

Black Knights, Rollin'

(Doc Doom)

Oh how I love my a hundred spokes
Flossin and shit, California
Flossin on them gold ones
Black Knights
Old ones, I sold them
Sippin on a cold one, Rollin on them gold ones
The chrome was the old ones, I sold them

Can I get a drum roll please for my gold D's?
Hundred spoke Daytonas, wish we all could be California
Smokin bank in the corners in a black six-deuce
Hittin switches, dippin, switchin on that ackrite juice
Act like you, wan' try and take my D's
Watch how fast these slugs in this thang gon' leave
Watch how many holes in ya body it leaves
Watch how much pints of blood you bleed
May the fake thugs retreat, pop up barkin the heat
Caravanin nine-to-ten cars deep
Down the 'shaw where Knights is known to breakin laws
And if a bitch is ridin with me she's takin it off
Now get off ya job, if not bitch I'm layin you off
Cuz I guess the last nigga that you fucked with was soft
That ain't me, it cost just to floss with me
And how I love my a hundred spoke D's

(Chorus 3.5X: Doc Doom)

Rollin, sippin on a cold one, Rollin on them gold ones
The chrome was the old ones, I sold them

(RZA)

Yo
Up in a black bourbon tank labelled GMC
Smokin on a Newport long and PCP
Gat tucked in, easy pass, I'm low duckin
Dimepiece bird on the side I'm finger-fuckin
Bouncin off this deuce-deuces, fat like Polo geese
Eighteen-inch woofers movin studio acoustics
Rim tri-star, chrome on my side-bar
Don't hate crab cuz I caught ya bitch eye par
Platinum grill, re-enforced solid steel
Superstar engine, force of an eighteen wheel
That'll crash through brick walls, smash intersections
Move through ya city escorted with police protection
Heated polished seats with back massages
You gotta know how to roll in more like Kenny Rogers
Tinted glass, PS2 plus Dreamcast
Smoke screens, blindin high blasts
GPS satellite navigation
Automatic lock doors drop jackers to the station
You got beef you get fed to Doc Doom
Goon, you can't fuck with Wu Killa Bee Clan platoon
I might get Holocaust to come and cough on you
My nigga Crisis might love to let one off on you
Or Rugged Monk rolls up another blunt
The great Digi goes and lures out another cunt
Cuz I be Rollin, Rollin, Rollin on them twenty-twos
Ain't got no money or love for you funny fools
Cuz I be Rollin, Rollin, Rollin on them twenty-twos
Sippin brews, packin tools for you funny fools

(Monk)

I'm from the land of chaos where niggaz get shot for trippin
I caught a fool slippin on some D's, now I'm steady dippin

Cruisin, movin up the block cuz I'm the shit
Stick dick to hoodrats, make gangsta hits
I baptize my sticks, ice skate on seventeens
On the phone with five-oh, don't you love them D's?
While they spin, you freeze in ya souped up paint clean
Fifties, amps, six by nines and thangs
Comin down the block, let my sub straight bang
Like, "Fuck the po-po's, I'm not turnin it down"
I love to floss as I toss up a fifth of that Crown
Bank corner after corners, watch all the ho's smile

(Chorus 3.5X)