

# Shwayze, Roamin'

Listen call me on the telephone  
Sorry love I'm not at home  
I'm out on the town roamin  
Leave a message after the tone  
And I'll get back to you in the morning  
Oh yeah  
Everybody in this town wanna know me now  
Cause every honey in this town wanna hold me down  
Roll me round cause I'm round like a blunt  
So put it in the sky and tell me what you want  
Lighter up li-lighter up  
Like it's 1985 and we high as f\*\*\*  
Lighter up li-lighter up  
Like it's 1985 and we high as f\*\*\*  
I kick of my shoes  
I keep the weed in my socks  
I'm going 85 and I ain't gonna stop  
Unless the beat drop  
And I see those cops  
Tryna pull me over cause I'm hot box, windows locked  
Stay bumping that cock rock  
In and out the carpool lane like a hot shot  
Drop top, I got it at the chop shop  
Mario the only one favor for that ganja  
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Oh yeah  
Yeah... yo  
I'm a breast man, face man, leg man, ass man  
Gentleman? yes ma'am  
Ask them they my cliental  
And they eyes is red cause they high as hell  
Brain like baboon, body like gazelle  
Lady gazelle run fast as hell  
I'm the shit, ma, that's the smell  
The next big thing, can't you tell  
The phone ring, can't pick it up  
Like moving too fast gotta live it up  
Gotta live it up, can't trade a trans am for a pickup truck  
Yo I, work hard all day in the garden  
And I was starting to show for something  
Limousine that they show for something  
Drive me around with the music bumping  
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[x2]  
Mmm... f\*\*\*  
F\*\*\* yeah, yeah I'm high  
How you think a brother man s'posed to survive  
Take five, matter fact take a drive  
And think about life while you still got time  
Smoke a little weed, drop a couple rhymes  
Make a couple dollars to save a couple dimes  
Draw a couple lines on some paper making sign  
Hang it on my dressing room door, it's signed  
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Like it's 1985 and we high as f\*\*\*  
Yo, I kick off my shoes...