

Roscoe

"It's That Time Again (Feat. Latoiya Williams)"

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Feat. LaToiya Williams

Yeah

Roscoe

Supafly on the track

It's real big tonight

Super Big

C'mon

[Chorus: LaToiya Williams]

It's that time again and the place to be

Hands in the air, if you really wanna party I'll take you there

Everybody get your groove on everywhere, everywhere

It's that time again and the place to be

I love to see, everybody wanna party with a DPG

Take a toast and nigga get ready for the good part

[Verse 1: Roscoe]

Here we go again Crenshaw Boulevard

Hittin switches in the fours again

Time to go Spring Break shoppin and get some clothes again

All Eyes as we rollin in under the end ? lewis

Hit the Beverly Center the Hennessey and mystic

Mixed with this Indo got me lifted

O-Dizzle with the bomb dizzle now my nizzle bizzle twist it

Be legit it stack, now let me hit it

Ladies chase me and bustas scheme

See me caught up in the twist as I bust this dream

Too fly when we cruise by

Me and my Westside riders and plus my original squad

In PA sippin E & J

Dippin the everyday Chevrolets candy painted

Got my eyes wide shut

Kick back for a minute

Let my high rise up

I can't be faded tough guys wise up

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Roscoe]

You wanna party with a DPG

Come and holla at me

I'll be up in Dark House with all the homies

Poppin my call happy

Doin it big as ever
In the City of Angels, Devils and pretty weather
The shark packed with bumper to bumper traffic
All bouncin and 40 ouncin
Hydraulic wit it, alcoholic wit it
Bumper paint and polished demolished
But we ain't trippin we got heavy wallets
Sittin on dubs, rollin on three wheels
On the Four with mugs and Four with big wheels
Just breezing, and all the non-believers eventually end
up believing
Roscoe de Soto the brown bomber
Philly fanatic automatic packin with my khakis saggin
Philaphorn I-A, Y-A where everyday is Friday
C'mon
[Chorus]
[Verse 3: Roscoe]
You know the Young Assassins gon get it crackin
Everytime we mashin
Runnin 'em up, actin a straight nut
When the Yak in my cup spills, I get a refill
Enemies plottin on me y'all better keep chill
I put it down like a G supposed to
And show you something that only a G could show you
Makin all the cheese leavin mice with tofu
Young but I'm cool laid back and old school
Come here girl let me show you how to G Walk
And maybe after we could sneak off
Talent scout with a casting couch
If you ain't got no talent ya gotta get out
Let me rock the breezies one time
With my bump rhyme
I show them how to do the snake with they jaw line
I'm DP'ed out
With every piece of love in the club that could follow me
out
And they all mine
[Chorus] - repeats as Roscoe talks in the background

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