Rosemary

Aslyn

Let me in this bitch
Let me get some change in
Man, fuck this dress code, bitch
I can dance motherfucker
I can dance
I?m on crack walkin? alleyways downtown
People drop change so I?m checkin? the ground
Behind a nightclub, I can hear the bump outside
I hear them laughin? and drinkin? and dancing getting live
And I?m lonely, graspin? on my 55 cent
I don?t know where my meds went, they been spent
And I?m bent, I don?t remember yesterday at all
I?m barkin? at the moon as I?m pissin? on the walls
People grippin? new cars checkin? out a few bars
They see me come in side, step a few yards
I?m like a bad man, holdin? out my crusty ass hands
Scoldin? an imaginary friend
Scary and I?m blackin? out just about to lose all hope
I was peerin? through the window of a nightclub scopin?
And there she was, everything I planned for
On the spotlight, on the dance floor gravitatin?
She kept a rhythm, her feet to the floor
She dipped down, she did the twirlin?
She shook it some more, she?s groovy
She made me happy, I try to refrain
I walk on but then I run right back
I?m at it again, she?s callin?
I ran a few blocks away and broke a bottle
Carjacked a minivan and punch full throttle
Right back to the spot, then I waited to get her
But when she came out, she had a bitch boy with her
No problem, hit the pipe and follow them home
And my imaginary friend gon have to leave me alone
'Cause this really going down, I feel him pullin? me down
Knowin? I?m a wicked clown I gotta throw it down
She pulled in, her and her fuck ass strolled in
I hit the pipe again and hop out the stolen
Jumpin? through backyards, clumsy and trippin?
It don?t matter when your goal is a throat slittin?

And the way she danced lit flames
Burning me alive, I hear quit playin? games
I?m on the side of her house, lookin? in through the back den
And there she was again, with him dancing
She kept a rhythm, her feet to the floor
She dipped down, she did the twirlin?
She shook it some more, she?s groovy
She made me happy, I try to refrain
I walk on but then I run right back
I?m at it again, she?s callin?
I walked right in through the front door unlocked
No gun cocked, cinder block
Clown paint, I came here to dance boogie, ooh ha
And maybe tap a little nookie
I?m creepin?, music bumpin? in the back
I?m down the hallway hidin? behind the coat rack
And here come the punk fuck to get champagne
I take the rock and pop him with the damn thing
Hit him in the back of the head
He dropped the wine but I caught it in time
I had to take his life with a steak knife
I washed it off and put it back, I?m keeping the place nice
I?m comin' bitch, you want an olive or something
I?m fuckin? straight up the streets but I?m down with some frontin?
I wanna tango
But instead I?m outside the club and it's all in my head
She kept a rhythm, her feet to the floor
She dipped down, she did the twirlin?
She shook it some more, she?s groovy
She made me happy, I try to refrain
I walk on but then I run right back
I?m at it again, she?s callin?
She dipped down
She made me happy
She dipped down

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