

roscoe dash "T.T.U"

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Reckless-mind state man let's go... T.T.U *Woah* Ya'll see the movement *Roscoe Dash* Well alright *yeah x7*

{Actions speak louder than words Fuck Niggers what ya'll doing} Leegooo

{x2} Married to the money man this bitch look like a play mate, after every show it's like a episode of Ray-jay money, pussy, music, stupid that's just what I do flexing flexing flexing oh my God I'm T.T.U twenty-fifty-hundred, twenty-fifty-hundred pocket's full of dead people that's just how I do twenty-fifty hundred, twenty-fifty hundred Im flexed up get your check up Oh my God I'm T.T.U.

Cut throat { oh and for ya'll that don't know what T.T.U mean yeah that's To turnt up, so go on and add that to ya lingo right about now demolition 20/20} Married to the money man this bitch look like a play mate, after every show it's like a episode of Ray-jay money, pussy, music, stupid that's just what I do flexing flexing flexing oh my God I'm T.T.U twenty-fifty-hundred, twenty-fifty-hundred pocket's full of dead people that's just how I do twenty-fifty hundred, twenty-fifty hundred Im flexed up get your check up Oh my God I'm T.T.U.

R.O.S.C.O.E pockets fat like pregnant tummy sprained my wrist the otha day I wraped it like a mummy I'm checked up, flexed up bit your neck up all these chickens love me *They do* they Vacuum, Vacuum blow my speakers volume on one-hundred *woah* I'm T.T.U my reapers blue I looked down at the sky *I do* No parachute, No rebel if I fall then I'll die *woah* That's why yo nigga go hard every day that I'm alive *stupid* twenty-twenty everything my sopher doesn't dry flexing flexing hit the mall with white folks in my pocket hour thirty minutes later leave with more shit then they brought in ball'n ball'n ball'n you can call it what you call it this shit just like a poker game and bitch I'm going all out *Leegooo* Married to the money man this bitch look like a play mate, after every show it's like a episode of Ray-jay money, pussy, music, stupid that's just what I do flexing flexing flexing oh my God I'm

T.T.U twenty-fifty-hundred, twenty-fifty-hundred
pocket's full of dead people that's just how I do twenty-
fifty hundred, twenty-fifty hundred Im flexed up get
your check up Oh my God I'm T.T.U. Bank account
overload *woah* if money was a drug then I
overdose boss shit stupid cash every time I hit the bank
is wit a trash bag *Money* roscoe pockets much macho
ambre I'm the V.I.P flexed up with dimes louda then ros

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