

Rollin' Wit Me

Haystak

Check check
You're either with me or against me
In this life, ain't no in between

You're rollin with me
You're rollin with me (Let's roll)
You're goin with me
You're goin with me (Let's go)
Get down with me
Get down with me (Stay there)
Everybody else get on the ground
[x2]

I go flippin through my notebook
Tryin to find a clean sheet
Flippin through my cd's
Tryin to find a mean beat
Bring heat like August
Most rappers make me nauseous
But ahhhh
Never stop though
The studio was my sanctuary
May not be legendary but for now I'm necessary
They call me a good man, hell
That's hereditary
They show me so much love it's like it's always February
Barely made it, but I'm here
And you got to hate it
I show you the difference between winning and being nominated
Underrated
From the first, had this undying thirst
It just got worse, non-stop search for my next hot verse
I worked until it hurt, made sure I was heard
Unloaded on other rappers, committed murder with words
Emerge from the pit, scarred up, but still spirited
On some new shit, like "uh huh, now hear this!"

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No time for bitches, punks, cowards, hoes
They snitch and sell out, that's how it goes
Wolves in sheep's clothes got me second guessing everybody
Fuck this rap shit, I'm just my little girl's daddy
A small town boy, hypnotized by the big city
Good whiskey, long legs, and big titties
Ain't forgot the ass whoopin, stikes on my legs
Country ham, sausage, bacon, and eggs
I seen the streets get so heated, they bought to blow up
Disagree with me baby, shoot outs, wait till they grow up
"He's got a gun!" people flee for safety

God touched the heart of [?]
Let em know I'm a son, father, a boss, and a worker
Under enough pressure to justify murder
Emergency surgery, special doctors, and helicopters
You motherfuckers make me pull a chopper uhh

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I've seen companies crumble, empires collapse and
Mc's run outta raps but they continue miles
Back to catchin the subway, jumpin the turnpike
People got tired of hearin that one sound
Stak got several styles, incredible styles
Lil' dime bag styles, big federal styles
I'll show out, choose when I go out
Shift [?] blow the house
I'll take my fans from you, leave my peace
They ain't never got to worry bout my knees getting weak
I'm not joking, it's all about right now
I'll never freeze up like that dude on eight mile
I came with it, walkin like I talk
[?] bitch back up off
Take a stage and a mic, turn it into my office
When I'm gone, put a pen and my pad in my coffin
Come on

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