

# Jamie Kennedy, Rollin' With Saget

(You are now about to witness the strength of Bob Saget.)

Have you ever had one of those nights  
That started off so damn good, no fights, no fuss.  
See, it's understood that when you go to the bar  
Man, we ain't leavin' till there's girls in the car.  
Well this night started off just like that  
Except Jamie's in the driver's seat, Saget's in the back  
We rollin' on 20s to the club, pull up front  
Saget's in the back seat, rollin' a blunt.  
Valet opens up the door, to park the car  
The bouncer at the front don't wanna let us in the bar  
Bob says "Here let me show him some affection"  
Then he walked up, wound up, cold-cock decked him.  
Started screaming for that bitch to respect him  
Next thing you know, we're in the VIP section.  
When crew runs deep like this, you wanna brag.  
Who you rollin with? Man, I'm rollin' with Sag.

[Chorus]

Who you rollin' with? Bob, Bob Saget.  
Numero uno. Nobody does it better  
Who you rollin' with? Bob, Bob Saget.  
The illest motherfucker in a cardigan sweater.

[Chorus]

Now the night's young, but err'body's gettin' tipsy  
Bob's in the booth with a chick from Poughkeepsie  
He's orderin' the Dom Perignon, just drinkin' from the bottle  
Makin' plans to leave the club with three models  
That's when DMX and 50 Cent walked in (Nuh-uh)  
Bob stood up and said, "Who are you again?"  
At first all they did was stand around and stare  
Till X pushed Bob (Ow) and 50 hit him with a chair.  
He's in a cardigan, khakis, shoes and no socks.  
"You want hardcore motherfuckers?" Pulled out a glock.  
"I got a cock like a donkey, hard as a rock,  
and a trigger finger itchier than chicken pox"  
Now everybody threw their hands in the air  
Bob's drunk with a gun and he just don't care  
We on the floor, he's on a table, now firin' shots  
Paris Hilton's on her cell phone, callin' the cops  
He blew the smoke off the tip of his gun  
"Bob Saget bitch, you better 'ax' someone!"

[Chorus]

Bob grabs us and the girls, we run out the backdoor  
Says he's feelin' froggy, that he's still hungry for more  
He's in the backseat gettin' busy again  
Askin' the girls if they're lesbians (Are ya?)  
The girls start kissin', now my dick's gettin' hard  
"Let's go to my place, the hot tub's in the backyard  
I got beer, Henny, an ounce of Kush,  
Yo J, pull over, I gotta pee in a bush"  
When you're rollin' with Saget, there's no time for rest  
This motherfucker's flippin' bottle-caps off of his chest  
"Shit, I'm Bob Saget, this is what I do.  
My house, my car, this is my crew!  
I only hang with Jizzamie and Stu"  
Patrol the mean streets of Malibu. ('Night boys)  
Tomorrow night, we gonna do it again.  
Bob Saget: my best friend.

[Chorus x2]

[speaking:]

Yo [??] how you doin' man, I know you can't answer me 'cause you didn't pick up the fuckin' phone  
Use your caller id bitch, c'mon. Anyway, we're goin out man. If you wanna, it would be fun.  
We're gonna go out and see all the Lindsay Lohan wanna-be's. You wanna hang out, we can look  
and then go home and then wonder what the fuck we're doin'. Aight.

&quot;Night Michelle&quot;