

Marc Anthony F/ Jennifer Lopez**"Creepin, Rollin"**

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Hey, this shit is somethin serious, boy
Check it out

[Chorus]

Creepin and rollin, you know what time it is
Oh yeah, a brother has gotta get down for his

[Verse 1]

What's happenin, my nigga, my nigga, my nigga, my
nigga, my man?
Once again I know what you're thinkin, once again I
know what your plan
Is, been playa-hatin a nigga like me for years
But now I'm changin gears
Fixin to move on, fixin to buy a brand-new home
Polishin up my chrome
For your ass cause I'm back up on the block
1994 and I ain't sellin no more rocks
Back with a sack and niggas know I pack
A glock, so stop before I put you on your back
Down with S-A, the place where the best play
Best pray if your chest ain't where your vest lay
Southside rollin wide-sized
Bitches say we high-side because we pass by
You don't speak, but she's just another freak
Cause I know my nigga been fuckin her for weeks
And I rather not waste my time, I just mash out
Blowin big smoke in the glasshouse
Two deep, me and my nigga O.D.
Smokin swisher sweets comin up on Scott Street

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I deal with the five S's before every Monday
Shit, shower and shave, and serve on Sundays
And it's funny how these hoes be jockin ours
Because I'm rollin in a candy-blue glasshouse
Gold Shoes on my hoe
Thinkin about committin suicide cause she got fo' do's
And brand-new Vogues

And a trunk full of amps to hurt em at the soundshow
Breakin em off a proper piece
And the shit won't stop until the jockin cease
So follow me as I creep with my niggas on a flip
My cup overrunneth, so come and take a sip

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Now I got you interested
And everybody wanna see the man, the Peterman
Little kids wanna be the man
And grow up and fuck hoes
And rock shows, ride Vo's, and slam mansion do's
Nigga, cause it's like that
Growin up on flat, havin dreams of livin fat
And I can't do it no other way
Doin it the southern way
So fuck what another say
G to the e to the to to the o
To the B to the o to the y to the s's
Houston, Texas where niggas get restless
And wreckless, no easy access, don't test us
Nigga, recognize where the best is
Fool

Creepin, rollin, you know what time it is
Clownin and strollin, gotta get down for his

[Chorus]

Oh yeah
Doin this thing like this
Roll em up
Palms up in the air
Yeah, that's right
Let the sun hit it
Back for it like this, you know
Cause they thought I wasn't comin back
Still doin the same thing
Yeah
Creepin, rollin
You know what time it is
I'm just
Clownin, strollin
You know

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