Rollout (My Business)

Ludacris

[Intro] Roll out

[Hook]

(Rollout) I got my twin Glock forties, (Rollout) cocked back (Rollout) Me and my homies, (Rollout) so drop that (Rollout) We rollin' on twenties, (Rollout) with the top back (Rollout) So much money, (Rollout) you can't stop that (Rollout) Twin Glock forties, (Rollout) cocked back (Rollout) Me and my homies, (Rollout) so drop that (Rollout) We rollin' on twenties, (Rollout) with the top back (Rollout) So much money, (Rollout) you can't stop that

[Verse 1]

Now, where'd you get that platinum chain wit dem diamonds in it?

Where'd you get that matchin' Benz, with them windows tinted?

Who them girls, you be with, when you be ridin' through?

Man, I ain't got nothin' to prove, I paid my dues

Breakin' the rules, I shake fools, while I'm takin' a cruise

Tell me who's your weed man and how do you smoke so good?

You's a superstar, boy, why you still up in the hood?

What in the world is in that bag, what you got in that bag?

A couple of cans, a whoop ass, you did a good ass job

Of just eyein' me, spyin' me

[Hook]

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[Verse 2]

Man, that car don't come out, until next year
Where in the fuck did you get it?
That's eighty thousand bucks gone
Where in the fuck did you spend it?

You must have eyes on your back
Cause you got money to the ceilin'
And the bigger the cap, the bigger the peelin'
The better I'm feelin', the more that I'm chillin'
Winnin', drillin' and killin' the feelin'
Now, who's that bucket naked cook, fixin' three course meals?
Gettin' goosebumps with her body tapped in six inch heels
What in the world is in that room, what you got in that room?
A couple of gats, a couple of knives, a couple of rappers
A couple of wives, now it's time to choose

[Hook]

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[Verse 3]

Are you custom made, custom paid, or you just custom fitted?

Playstation 2 up in the ride, is that Lorenzo-kitted?

Is that your wife, your girlfriend or just your main bitch?

You take a pick, while I'm rubbin' the hips

Touchin' lips to the top of the dick and then whew

Now, tell me who's your housekeeper

And what you keep in your house?

What about diamonds and gold

Is that what you keep in your mouth?

What in the world is in that case, what you got in that case?

Get up out my face, you couldn't relate

Wait to take place at a similar pace, so shake, shake it

[Hook]

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[Outro]

Get out my business, my business Stay the fuck up out my business Cause these niggas all up in my shit And it's my business, my business
Stay the fuck up out my business
Cause it's mine, oh, mine
My business, my business
Stay the fuck up out my business
Cause these niggas all up in my shit
And it's my business, my business
Stay the fuck up out my business
Cause it's mine, oh, mine
Timbaland, Ludacris, Disturbing Tha Peace

Lyrics provided by https://www.songarea.com/