

Rolly Up (feat. Waka Flocka & Young Scooter)

Gucci Mane

[Intro:]

Yeah, that boy Gucci
Got my nigga block in this bitch
East Atlanta's finest
E.C.T South! [Chorus: Gucci Mane]
Early in the morning Nigga Imma be up
Imma be up, Imma be up;
Call Block or Gucci Mane when it's time to re-up
It's time to re-up It's time to re-up;
7: 30 in the morning, Nigga we gon' be up
We gon' be up, we gon' be up;
Call Block or Gucci Mane when it's time to re-up
It's time to re-up, it's time to re-up;

[Verse 1: Yatta Mann]

Boys what it do?
Nigga getcha g's up
Dope man bitch!
Call me Mr.Re-Up
The kitchen smells like fish, the fish scale dog
1000 Grams at a time on the Digiscale ow!
.45 Mac
Rubber band stacks
Spent a? a mill wit Papi watch how fast I get it back
The dope boys love me
Taught'em how to cook
You whip it real hard, cold water, let it drop
The dope man bitch!
Sold bricks, sold rocks
100 thousand dollars, fell like I shot a cop
The dope man bitch!
Sold grams, sold white
Cook the work 10 minutes
Fiends gave me 5 pipes
New York nigga's love how I work that turn pipe
Got Micheal Jackson yay
Powder 10, but it cook white
I don't get nervous when I ride them highways
Dope man bitch!
Everyday is my birthday!

[Chorus][Verse 2: Gucci Mane]

I got the city on lock!
Have you ever seen a? million dollars in a Nike shoe box?

I can show you how to trap!
100 grand worth of cap
And I pray that my phone ain't tapped!
Nigga buy for the smell of it
Bought a hard top 6 and I sat it on spree's for the hell of it
7 on the dot!
Got some cain and its jumping out the pot!
I'm in the game so I give it all I got
To a million dollar spot
I got a rainbow Range same color as lean
Wit the matching rims on it, man that bitch so clean
Gotta skittle Drop Jag and a fruity Chevelle
If I drop the top back, bubble kush you gon' smell
Every flip I cop another whip
Every trap I cop another chain
Every play I cop another tool
What these nigga's know bout Gucci Mane?
Notta damn thang!
I'm icy, something like a polar bear
When your girl give me brain better hold her hair
100 Grand in the bag just to make you stare
Re-up wit the man
Gucci Mane Lil'Flap[Chorus][Verse 3: Gucci Mane]
Go with our rental cars
Used to serve hard to Mountain Park;
Now I stand behind the burglar bars
Say Lil'Breeze best smoke ya gars;
I'm the hustler of the century
When you think of money mention me
I said my buddy get it to the key
From Arkansas to Tennessee
Every Brick, Pill. And every "P"
Some how it doesn't come from me
I'm on T.V gettin interviewed
Still got them thangs in the intertubes
8 grand for the good purp
A t-shirt, under my t-shirt
Aye lock it up, that's a bad word
You had to whip it till your wrist hurt
You shoulda holler'd at Gucci or Block
Got'chu a dime to a? a block
I'm knocked diamonds and I never stop
Disturbing cocaine; duckin cops[Chorus]

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