

Xzibit, Rollin' (West Side Remix)

(feat. Jelly Roll)

Yeahhh!

[Intro: Jelly Roll + (Xzibit)]

See I was dippin through the city with a big ol' - PISTOL
Checkin out these niggaz in the Raaaange - RENTAL
I was smokin drinkin end up kind of tipsy (YEAH!)
Lookin through my rearview they followin me (huh)
I wonder why the fuck are they followin me (huh)
I seen them niggaz creepin two cars behind me (hmm)
You'll never catch me slippin just me and my - PIECE
You must be smokin if you think I'ma call the - POLICE

[Xzibit]

I'm a beast, still got a crease
Still got my Converse stompin down the concrete
YEAHHHHHHHHHH - black and blue Bugati
This is Strong Arm robbery, you can't deny me
My garage a mirage a collage of chrome
I look alive with the nine when I leave my home
Been on tour in Japan, been relaxed in Rome
This is grown man business, recognize the tone
If I don't recognize the number won't, answer my phone
Rockin every area code still stay in my zone
I don't play no fuckin games now bitch I'm grown
Now crack your fuckin neck to the shit I'm on
Yeah!

[Chorus: Jelly Roll]

I be dippin through my city in a ragtop rollin
Bounce, rock, ragtop rollin
Bend the corner, AHHHHH, ragtop rollin
All up in your bitch face, ragtop rollin

[Xzibit]

Yeah, YEAH
My release, bang through the streets
We hang like orangutans, mangle the beat
Niggaz hatin, gravitatin to the lies that they tell
My reality takin over where that fiction fail
What the hell, might as well show the cards I'm holdin
Sweet taste, aromatic, backwood ROLLIN
Got the Range Rover supercharged, complete with the strut kit
My chain hang to my dang-a-lang, what the fuck bitch?
Boomerang my change (YEAH) I rearrange some thangs
My slang click-bang and expose they brains
Then I pray, "Our Father who art in Heaven"
Got people jumpin out the buildin like 9/11
Malcolm X to the Z landin on them like Plymouth Rock (yeah!)
You get knocked out, get socked in your fuckin mouth
Now e'rybody know the business, you want it come get it (c'mon)
But if you ROLLIN throw it up, let me know that you with it

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Jelly Roll]

Caaaaadillaaaaacs, Coooooupe Devillllles
Oh shit I'm on wheels, rollin for reeeeeal

[Xzibit]

YEAH, I repeat, my name over beats
I binge on the finer things, you cringe in defeat
Escalation, elevation to another plateau

Sometimes ya take a few steps back to mentally grow
Here we go, what you know, campaign in motion
Straight West coast and West worldwide ROLLIN
Got that Aston Martin DV9 equipped with a stash box
In case I ever find myself alone in a tight spot
Strip down my frame, repave my lane
Insane with my ink pen, Citizen Kane
Don't complain when the chamber slide back and bang
Make it taste like shit when you sayin my name
It's the Golden State heavyweight, holdin the belt
Cause I'm a one man army, I don't need no help
This is a PISTOL, I use to protect myself
Careful these hammerhead hollow points is bad for your health
My nia

[Chorus]

[Interlude]

[Intro echoes at the end]