

Roll the Dice

Marshmello & SOB X RBE

[Intro: Marshmello]

Mello made it right

[Chorus: Yhung T.O.]

Catch him out then we gon' drop the nigga
Got some killers, got some demons, got some shawties with us
Once you hit the top, these bitches want to top a nigga
And if I ever go back broke, then I'ma rob a nigga
You want to gamble with your life? Then roll the dice then
I bet I mack it with this Glizzy with my right hand
If we ain't walking through the back, then we won't go in
'Cause it's problems, my lil' brother snuck the pole in

[Verse 1: Slimmy B]

To a broke bitch, I'm too rude
Came a long way from rocking with that deuce deuce
Masked up, bounce out, they don't know who who
Fucking with those fakers, hollows hitting you, too
Nigga, big Bs, no soo whoop
Nigga claim they real, but they really do fool
You can't catch me slipping, no nigga, I'm too cool
Spit a hundred with that chop, bitch nigga, I'm too true
Rip Tre, took my nigga too soon (Too soon)
Rip Tooly, took my nigga too soon (Too soon)
This dick ain't for free, nah bitch, I fooled you
Hop up off that Cutty, hop up in that new school
Blew off in a Hellcat, bitch, vroom, vroom (Vroom, vroom)
Brand new Glock, clip looking like two brooms (Two brooms)
What is ice to a broke bitch? I'm too cool (Too cool)
And if you fucking with them suckers, we don't fuck with you, too (Bitch nigga)

[Chorus: Yhung T.O.]

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[Verse 2: DaBoii]

S.O.B., bitch

Even when I'm to the neck, 30 deep bitch

It's a lot of shit I won't, I won't leave shit

And they don't need to come up court, they all defense

You see us all and we beefing, nigga, play dead

And them shooters gon' turn on you, if they ain't fed

They comfortable with being broke, 'cause they hate bread

And she gon' get it, four hours, I'm on straight meds

Me and all my niggas be on dumb shit

Worry about no fuck nigga or no dumb bitch

You don't know me, bitch nigga, fuck your assumptions

And it's us against the world, fuck who you run with

What's the point of buying all that ice if it's tucked in?

I could get it for the low, nigga, 'cause I'm plugged in

Bitch controlling how you move, you niggas be puppets

Can't complain about my life, 'cause this what it come with

Bitch

[Chorus: Yhung T.O.]

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