

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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Yo, I kick off my shoes...