

# Roll In Peace (feat. XXXTENTACION)

## Kodak Black

Aye, everything be like, off the top these days like  
(We got London on the track!)  
These days, I don't even know what a pad is these days  
Fuck that hoe 'cause she a nat nat You ain't the one for me, baby  
You ain't got shit I need, bitch  
You want me to take my time with you  
Well maybe I'm not your speed bitch  
Maybe I'm out your league, bitch  
You ain't even got no cheese, bitch  
Maybe I'm just too G for you  
Or maybe I'm just too street, bitch  
I can't even roll in peace (why)  
Everybody notice me (yeah)  
I can't even go to sleep (why)  
I'm rolling on a bean (yeah)  
They tried to give me eight  
Got on my knees like "Jesus please"  
He don't even believe in Jesus  
Why you got a Jesus piece  
If you wanna leave just leave, but you ain't gotta lie to me  
Even the blind can see  
That you ain't gon ride for me  
You ain't even showing me the love you say you got me for me  
There ain't no loyalty, you lied to me  
You said that you gon' ride for me  
Baby that's blasphemy, yeah  
Baby you're bad for me, yeah  
Say you gon' clap for me, yeah  
Say you gon' blast for me, yeah  
Why you ain't show me none of the love you say you have for me, yeah  
I was goin' through tragedy  
Bitch, I needed you drastically, yeah  
I'ma just switch my flow up, yeah  
Maybe I'm sick, no throw up, yeah  
Maybe I'm sick, no check up, yeah  
Boy, you need to run your check up, yeah  
I'm eatin' on you niggas, no ketchup, yeah  
I'm eatin' on you niggas, can't catch up, ayy  
Shorty face down with her ass up, ayy  
Even when I'm fucking, I'm masked up, ayy You ain't the one for me, baby  
You ain't got shit I need, bitch  
You want me to take my time with you

Well maybe I'm not your speed bitch  
Maybe I'm out your league, bitch  
You ain't even got no cheese, bitch  
Maybe I'm just too G for you  
Or maybe I'm just too street, bitch I can't even roll in peace (why)  
Everybody notice me (yeah)  
I can't even go to sleep (why)  
I'm rolling on a bean (yeah)  
They tried to give me eight  
Got on my knees like "Jesus please"  
He don't even believe in Jesus  
Why you got a Jesus piece  
If you wanna leave just leave, but you ain't gotta lie to me  
Even the blind can see (what)  
That you ain't gon ride for me  
You ain't even showing me the love you say you got for me  
There ain't no loyalty, you lied to me  
And you say that you gon' ride with me I ain't gon' do the nigga shit 'cause I'm too good for  
features, huh  
I ain't gon' fuck a nigga bitch 'cause I know she a eater, huh  
Last time I wifed a bitch she told the world I beat her, huh  
When they locked Lil Kodak up, my nigga I couldn't believe it, huh  
Ayy lil' shorty, pop my whoady  
Pockets on Pinocchio, poking yuh  
Hit her from the back, damn that bitch bleeding  
Said I knocked her period on  
Remember when I had that poker, huh  
Instead of looking over my shoulder, huh  
Forcing with a nigga, no Yoda  
That mean a young nigga got what on me? You ain't the one for me, baby  
You ain't got shit I need, bitch  
You want me to take my time with you  
Well maybe I'm not your speed, bitch  
Maybe I'm out your league, bitch  
You ain't even got no cheese, bitch  
Maybe I'm just too G for you  
Or maybe I'm just too street, bitch I can't even roll in peace (why)  
Everybody notice me (yeah)  
I can't even go to sleep (why)  
I'm rolling on a bean (yeah)  
They tried to give me eight  
Got on my knees like "Jesus please"  
He don't even believe in Jesus  
Why you got a Jesus piece  
If you wanna leave just leave, but you ain't gotta lie to me  
Even the blind can see (fuck)  
That you ain't gon ride for me  
You ain't even showing me the love you say you got me for me  
There ain't no loyalty, you lied to me

You say that you gon' ride for me, ayyI'm in London, got my beat from London  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>