

Hoffmann Von Fallersleben

"Roll Wit It"

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(Chorus)

If you boys got beef we can
Roll wit it
In da club or da street we can
Go wit it
It don't make me none
Blow for blow wit it
Crack his head wit a gun
I'ma sho split it

(Project Pat)

In Hollywood at the stop sign
Watchin out for one time
Clean on them things
Niggas hate cause I'm bout mine
I'm on that weed
So the car's kinda smokey
The glock's in the stash
Cause I'm dodgin the pokey
Its hard on tha street
Niggas livin like a catfish
A project killa, four kids
and a fat bitch
Try to flip e'ry quarter ounce
Ain't no credit barred
We accept cash, merchandise
or ya ebit(EBT) card
Like to start shit
At the club we be flexin
And we'll kill a bitch
At these hoes we be beckin
North North to the full
My game they respectin
A rope to the bumper
You get drug by yo neck-in
Don't come around here
You'z betta reckon
You get ya ass blowed off
For playin and jeckin
Down in this dirty
Only real muhfuckas rule

Hoes wearin flirty skirties
Young niggas act a fool

(Chorus x2)

(La Chat)

If there's some ana to handle
I'm gonna take care of my biz
I got a scope on ya body
I'm aimin straight for yo wig
I love to show out on hoes
I love to cut up wit niggas
These bitches always get wrong
So I love pullin tha trigga
And since you hoes won't learn
I got some lessons to teach
You betta call up the pastor
He got a sermon to preach
I ain't wit that arguin and cussin and fussin
Bitchin and fightin
I'm buckin choppas off top
Committed to takin yo life'n
La Chat a mac slash killa
Only speakin the real-a
I'm tryna let you know its on
For you violate a nigga
A bitch be quick to talk shit
But do you mean what you say
A real killa don't be talkin
They just be on they way
I don't think you wanna get down
You boys ain't ready for beef
There ain't nowhere you can hide
I called out an APD
This ain't game that ya playin
These bitches comin up slayin
I keep my ears to tha street
So hoe you watch what ya sayin

(Chorus x2)

(Project Pat)

They lock me up just like Tupac
And I went platinum
Layed it down for a calendar
Now right back at em
Took my game weighed it up
On a triple beam
Niggas rob, kill, murder, steal
For that ghetty green
U.S. Marshal at my folks house

Wanna kill me dead
Wanna see me in a pine box
Bullet in my head
Police mane I ain't did shit
Why you hatin this
Ghetto thugs love my rap songs
They relate to this
Swingin fists Knock ya eyeball
Clean out ya face
Shoulda known it was shit starters
All in tha place
Young niggas on that powder
Gon off tha bay
Sneakin tones in da club
You could get blown away
Its a muhfuckin clique thang
Represent ya hood
Slangin cane makin plenty change
All to the good
Smokin blunt after blunt
Pound after pound
Throw a dead body in tha trunk
High weave ya down

(Chorus)

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