

Peter Rosenberg

"Rosie at Rubber Tracks"

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Featuring PRO ERA

Prod by Oddisee

(Verse)

It's all illusions, big scare cruising
Fix reality shrouded from governmental pollution
I ain't a saint, the holy ghost appeared in my hall and rebuked it
It's the era of indigo and they go with the preachin'
I ascend as the seasons, go on and I vanish
Cause I notice I'm slowly becoming way more imbalanced
A king with the crown, firm grip on the chalice
Solid gold engine coming back to burn on this Babylon
As told in the tales, these flows you could sell
Mastering wind elements, I move with the gales

(Verse)

'Cause I'm a socialite in the night, bitch get right enable
I'm boxin' yo' dorm, Put my Nikes on the coffee table
My tongue's bellow her navel, she makes it where her skills enable
Seals my hands on her extremities, we're choppin' up these remedies
Came in-between her and I
We leave it to the constellations like should we continue relations?
I think not cause all I do is smoke pot
And make beats, and yo' ass just want back shots

(Verse)

Smoker's club, Michael Jordan how I'm killin' 4 quarters
Get stashed in the trash, hold up
Yo' girl startin' to bath water, it's dirty
And that's not an introduction, it's nutchin'
Dirt on my shoulders, black Hova
My niggas turn boulders soft, that's the shit that me and Jovic saw uh
And I was like pro in stores
All my niggas opening doors,
All my bitch is brawless, flawless more or less

Matter towards the key, more action less weekend
Everybody wants a piece,
Peace.

Check
Peace
Yo

(Verse)

When I release the flows I goes over yo dome far
The nigga to represent the warrior, we hold bars
I shine further, you sons get in the bogard
You gotta pick yo road, give it a go, peep the point
guard
Better with the regis my mind, they manifestin
Beast coast, yea we the pros, you don't wanna mess
with
We leave you breathless, don't second guess the best
who blessed it
Less than yo adolescence when I speak my progression

Bring it down baby
Bring it down baby, uh

(Verse)

This is what I asked for, asked for
Chillin in my back door, back off, mine tweakin on bath
salts
Confuse my intelligence, maybe I'm irrelevant
So eloquent, being riders with a elephant
The higher rank tryna pull a trunk off
When I try and do the things, I deserve all respect
Interest in my amount, but to any amount
To any account, probably I could surmount

I can see it through the pyramids
I can see it through the pyramids
I can see it through the pyramids
I must admit, I must admit

(Verse)

The mental state with a nigga, I was pitchin for grafe
Following with sketches, never scheduled for break
But still I'm brace up, I'll put yo neck in a brace
Regular days which they getting paid regular
Respectin the Era where the Era's been ascendin up
Got foreign model fan that's always sendin us love
And ex girls that I loved, I now have felt with a glove
And stay deeper, but still heading above
'Cause Mr. Heinz always gotta float to let the people
know that nigga head is above

Regular sea height, cause they 3rd eye never seen
high
Cause only this Brooklyn street light gave me shine to
shine for these nights
Came with the free ice to bag bodies on the beat sipes

Bring it down baby
Bring it down baby, uh

(Verse)

Lookin for who's in charge, don't be shocked, I'm the
plug
Get inside like the socket, the surgeon, the sergeant
Energy - I put all in
I'm learnin' to flaw things
In the storm you stand out, you can struck and stand up
I know how to conduct, feelings electric
Well we're connected, your buttons are pressin
Can test the reception, I sent you a message
Let me know if you get this a question

(Verse)

Seen it all in the retrospective, retro steps
Like it's '93 still, got '93 til might skills
Even got the echo check
Like for real there no testin, my job is not some tribe
called questions
My professions are not no seconds
To know veterans in they minutes of fame
I'm a menace, insane, minister brain as I diminish the
flame
Make it rain, she in pain, til' it falls down the drain

(Verse)

Got my head up in my dreams
Everything aint what it be seemin'
Don't blame me girl, blame my semen
You got good genes so you're in scenes made
seemless
And off top you're a genius
We took a hit all for the green is
Now she have more fear on the atmosphere but only to
Venus
Break her body to the genius if she leavin
She didn't get to pick and now I see Sophia
She get it's on, so high but neither of us
Sophia got a apple bum
Sophia got a apple bum
I'm thinkin I should take it home
What you sayin?

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