

Uncle Murda

"Get Ya Roll On"

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Chorus:

Oh, get me things, get me things, switch that lane
Get me things, get me things, you roll on!
get me things, get me things, switch that lane
Get me things, get me things, you roll on!
get me things, get me things, switch that lane
Get me things, get me things, you roll on!
get me things, get me things, switch that lane
Get me things, get me things, you roll on!
get me things, get me things, switch that lane
Get me things, get me things, you roll on!

I don't give a fuck, a fuck about nothing
I shoot niggas in the head, I like to see their blood..
You hear the siren, son? That's the ambulance rushing
Somebody tell them.. I don't mingle since...
It's hard to be on the hood and focus on rapping
I can't even hear the beat with all the pistols clapping
But I aon't like these other rappers, none of them
niggas
I'm brilliant and better than every one of them niggers
You hear the shit I've been saying?
And besides that, man I'm way entertaining.
I go to niggas shows son, I don't...
Besides that ... these niggas is...
I ain't gonna act like I'm feeling the nigga
That's like backing out, acting out, chilling the nigga
..I tell you favorite rapper suck my dick
..right in front of his bitch!

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Nigger I get it in, try to get that bigger pins
Trying to get rich niggas friends
Slugs that could...
I didn't did the pin
Now the pin get bread for a nigger
That led for you nigga
We're that new breed, new weed
We don't smoke cash in, smoke this casket
Keep your mask kid, if your face gets seen
Out a pocket, you're even a rocket
Full of... in my gun, well beast up
Twenty dollar gin, fuck, we're up
Like your time on the planet!
You're finished!
I will come, put your mind on the granite, none plan it
Damn it, it does this!
Like pops said everyone...
If you ain't with me, you're against me!
Make your chess piece look like a fence be

Chorus:

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