

# Big Mike, Creepin-Rollin

Hey, this shit is somethin serious, boy  
Check it out

[Chorus]

Creepin and rollin, you know what time it is  
Oh yeah, a brother has gotta get down for his

[Verse 1]

What's happenin, my nigga, my nigga, my nigga, my nigga, my man?  
Once again I know what you're thinkin, once again I know what your plan  
Is, been playin-hatin a nigga like me for years  
But now I'm changin gears  
Fixin to move on, fixin to buy a brand-new home  
Polishin up my chrome  
For your ass cause I'm back up on the block  
1994 and I ain't sellin no more rocks  
Back with a sack and niggas know I pack  
A glock, so stop before I put you on your back  
Down with S-A, the place where the best play  
Best pray if your chest ain't where your vest lay  
Southside rollin wide-sized  
Bitches say we high-side because we pass by  
You don't speak, but she's just another freak  
Cause I know my nigga been fuckin her for weeks  
And I rather not waste my time, I just mash out  
Blowin big smoke in the glasshouse  
Two deep, me and my nigga O.D.  
Smokin swisher sweets comin up on Scott Street

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I deal with the five S's before every Monday  
Shit, shower and shave, and serve on Sundays  
And it's funny how these hoes be jockin ours  
Because I'm rollin in a candy-blue glasshouse  
Gold Shoes on my hoe  
Thinkin about committin suicide cause she got fo' do's  
And brand-new Vogues  
And a trunk full of amps to hurt em at the soundshow  
Breakin em off a proper piece  
And the shit won't stop until the jockin cease  
So follow me as I creep with my niggas on a flip  
My cup overruneth, so come and take a sip

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Now I got you interested  
And everybody wanna see the man, the Peterman  
Little kids wanna be the man  
And grow up and fuck hoes  
And rock shows, ride Vo's, and slam mansion do's  
Nigga, cause it's like that  
Growin up on flat, havin dreams of livin fat  
And I can't do it no other way  
Doin it the southern way  
So fuck what another say  
G to the e to the to to the o  
To the B to the o to the y to the s's  
Houston, Texas where niggas get restless  
And wreckless, no easy access, don't test us  
Nigga, recognize where the best is  
Fool

Creepin, rollin, you know what time it is  
Clownin and strollin, gotta get down for his

[Chorus]

Oh yeah  
Doin this thing like this  
Roll em up  
Palms up in the air  
Yeah, that's right  
Let the sun hit it  
Back for it like this, you know  
Cause they thought I wasn't comin back  
Still doin the same thing  
Yeah  
Creepin, rollin  
You know what time it is  
I'm just  
Clownin, strollin  
You know