

# 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]