

Lydia Lee

"Roll With 'Em"

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Juvenile:

It's enemy turf that I'm on, so I'ma play it how it go
Cock the hollow points into my black calico
Hit the coat with some of grams of that dope fo' sho'
it's bout to go
Niggaz graduated from sellin' dope to snortin' dope
Gangsta be bustin' heads
Lil Reggie be bustin' heads
K.C., he be bustin' heads
Think I ain't 'bout nustin' heads
Boddies bled, I'll put infrared up in your Cutlass
You play with 226, that's my clique so I say fuck it
Ruckus, war deep, World War III in the mix
5 Hot Boy\$ runnin', bringin' G's to they clique
With them hundred round tip-tips, to make sure niggaz
ain't breathin'
You recievin', a punishment for not believin'
Curly head lookin' for me, cause I'm hot and word don'
got loose
Bundles of dope fronted, from the Magnolia to the
Goose
Snitches wanted to testify the shit that they know
Set a bomb on the front door, put a key in the door and
the place blow
Look I been walkin' way mo', with a coat full of yeh-yo
Nothin' but clientele, from 11-5, sale
You don't think it's legal, nigga we can take it to the
scale
You gon' double your money, gon' get credit make
your bail

Chorus: Juvenile (4x)

With that iron, I'ma roll wit' 'em, momma don't pray for
me
I don't back down frome no nigga, they got a place for
me

Juvenile:

My biological father, was a sperm donor, around the
corner
Was the man that killed lil Lanny, who knew we'd

understand it
That way that, my mother was heartless to her kids
So he took us in his home, and he raised like his own
Now we grown, and we learned responsibility,
The devil tryed to get wit me
To affect all of my dickin' inability
But it's gon' be some shit, when a collision is occurin'
Asurin', of me bein' a factor, through '97 and after
And I'ma have to, get my ten percent
Or I'ma get punished, like the rest of these niggaz and
there's evidence
'Cause ever since all these cars and all these
mansions, and all these
luxuries was givin'
You wasn't givin' no thanks, to the reason you was livin'
So I'ma keep an open mind and make the right
decision
And ain't tell you niggaz shit, and put my self in a
position
That's unescapable, 'cause you capable, of puttin' my
life in danger
And it's causin' confusion, confusion draw conclusion
And shootin' up some niggaz that pose a threat
Until somebody warns you that you're close to death

Chorus: Juvenile (4x)

Mannie Fresh:
Don't love ya, don't need ya, so why the fuck would I
feed ya
You bitches want my riches, delete ya
Cause it's movin', it's shakin' number one spot takin'
Rap shite tight and money we be makin'
Clock six figures, with brown beats and triggers
Drinkin' from the riggers, poppa said the gon' fig us
Everything I make, and everything I drive
Everything I scratch and everything I ride
Touch it, , live for it, you niggaz kill for it
The new Juve tape, got you hoes loosin' weight
Can't get your life straight, music to masturbate

Juvenile:
Test a, nigga like me boy and you better
Have on your bulletproof sweater, ridin' in an armored
Jetta
Beware of these, thugs in E's
Everytime you breathe you recievin' a part of me
Look, my lyrics be combustable like gases
When I'm grabbin' for the mic and performin' for your
masses
I'm never found on the ship that's steady sinkin'

Total control and all about self my way of thinkin'
Bankin', off top, runnin' with them boys from the block
Totin' glocks that we only use when we put on the spot
Now I got, a reason to live for than to die
Keepin' a tight inventory on my supply, of gettin' high
Know when to stop, don't wanna be it, can't even see it
Not even them little niggaz that I be wit'

Chorus: Juvenile (10x)

I'm gettin' tired, of this bulshit that we hearin'
I'm gettin' tired, 'bout to get my iron ready to ride
Ready to ride
Ready to ride
Ready to ride, lil wodie
Momma don't pray for me, I don't back down frome no
nigga
Momma don't pray for me, I don't back down frome no
nigga
Momma don't pray for me, I don't back down frome no
nigga

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