

## **Roscoe**

### **"No Hands"**

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[Chorus]

Girl the way you movin' got me in a trans  
Dj turn me up ladies this yo jam (Come on)  
Imma sip mascato and you gon' loose them pants  
And Imma throw this money while you do it with no  
hands  
Girl drop it to the floor I love the way yo booty go  
All I wanna do is sit back and watch you move and I'll  
proceed to throw this cash

[Waka]

All that ass in yo jeans kid wale me  
Kid and Roscoe speak  
Long hair she don't care  
When she walks she gets this  
Brown skin or a yellow bone  
Dj this my favorite song  
So Imma make it thunderstorm  
Blood want it flacka yea throw it fuck it I don't care  
Glasses flying everywhere tap my partna Roscoe like  
bruh I'm drunk as hell  
Can't you tell, goose we been spent fifty stacks so fuck  
it  
Well I'm tryna to hit the hotel with two girls that's wide  
awake  
Take this dick and swallow bay mascato got her freaky  
Hey you got me in a trans, you take of yo pants  
You p\*\*\*y pop on a handstand you got me sweating  
please pass me a fan DAMN!

[Chorus]

Girl the way you movin got me in a trans  
Dj turn me up ladies dis yo jam "com on"  
Imma sip mascato and you go loose dem pants  
And Imma throw dis money while you do it no hands  
Girl drop it to the floor I love the way yo booty goooo  
All I wanna do is sit back and watch you move and I'll  
proceed to throw this cash

[Wale]

She said look ma no hands, she said look ma no hands

And no darlin' I don't dance and I'm wit Roscoe I'm with  
Waka  
I think I deserve a chance Imma bad motha fucka go  
and ask them mothafuckas  
A young handsome mothafucka I slang that wood I just  
nunchuck'em  
And who you with and what's your name are you not hip  
boo I'm wale  
And that DC shit I rap all day, and my eyes red cause of  
all that haze

Don't blow my high let me shine drumma on da beat let  
me take my time  
Nigga want beef we can take it outside, fuck it what  
broad these hoes ain't mine  
Is you out yo mind, you out yo league, I sweat no  
bitches that sweat out weaves  
Wear out tracks let me do my thing, I got sixteen for  
this roscoe thing  
But I'm almost done let me get back to it  
Hold lot of loud and a lil bag would, whole lotta money  
big tip by wood  
I put it on a train little engine could BITCH!

[Chorus]

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[Roscoe]

R-o-s-c-o-e mr.shawty put in on me  
I be going ham shorty upgrade from bologna  
Them niggas tippin good girl but I can make you flush  
'Cause I walk around with pockets that are bigger than  
my bus  
Rain rain go away that's what all my haters say  
My pockets stuck on overload my rain never evaporate  
No need to elaborate most of these ducks exaggerate  
But Imma get money nigga every day stuntin, nigga  
duck might get a chance after me  
It's a baller like I'm commin' off a free throw, shook yo  
head in the game no cheat codes  
Lambo roscoe no street code 'cause yo booty got me  
lost like nemo, go go go g-gone and do yo dance  
And imma throw this money while you do it wit no  
hands GO!

[Chorus]

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