

Magoo and Timbaland

"Roll Out"

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Intro: Timbaland]

Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?

Can y'all bounce, can y'all bounce, what?

Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?

Can y'all bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce?

Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?

Can y'all bounce, can y'all bounce, what?

Hey y'all, can y'all do something for me?

Ficky, ficky, ficky, ficky, Timbaland

[Timbaland]

I be creepin' in backyards, dippin in alley ways

My brother in the 360, I'm in a escalade

We piled ride high, sittin' on low pros

Petey in the back of us, with his range rov

Bold ladies sittin' in back, one ridin' in the front

No smokin' in here, so put out your freakin' blunt

This how we gon' do it, so pay attention to the rules

Women in sexy gear, draws down and no shoes

That's why we keep it live, cuz we keep ours alive

For that alcohol is full of, full of surprise

That's how we're gonna ball, walk before we crawl

This here, this here, is that party y'all

[Chorus]

Roll Out (ROLL!)

Get crunked (ROLL!)

Get your girls (ROLL!)

Get your boys (ROLL!)

Hit the switches (ROLL!)

Bring the noise (ROLL!)

{*panting noises}

Roll Out (ROLL!)

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{*panting noises}

[Petey Pablo]

Roughest, toughest, fastest, one of the baddest

Rappin' asses, tickin' on a Timbaland classic

Layin' in traffic, shiftin gears in the automatic

Tryin' to get past this old couple in a Maverick

Beepin' my horn at 'em, flickin' on my hazards

G. callin' me, on his cell phone laughin'

Thinkin' his chick hang out the sunroof flashin'

I done went in the grass, like to kill a rabbit

Swerve back into traffic, radio blastin'

Slammed on the brakes {*SKRUT!}, ya old bastard

Tim zig-zaggin', hell, he in the back and

Girls sittin' on the trunk, droppin' wine glasses

Wind blowin' dresses up, showin off the pad and

Hopin' I scripe long (???????????)

WHOOOP! You could be Ms. Barry, fine as you is

Tim, pull it over, let 'em ride in here

Repeat Chorus

[Smokey]

Catch me in a chick, and her name is Kim

Tryna tell you who I hit cuz I ran out of Bim

Fast food so dangerous that I'm crackin' my rim

Like why Taco Bell drive-thru so damn slim

I'm out north too, no top on the Benz

Big body, too, just like I walked out the gym

Man, I'm sppeding through, not just feeling the wind

Look, the needle to the gas tank is right at the end

Now, I'm needing to sin, lying again

Pumpin' gas in the Benz, with no money to spend

And every kid that walk in, cashier turning again

So it's a good thing that lady walked in her twins

Repeat Chorus

[Magoo]

All I do is listen to Eightball, with the hoes on call

High dank in my gas tank and eat raw franks

Grill in my bed and serve 2 steak and siemen

And I'm scheming on your daughter with on condom
and Playboy

Don't get it twisted, I'm gold-toothed and two-fisted

Both arms ready to roll, chrome-wristed

I'm past being beserk, I go to work

Tell the boss "Go 'head give me some sugars and hot
sauce"

With an atrack of Diana Ross playing

And drunk off some moonshine, I passed out and woke
up at noontime

Thought it was crack of dawn, but ass was in my face

Said them draws was versache, I thought she had
versace

Repeat Chorus

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