

## **Lil' Jon & the Eastside Boyz**

### **"Roll Call"**

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[Lil' Jon talking:]

Yeah!

Right about now (whats up)

It's time for the real, real roll call

Now when you hear your city or state (Uh Huh) being called

You put your What put yo' middle finger up

ATL, St. Louis, Alabahma, Chicago, The Carolina's, Naptown,

DC, The Bay Area, VA, Miami, New York, texas, You ain't know!

[Chorus:]

[Lil' Jon:]

Ya'll really can't mess wit my clique (yo!)

Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)

Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)

Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz

[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz

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[Verse 1: Lil Jon]

whut's that click flexin' ass flauntin' ass,!

Be some real ass trill ass

Be some ho ass!

homie ass rapper!

Be some head-bussin' gangsta ass, gangsta ass !

Be some runnin' and scarey ass, scarey ass!

Be some Roy Jones beat ya ass, beat ya ass !

Be some cake and handcuffin,! handcuffin ass!

Be some "Send them girls out!" "girls out!" !

Be some tricking "Don't pay them , pay them!"

Be some Don Juan pimpin' ass!

Be some 22 havin' ass!  
Be some chopper street sweepin' ass, sweepin' ass!  
Them ol' half ounce sellin' ass, ass!  
Be some dirty bird movin' ass!  
Be some kissin' security ass, security ass!  
them girls and let 'em know ass, ass, ass!

[Chorus:]

[Lil' Jon:]  
Ya'll really can't mess wit my click (yo!)  
Ya'll really can't mess wit my click (yo!)  
Ya'll really can't mess wit my click (yo!)  
Ya'll really can't mess wit my click (yo!)

[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz  
[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks  
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[Verse 2: Ice Cube]  
See I'ma mean  
Youse afraid  
Ol' pretend  
Smile and grin  
I hate a false  
Diana Ross  
So if ya lost  
Meet tha boss  
He's a super  
Grin and groupa  
Act stupid  
I'll really' nuke a  
Cuz youse a happy  
And im a nappy  
Lil' scrappy  
Meet ya pappy  
Its Ice Cube  
And Little Jon  
So if ya crunk  
Keep it crunk  
To you punk  
Feel tha bump  
Get yo testifyin ass in tha trunk  
You wanna tell?  
I'll dump a shell  
Send a frail

Str8 ta hell  
Thats ya shelter  
Helta-skelta  
And when I belt a  
God help a!

[Hook:]

[Lil' Jon:]  
Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)  
Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)  
Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)  
Ya'll renegades mess wit my click (yo!)

[Bridge: Lil Jon (Talking)]  
Yeah!  
I see you and your lil click up in tha club (what!)  
I see ya'll ifngaz over there talkin' and isht  
But you know what (What!)  
Yeah do it and get dealt wit real...'motha motha real  
quick! Get 'em Cube!

[Verse 3: Ice Cube]  
Here we come boy  
Real, Real shoot ta kill betta run boy  
Or you can tell me how I feel as a  
Real, real  
Which, which  
Go get a, get a (What!)  
No better  
(What!) better do what I say  
Cuz I'm insane in tha brain (insane in the brain)  
Yeah, I got Rick James in my veins  
Real, real never change  
We just let it bang  
Roll thru tha gutter lane  
Daddy said let 'em hang  
And cut 'em like its butter man  
Skeet skeet skeet  
Naw thats tha other man  
Cuz my skeet never LEAK  
OUT THIS RUBBER mayne  
TNA ain't workin' out my ass DNA  
That crazy \*itch have ya ass off E&J  
Fake, fake got these real, real bein' gay  
Til my peoples come around its like night and day  
Now she wanna change her god and the way she pray  
Authentic boyz all know thats tha playa way

[Chorus:]

[Lil' Jon:]

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[Lil Jon:] I don't like dem boyz

[Big Sam:] I don't like them tricks

[Bridge: Lil Jon]

We runnin this

Ya'll click ain't shooo

We runnin this

Ya'll click ain't shooo

We in tha club gettin' crunk

You in tha club gettin' stomped

We in tha club gettin' crunk

You in tha club gettin' stomped

We in tha hood on tha block

You in tha hood gettin' shot

We in tha hood on tha block

You in tha hood gettin' shot

We quick ta show you what we bout

You quick to run ya run ya, ' mouth

We quick ta show you what we bout

You quick to run ya, run ya' mouth

We real, real from tha east

And we act a like a beast

We real, real from tha east

And we act a like a beast

We gangsta, gangsta from the west

Puttin holes in ya vest

We gangsta, gangsta from the west

Puttin holes in ya vest

My midwest click hard

Quick ta pull ya pull ya' card

My midwest click hard

Quick ta pull ya, pull ya card

And down south we set if off

Blow ya , blow ya' face off

And down south we set if off

Blow ya , blow ya' face off

(roll call!)

