

# Rollin (feat. Future & Khalid)

Calvin Harris

I've been rollin' on the freeway  
I've been riding 85  
I've been thinking way too much  
And I'm way too gone to drive  
I got anger in my chest  
I got millions on my mind  
And you didn't fit the picture  
So I guess you weren't the vibe  
I've been rollin' on the freeway  
I've been riding 85  
I've been thinking way too much  
And I'm way too gone to drive  
I got anger in my chest  
I got millions on my mind  
And you didn't fit the picture  
So I guess you weren't the vibe  
L-O-V-E on my right leg, that's Gucci (know what I'm sayin'?)  
L-O-V-E on my main ho, that's pucci (get what I'm sayin'?)  
Caught a lil' jetlag but I'm golden, damn  
We deserve Grammys and some Oscars, damn  
They deserve wammys, they imposters  
I be rollin' with my project homies, it's a vibe  
I just did some pills with the homie, it's a vibe  
Bend her over, switch sides, it's a vibe I come through with strippers and some shottas  
I gotta accept that I'm a monster  
I pull up in several different options  
Not all, but most of 'em came topless  
I'll shatter your dreams with this cream I make  
Gotta be on codeine to think of shit I say  
I can't feel my toes and ain't gon' fold up  
I was in the parkin' lot when I rolled up  
I've been rollin' on the freeway  
I've been riding 85  
I've been thinking way too much  
And I'm way too gone to drive  
I got anger in my chest  
I got millions on my mind  
And you didn't fit the picture  
So I guess you weren't the vibe  
I've been rollin' on the freeway  
I've been riding 85  
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And I'm way too gone to drive  
I got anger in my chest  
I got millions on my mind  
And you didn't fit the picture  
So I guess you weren't the vibePluto  
Gotta dig what I'm sayin', Chanel draped on me, baby  
Gotta dig what I'm sayin', she look like she's sponsored by Mercedes  
Dig what I'm sayin', this cree cologne is on me, baby (you dig?)  
Dig what I'm sayin'? I'm goin' hard (hard, yeah)  
I pop up bubbly in your memory  
You should be glad I'm showin' you sympathy (show you sympathy)  
I gave you, took you up out the gutter (out the gutter)  
Ever let you go, you gon' suffer (you gon' suffer from it)I come through with strippers and  
some shottas  
I gotta accept that I'm a monster  
I pull up in several different options  
Not all, but most of 'em came topless  
I'll shatter your dreams with this cream I make  
Gotta be on codeine to think of shit I say  
I can't feel my toes and ain't gon' fold up  
I was in the parkin' lot when I rolled upYeah, L.O.V.E. on my right leg  
Nah Hendrix overload, dig what I'm sayin'?  
I feel like I should be giving up  
You can't leave this, it's too much  
But I'm tired of you leading me on, oh no  
I don't like where this shit is going  
You heart is stuck in all your apologies  
Gave you my all but you went off on me  
Keep your love, it doesn't feel the same  
I hope it hurts you when you're hearin' my name  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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