

311, Rollin

Rollin' windows down kickback trolen
I'm holdin' and foldin' see no cold in the streets
Dirty looks - huh - we think it's funny
Workin' class rares scrounge up all the money
But we're coolin' in the middle
June I'm gettin' girls gettin' lit and I'm making up tunes
Believe that boy I'll bet I'll bet I'm trolen
Just lookin' for some trouble and we be rollin'
Now I'm a tell a tale to you straight
Gonna tell you a story
It's not a fairy tale and it gets a little glory It happened one night when
Tequila was full
We were walkin' to my car unaware unknowin'
I stepped up crossed the the street in no hurry
And what happens next - it gets a little blurry
This chump nearly hits me in a green pintow so I threw my bottle BANG!
It broke his window
He screeched to a halt jumped out of his car
I stepped straight to him gonna make him see stars yes
The situation was going to explode
Thought I should give him a warning said ya better hit the road I knew it would
be easy if i dagged him first
So I cracked him in the face all of the sudden with a burst I hit im
with a right then a left didn't land
But he turned his head and I broke my hand
Whatcha gonna do?
Do whatcha gonna I got a cast on my hand and the girls think I'm a jerk
I can't play my bass and I can't go to work
This is a true story it all did happen
Better yet I regret that I'm rollin' up strappin'
Been two years now since this all took place
I learn from being stupid I learn from my mistakes
And now I'm livin' peace edifyin' and trolen
Can't say it wasn't fun in those days of rollin'
Rollin'
Rollin'