

Roscoe**"Smooth sailing"**

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party up, party up, paarrty up, bada bah bah bah
now im so high
and im so fly, my gears on deck
my beard ain't grody yet
im so on point im so on ya
this is how we do it here in phillifornia
et's go back go back the one yall love to flow back
i got five fingers and it aint no riddle why the only one
showing
is the one in the middle... hey diddle diddle the cat and
the dark are fightin'
over kibble in the back yard, i drink yak hard, yall act
hard now i gotta
cut ya up like a Mac card, everybodies packin' and
scrapin on all nobody wants to
scrapin an all... im old school with it, no tool wit head up
till we fed up that's hard
(chorous)
that's smooth sailin
i got the ladies sayin
hell i even got my mam sayin
east coast sayin
my big bro sayin

you know you got me movin'
you know you feel my grovin
i show my g and fluid and all i do is spit fluid
im rollin' dep' and smashin i growin' up real fast and all
i know is
flow and rappin. they call me young roscoe the philli
fanatic silly spiratic
dippin in traffic grippin the matic'
sharp as a guillotine still a teen the california sun
just beamin as i lean pull out the cigarettes
feen if a nicoteen straight off the philly screen made
for the philly scene
and a beam with my foot on the gasoline tell me im aint
the fliyest mc youve seen
and it's all smooth sailin'
(chorous)
i got he homies singing, hell i even got my papa

singing
i got the world singing
i got your gurl singing

why hey high blaze
step to us you get -----
i got 4 homies and aint none of them civil
let's go dazzle make the microphone sizzle
so many woman apfter the mac
imma just pick one, smash in my mommas lac'
acurrate maculate cake smasher
deaf jeff lemme borrow the keys to break masters
young and im buckwild labeled as a love child
runnin em up while layin' hella cuts down
i get the club shut down with this thug style
i puff clouds and touch crowds what now?
sick wine strick nine runnin through my blood line
pedal to the medal will one time behind
my heads spinnin like a windmeal rollin down the 101
bout to get bugs on my windshield
(chorous)
smooth sailin
i got the people singing,
hell i even got my sister singin
east coast singing
big bro singin
song exits with melody

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