga grab the glock
So me and my niggas we can sell our rocks
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Me and my niggas bout to open up shop
Hot boy nigga grab the glock
So me and my niggas we can sell our rocks

[Master P]
Every bag of that raw
We hustle in the park
From dusk to dawn nigga
From dawn to dark
Now if you tweakin, boy
You better be creepin
But if you beefin, nigga
You bout to be sleepin
Me and my dogs
We don't fuck with you cats
Go to the pen
Don't fuck with no rats
See this shit is real
I sleep with one eye open
See in the ghetto
Niggas gotta be pistol totin
A thousand fuckin' grams
That's what I'm workin' with
Come short on the D
You know what you twerkin' wit
It's murder, 187
I represent the third ward
We tote mac 11's
If I die, write my name in the sky
My niggas bust yo' ass
Yall gon' know why (baby)

[Chorus]
Roll roll roll ya dough
Up and down the street
On the first and fifteenth you don't have my money

Me and my boys we gon' bring that heat (ya heard me)
(repeat)

[Krazy]

It's a problem
I ain't get my hands dirty wit ya
??? gon' come get ya
Chopper split ya
A young soldier
Plottin' to rule the world with riches
Ask P to use this Hummer so I can fuck some bitches
Run the block all week
Trying to dodge the cops
Niggas prayin' on my death before my album drops
My niggas wearin wires
Feds tappin' my phone
Send a check to IRS so they can leave me alone
Told my dog believe you we can rule the world
He didn't listen
He'd rather stuff his nose with furl
They found him dead in the project
Brains on the ground
When you a fiend
That's the way the game go down

Chorus

[Mystikal]

I'm from the ? chopper too!
Come fuckin' around wit me ain't no tellin' what I'ma
do!
Put my foot so far up yo' ass I'd probably lose my shoe!
That nigga chokin!
Motherfucker coughin' up blood
Well fuck the Heimlich maneuver
You don't want that drama to come to you!
Yo' mama to come do you!
Cuz HOT IRON will run ya through ya!
You and yo' dudes don't be around cuz you'll catch a
contact
If you ain't got beef wit a nigga
Don't be 'round beef
You won't be on yo' back

[Silkk]

Oh it ain't my fault
We'll dead these niggas
Can't move we infrared these niggas
We'll do these niggas
Black proof these niggas
Close casket these boys

Black suit these niggas
We'll blast these niggas
Walk past these niggas
And ride on these bustas
Just keep mashin these niggas
And after we do it
We'll toss the tec
And ghetto
Plus I know not else but to fuckin' floss the set
You ain't gotta ask who's hot
Who's on top
I gotta question to ask yall foreal
Tru or not
If I got two guns
I'm sure one gon' bust
If I got two niggas wildin' out
When I bust, one gon' duck
The one that's wildin' the most
That's the one I'ma bust
He still trippin' after that
I'ma give him two cuz he don't think one was enough

[Chorus]

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