

# Roll With It

## Three 6 Mafia

Let me chirp these fools Juice got weed, Juice got bills  
Juice got their work on the corner cuttin' deals  
Juice know you haters out there snitchin' ain't for real  
So Juice got some game, niggaz, down for the kill Juice know the feds got surveillance on the  
field  
We never had a job but we sittin' on a mill  
We ball out in the club with our niggaz stayin' trill  
We never wrote a check just them big face bills A playa drinkin' Makers, Marker, cranberry  
vodka  
Wearin' a mink coat that's furry as Chewbacca  
I saw ya main gal and a playa had to stop her  
Her name wasn't Silkk but her face was The Shocker  
The feds takin' pictures of us ballin' but I got 'em  
A 7 footer hole for his body, we gon drop 'em  
We always on the grind, we be watchin' when they watchin'  
And when they turn they back, it's the clucka-clucka, rock 'em, yeah If you boys got beef, we  
can roll with it  
In the club or the street, we can go with it  
It don't make me none blow for blow with it  
Crack his head with a gun, I'ma sho split it If you boys got beef, we can roll with it  
In the club or the street, we can go with it  
It don't make me none blow for blow with it  
Crack his head with a gun, I'ma sho split it We got them tones in the club and them bulletproof  
vests  
Them three fifty seven titanium Smith-N-Wess  
And plus we deep as hell and prepared to bust  
You gonna have hell if you fuck with us and that's what's up  
The whole club, we maintain  
These hydra shock bullets mushroom in ya brain  
We in bed with the med, give 'em somethin' to do  
'Cause clown ass niggaz love to act the fool My hood is real nigga, my hood ain't fake  
My hood is home nigga, everythang straight  
My hood will rob you with mask on they face  
My hood will do it to put food on they plate My hood ain't tame dog, they wanna jump fool  
My hood, they hang together, they all jump you  
And if you don't believe me then come to my hood  
And you will see that it ain't all good If you boys got beef, we can roll with it  
In the club or the street, we can go with it  
It don't make me none blow for blow with it  
Crack his head with a gun, I'ma sho split it If you boys got beef, we can roll with it  
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Crack his head with a gun, I'ma sho split it  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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