

# The Game, Rollin' (Feat. Kanye West, Trae The Truth)

[Kanye West:]

Will I ever change in this life?  
My grandma said I'll never change and she right  
Y'all think that L.A. gang banging, shit right  
Well you finna find out what the game be like  
/2x

[The Game:]

Red rag on my rear view  
No tint in the Porsche, see clear through  
God screaming up out them speakers so loud that a nigga can't hear you  
Wake up to a diamond cross, I'm a Christian  
Got a nigga feeling like Obama 'nem  
Niggas shout out my windows, they yelling, say \_\_\_\_  
They sprayed up my 'Rari, they keyed up my Bentley  
They went at my top dog like Ab-Soul and Kendrick  
I said I'm a killa', god damn it I meant it  
I said I sold crack, nigga bubbling skilletts  
At my grandma's house, I was selling work in it  
And god bless her soul, she died  
Back out the four, load up the five  
Pop up the trunk, load up them pots  
Aye 'Ye, is this how them niggas do it in the \_\_\_\_  
Vice Lords, VD's  
Crips and Bloods in the \_\_\_\_ on goldie  
Yes a nigga did swore he was a man in the hood, now he begging for his life on both knees  
I'm a killer, no \_\_\_\_  
Ask 40 Glocc, niggas don't know me  
Got a problem blood, then come show me  
I'm on Rose Crayon's and them Kobe's  
Got diamonds off in my Rollie, granddaddy stuffed in my stogie  
Motherfuck them Axel Foleys  
Where I'm from, niggas shooting at the police  
Man these fuck niggas got me screwed up  
I'm like Papa Smurf in that blue truck  
Red hat, red pants, walking inside dreams with the kush in my hand  
I'm

[Z-Ro:]

Rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
Them drugs up  
/4x

[Trae The Truth:]

Young nigga 15, \_\_\_\_ sand  
Sawed off in my pants like \_\_\_\_  
Finna rob me a nigga who \_\_\_\_  
Somebody gon' give it to me, or they wanna feel the blade  
Mama used to stroke it just to feed me scraps  
Every Saturday, it was YO! MTV raps  
Got sick of looking at other niggas that ain't deserve it so I followed my older brother to beat these \_\_\_\_  
I ain't worried about the love, I've seen everything  
The hood hot, like the devil had it off in his hands  
Send a strap your way, I seen a couple of fans  
Last pack, I took that and a couple of bands  
To think, cause of the heat I was doing \_\_\_\_  
But they would give it to me, everyday I was paying dues  
I was a young wild nigga missing a couple screws  
In the hood, when I'm scared, only thing I'mma use, when I'm

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[Paul Wall:]

Mane, hold up with a cup full of lean, and a 4-0 tucked  
No more sleep, gotta get more bucks, OG rolled up  
Stakes are high, so I pray to God the folks don't roll up  
Big sister told me I need to grow up  
But I need that money, better not crumb me  
Copping bands and my codeine coming  
Trying to get blow like my nose was runny  
I work for mine, you can't take that from me  
Wrap it up, like Egyptian mummy  
And have it ready when I roll on up  
Stacking dough on up, from the floor on up  
And I'm all through the hood like ice cream trucks, just rollin'

[Kanye West:]

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[Slim Thug:]

Keep kush rolled, that dream I'm holding  
In the candy caddy' with with ninety-forty  
Bought a drop, put it in the shop  
But everything I got, on that bitch stolen  
Had a grill but couldn't afford the wheels  
Had paint, but it wasn't candy  
Kick endo to try and get that dough  
Whole family know, so they couldn't stand me  
Run and tell your mama, come get your son  
Mama like damn, what the hell he done  
Brother had bricks, but didn't give me shit  
So when he went to the pen, I ain't said no shit  
Mama at work, so I ran the house  
Ye're on lock, I am the boss  
Turn that face up like the Mary Jane  
I was slanging 'caine, got us all kicked out

[Kanye West:]

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[The Game:]

From Compton, all the way to Chi-Town  
Back on down to Houston, Texas baby  
Trae The Truth, Z-Ro, Slim Thugga, Paul Wall, Common, Kanye West, and The Game  
Jesus Piece  
Either you got one, you want one, or you bout to rob a nigga for one  
So what's it gon' be nigga?  
(Gun shots, laughs)