

Shwayze "Roamin"

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If you called me on the telephone
Sorry love I'm not at home
I'm out on the town, roamin
Leave a message after the tone
And I'll get back to you in the mornin
Oh yeah

Everybody in this town wanna know me now
Cuz every honey in this town wanna hold me down
Roll me round cuz I'm brown like a blunt
So put it in the sky and tell me what you want
Lite 'er up lite lite 'er up
Like it's 1985 and we high as fuck
Lite 'er up lite lite 'er up
Like it's 1985 yo...

I kick off my shoes
I keep the weed in my sock
I'm goin 85
And I aint gon stop
Unless the beat drop
And I see those cops
Tryna pull me over cuz I'm hot box
Windows locked
I stay bumpin that cop rock
In and out out the carpool lane, like a hot shot
Drop top
I got it at the chop shop
Mario dun owe me one favor for that ganja

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Yo, ima breast man a face man leg man ass man
Gentlemen? yes ma'am ask them
They my clientele
And their eyes are red
Cuz they high as hell

Brain like baboon
Body like Gizelle
Lady gazelle run fast as hell
I'm the shit ma
That's the smell
I'm the next big thing
Can't you tell
Phone ring, Yea
Can't pick it up
Life movin to fast
Gotta live it up
(Shwayze)
Gotta live it up
Can't trade the trans am for a pick up truck
Yo I work hard all day in the garden
Now it's startin to show for somethin
Limosene that the chauffer's up in
Drive me around with the music bumpin

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Oh yeah (2x's)

Fu fuck
Yeah yeah I'm high
How you think a brotha man supposed to survive
Take five
Matter fact take a drive
Thinkin bout life when you still got time
Smoke a lil weed
Drop a couple rhymes
Make a couple dollars
Save a couple dimes
Draw a couple lines
On some paper, make the sign
Hangin it on my dressin room door
It's time

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I kick off my shoes...

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