

Montell Jordan, Gotta' Get My Roll On

(Intro-lude)
Can you ball Montell?
You got game?
(Yeah, I got game!)
Okay buddy
(Okay)
I know he ain't got no game

(Intro)
From the westside to the eastside
From the northside to the southside
I got good dues if you like the rules
I said I got good dues
Oh oh ohh, oh yeah
Oh yeah

The sun comes up in my neighborhood
I scratch my nuts, and man it sure feels good
I'm leanin' in the corner like I'm barely alive
'Cause I remember a time when I didn't have a ride
Always in the passenger seat
And always next to last when the honeys, we would meet
But now that things have changed, slightly re-arranged
I must admit, it's kinda strange
To be walkin' down the 'Shaw with my big black boots
And my happy Nappy wear, and my Karl Kani suits
I got a big truck, it's parked up the block, and
I see ya ladies jockin', yeah, you're takin' stock
Now that I have your attention, did I mention
I got back in LA, uh, it's in my CD player
The days of ol' when I used to get my stroll on
Are now long gone, 'cause...

1 - I gotta get my roll on
I've got to get mine
Don't you know it's time
I gotta get my roll on

Repeat 1

Now check it
I'm sitting in my ride
And all the honeys all look inside
And see what's going on
'Cause a brotha got a telephone
They roll up slow, but they have to squint
'Cause my windows have a real dark tint
To keep these hoochies steady starin'
Tryin' to see what a nigga is wearin'
My license plate says "swing"
And you know they're thinkin' crazy things
About chandeliers and ice cream bars
And sick sick brothas, and the big black cars
But hold on tight my dear
'Cause Monty got speakers out to here
I'll have you shakin' your head like you're losin' control
Because I gotta, I gotta, I gotta (roll)

Repeat 1
Repeat 1

I'm at Sharwin King, I checks my rear-view mirror
A nigga like Monty needs to see a little clearer
Then I hear a honey honkin' at my Rover

She says "pull over" so I pull over
Out jumps my ride and I go to the curb
My ? to her, I attempts to serve
She say she likes me, she's jockin' my crew
So tell me what the hell am I supposed to do
She's givin' me love, she's givin' me love
So I write my phone number on a dub
Then I pass it through the window
It's back inside
All of my niggas like to ride, yeah
I might make her my girl
'Cause she says she wants to take me
To the top of the world
But I don't know, I think she better hold on
'Cause a brotha like Monty has got to get his roll on

Repeat 1
Repeat 1

O.G. gotta get his roll on
Paul Stewart gotta get his roll on
If I'm talkin' to your girl, you better hold on
You know I gotta get my roll on
P.M. gotta get they roll on
My brother ?Mark? gotta get his roll on
Now ? has gotta get his roll on
You know I gotta get my roll on
B-Low gotta get his roll on
T.M. gotta get his roll on
If I'm thinkin' ways to get my swole on
You know I gotta get my roll on

I gotta get mine, I gotta get mine
(Don't you know that I gotta get my roll on)
Said I gotta get mine, gotta get mine
(Gotta get my roll on)
Russel Simmons gotta get his roll on
Dior gotta get his roll on
Def Jam has gotta get their roll on
Power Moves gotta get your roll on
And Monty gotta get his roll on

(Outro-lude)
You know why I can tell Montell?
'Cause you don't walk like a ball player
You walk just like "Yay, I'm happy!"
You know?
But I know he can sing though
The album, the boy's album is nice