

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 vibe Pluto
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 up Yeah, 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
Your 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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