

# Rollin' Wit You

## Ol' Dirty Bastard

You can't imitate me on this fuckin' tape  
You ain't ringing the bell, you ain't  
I'm ready when you are You ain't ringing the bell  
You ain't busting the grape  
You ain't imitating me on this fuckin' tape  
You ain't ringing the bell  
You ain't busting the grape  
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You ain't ringing the bell  
You ain't busting the grape  
You ain't imitating me on this fuckin' tape What I'm tellin' you all bitch ass niggas  
If y'all don't fuckin', if y'all coloured bitch ass  
Faggot, punk ass motherfuckers don't see  
That these white people are trying to take over your shit  
Don't worry, you'll better be happy the Ol' Dirty Bastard is here  
You'll better be happy that I'm here  
To, to, to beat the shit out of all y'all faggot punk ass motherfuckers  
Bitch ass niggas  
I shut the fuckin' whole world down  
You white motherfuckers could never  
Y'all can't ever take over, you can't ever take over  
You shut the fuck up and you shut the fuck up  
That's what the fuck you do  
Can I get a beer? Yo, I need some beer You ain't usin' your phone, you ain't callin' the cops  
'Cause nigga, I'm the only king of the block  
I'm the only black God, motherfucker And I came to rock the spot  
While when I throw football pass at a bitch, she miss  
Ain't trying to be funny, gonna use my fist  
You can't use the family feud  
You can't run it on a cuckoo You bring shame, I'll keep Ol' Dirty safe  
Not locked up 'cause I'll have your fuckin' ass locked up  
I'll stash you, lickin' you down, light that blunt  
You ain't gettin' one, two, I do what I want If I got a problem  
A problem got a problem until it's gone

I'm the only unique A son  
You reap what you saw, fuckin' with the O  
I got the precinct locked down  
You ain't using the po po, fuck you, so, so I got the keys to your hoe, I'll stop your whole flow  
All you bitches roll, would be from the ghetto  
You want me to control this fuckin' show  
Give Ol' Dirty what he want and mo'Cause I'll stop your goat, mafia  
'Cause I'll stop your goat, mafia  
Pay me all my motherfucking money  
Or I'ma slow down your dough Jesus, I'm rollin' with you  
Jesus, I'm rollin' with you  
Jesus, I'm rollin' with you  
Jesus, I'm rollin' with you You might be in danger, you'll have a sex changer  
I'm gettin' more anger, call me Dr. Stranger  
I master the demon, demonic toys  
Sting you with the venom, kill your joy Bitches throw your hands in the air, like to be sodomized  
That's what I'm here for, that's what I'm all about  
I get girls and they wonder  
What they get is a clean fuck from me, oh baby Hippa to the hoppa and you just don't stoppa  
I control Michael Jackson's 'Thriller'  
No matter what  
Fuck with the guys that'll make you shrug  
I'm the only original, fuck you, chump, shut the fuck up  
Yo, did you understand that? Jesus, I'm rollin' with you  
Jesus, I'm rollin' with you  
Jesus, I'm rollin' with you  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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