

Yukmouth, Rolex Rulez

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 millimeter 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.