

# Roll (feat. Sean Kingston)

## Flo Rida

(- Sean Kingston (Flo Rida))

Bunk camera wit it, show me I'm tha man (man)  
Shake it on tha flo, like dice pon ya hon  
Lemme say dat ass roll, roll, roll, roll, roll  
They go!

It's Kingston & Flo Rida (Flo Rida)  
Kingston & Flo Rida (Sean Kingston)  
Kingston & Flo Rida (J.R. on da track, Poe Boy)  
Kingston & Flo Rida (let's get it!)(X2 - Sean Kingston)  
Bunk camera wit it, show me I'm tha man (man)  
Shake it on tha flo, like dice pon ya hon  
Lemme say dat ass roll, roll, roll, roll, roll  
They go!

(1 - Flo Rida)

Hey...

I could beat a man, dat's a shawty undastand it  
Roll da police, when da feda jock panic  
Pull ova, Flo Rida can handle it  
'Gon place ya bets, or we betta yet alan it  
City to Vegas, God's 2 bust it babies  
I stay on da tragic, your pretty pussy from Haden  
Rappas' tables invaded, great, watch it belated  
Block paper, I make it so I been gamblin' lately  
Yeah, we could play casino  
You can be my ginger  
Sam rock steam, shawty, I supply the dealas  
I gotta thank my no-go  
Bumpin' of da game pit  
Boss, ghetto boss, 'gon show me I'm da man  
(X2 - Sean Kingston)

Bunk camera wit it, show me I'm tha man (man)  
Shake it on tha flo, like dice pon ya hon  
Lemme say dat ass roll, roll, roll, roll, roll  
They go!(2 - Flo Rida)

Hey, got money on the shooter am I talking about the ruga  
Command that roulette, click, click, I'm no loser  
Yeah, you the shit, southern slang from Anua  
The booty connoisseur when I'm drinking on Kahlua  
Go see this rose, gal I won't try you with tulips  
I'm coppin' rosé, now my chicken's hard as Hooters  
I'm Mandalay Bay, The Bellagio abuser  
My paper don't amuse ya then you haven't see my Muler

Hot rod, coat tail, I need the Pink Flamingo  
Gambling female, like your hips is playing Cee-Lo  
Check out your Channel, see, I stroke your ego  
I'm here for the gazebo, pure cooker, you's a kilo(X2 - Sean Kingston)  
Bunk camera wit it, show me I'm tha man (man)  
Shake it on tha flo, like dice pon ya hon  
Lemme say dat ass roll, roll, roll, roll, roll  
They go!(3 - Flo Rida)  
7, 11, there it go, I called it, no guessing  
Ain't naked but all these shawties, they looking at you, they threatened  
I reckon cause you high rolling, they begging, you begging  
Snake eyes while you collecting, them thighs I will invest in  
Thousand dollar chips for your thousand dollar hips  
Got these thousand dollar gifts, leave more thousand dollar tips  
I'll be your supplier, spend it like a dryer  
Roll for me baby, be my NASCAR tire  
I know the odds of winning, like I do my Fellini's  
The gangster proud of women, I call it Robin Givens  
Flo Rida extort you, take you Pinto to Porsche  
Say look what you bottom bought ya  
Now do what your mama taught ya!(X2 - Sean Kingston)  
Bunk camera wit it, show me I'm tha man (man)  
Shake it on tha flo, like dice pon ya hon  
Lemme say dat ass roll, roll, roll, roll, roll  
They go!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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