

Mario Bush

"Rolex Rulez"

Visit "[Rolex Rulez](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yes, yes, yes, uh!
Balla shit, nigga
timer shit nigga
(Regime shit baby)
flossy shit, boi!
(Smoke-A-Lot, Smoke-A-Lot)
Rolex Rulez
Check it, we rock big jew-els an shit, big karats an
Baggets an shit.
Mutha fuckas be starrin, niggas packin big thangs too
nigga
uh.

Verse 1

I started off wit heata shit
carry a nine millameter shit
Rolex on my wrist
never fuckin wit Geneve shit
(playboy whats Geneve shit?)
somethin like 20 g's cheaper shit
tryin to pawn this shit, but the jewelry store tell you to
keep the shit
look juss like a Rollie, but it really ain't Rollie
what the fuck you think homie, you walkin around wit
fake Rollie
I never knew that swap meets a-wraps could make
Rollie
the Motra fake Rollie's, yo time an date gone break
Rollie
the type of shit a theif wont even attempt to take Rollie
go out on a date, start makin bitches hate Rollie
now pump yo brakes homie
only the ballin qualified can rock the platinum, oyster,
in distant
Rolex wear outside
"Stayin Alive" like Wyclef, gettin high until my eyes shut
wise steps, hands carrassin my tech
Rolex under my sleve nigga
to each nigga playa hatin, I make you mutha fuckas
bleed quicka

I read niggas
look in my eyes an die slowly
meet my four-five
niggas done died fo a Rollie
I leave yo chest over yo family outside lonely
they died on the stretch an take an ambulance ride
homie
my four-five told me, that shit that crucify homies
if I didn't, got so many down niggas ready to ride fo
me
die fo me
eye fo an eye homie
that's what you get for tryin to rob me fo my Rollie
nigga
Rolex Rulez.

Chorus *(Phats Bossalini)* 2x

Well an nigga wit the Rolex on
you best believe he packin Stretch Armstrong
some kinda gat or thang on him
hit you bullet rain storms
when you got the Rolex watch, piece an chain on
listen.

Verse 2

To all my real playas
throw yo Rollie's in the sky
wave 'em side to side
then keep yo four-five caulked to ride
so many mutha fuckas done died
tryin to steal a Rolex watch
especially tryin to steal mines
I remember the day I bought my first watch
the turfs hot
slangin them birdies, that chirpin juss don't stop
raise niggas off the block who turf hop
juss got my first 5 in the world to check in the jewlery
store the first
spot
I'm wet
cash the check, grab the tech an jet
10 G's in my pocket headed straight to Spence
I want my shit all baggets
but it cost too much
had to fuck wit somethin less
ain't tryin to floss too much
a straight gold Presidential
no diamonds down the wrist
Princess cabezel

you know
that's small timer shit
but fuck that!
I got the Rolex, chain an ring that match
stack my scratch, until I got enough green to bring shit
back
exchange? Yes!
Give up the chain an gain a Rolex
drop some G's
it's juss like property so invest
an if you ever go broke, don't feel depressed under
stress
pawn yo shit, I give you what you paid an not a dolla
less
that's big timer shit
white colla shit, so I jet
I see some niggas casin the set
hangin out by my Lex
I grab the mutha fuckin Tech 9
the first time, I get to hear that mutha fucka scream an
whine
Rolex Rulez!

(chorus) 2x

Uh, to all my real playas, nigga, uh.
Smoke-A-Lot up in this bitch.
Regime shit, uh.
Sometimes you gotta floss, sometimes keep that shit
up under yo sleve.
Haha. Cuz niggas tryin to get us.
But I keep big heats, nigga. Uh.
How many holes you want in yo ass?
BLOW-BLOW!
1, 2, or 3? Nigga what?
BLOW-BLOW!
Back the fuck up nigga. We do our thang, Rolex Rulez.
I suggest you pack a gat too, my ballin ass potna
or you will get flatlined.
Done deal.

Visit [Mario Bush](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.