

Michael Jackson F/ Notorious B.I.G.**"Roll 'Em Up"**

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well it's the cream of the crop
we straight flow from the block
the party ain't over till I'm pullin' out the glock
unnecessary, that I unleash the real
I rubbin' you the right way like Johnny Gill
feel, a nigga tryin' to put it down on the town
even though all the hatas being around
I still clown
with the sound that will keep you pumped
I'm pushin' nothin' but this motherfuckin' gangsta funk
when I skunk
creepin' with my ACG
with the Vegas and the weed
got to let the brain feed
not a bad boy
but I put it down like Mase
in the thug category
tryin' to shake the face
game lace
tighter than a pair of new Jordan's
holdin' down the line like my name Ken Norton
for the team
rollin' up nickels like green
bud and you hatas in the town
got to show me love

[chorus]
I got sacks of weed
and we can hit the cuts
and roll 'em up
roll 'em up
when you dealin' wit the mob
fool you know what's up
cause we'll roll you up
roll you up
when you in the sco town
don't press your luck
just roll 'em up
roll 'em up
or hit the heel for the nade
and we can blow shit up

cause I'm rolls 'em up
rolls 'em up

represent the tip of the sco
lettin' niggas know
how a playa rolls when I hit the door
lettin' off smoke like the wild wild west
blowin' nade can't fuck wit the cest
I got a complex
I need premium
grade A dojah
bitch I'm a soldja
can't nothin' hold ya
nigga from the point down
in the background
niggas yellin' kill-a-hoe
lettin' off nine rounds
it's all over now
had 'em jack at the hash
Plus I got a twamp sack stashed in the ash tray
Dre, bitches and nigga Taydatay
put it down like a hog
for my niggas all day
it's the bomb bay
a real G parlay
won't stop rollin' blunts till judgement day
call it what you want
but I'm addicted to the cannabis
niggas can't handle this
Cuz I'm so scandalous

[chorus]

hit the liquor store for some pour
fuck all of y'all
if you can't roll wit the hog
Livin in the city of the fog
keep a trail hill
for the real deal
off the nade and a mad dog
it's your car
the bitch ridin' shotgun
she wants to heat the hottub for some action
grab the gat son
I don't trust neer bitch
Nina Rostine in the cuts
can you handle this
you know I come equipped
with an extra clip
pull out another blunt
roll another sack of hemp

don't trip
just to my fashion
when I start flashin'
I might start blastin'
off to the land of unknown
let me call Big Mac on the clome
you know it's on
lookin' for more endo smoke
hit 3rd street fiendin' for some JC roll bowl

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