

Show Out (Explicit Version)

Roscoe Dash

Hook;

Everywhere I go I,
Dress up and I go out,
I got lots of gwalla, let me show you how I show out
Everywhere I go I,
Dress up and I go out,
I got lots of gwalla, let me show you how I show out .
Gucci, Louie, Prada, man I'm all about my dollas
I be all up in the mall ballin like its no tomorrow
Gucci, Louie, Prada, man I'm all about my dollas
I be all up in the mall ballin like its no tomorrow.

Verse 1;

I got lots of gwalla, I spend it.
I'm a ball-a-hollic like my money , never ending.
Pockets so swole just like Popeye on his spinach.
Like Roscoe why you grunt so hard ? I'm like I'm tryna get it.
And that's just how I do it, hit the mall with bout 10 stacks; but you know that I blew it.
Hit the blunt, and threw it. That's just how we do it.
V.I.P. wit M.M.I. you know we gon be stupid.
You know I make it rain hoe, Goosey by the bottle, blowin fruity like a mango.
Gone and catch this change hoe, yeah we in this thang hoe.
It's R-O-S-C-O-E dash, I'm headed for the fame hoe.

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Verse 2;

Show out, show out, show out, all I do is show out.
Inhale the kushhh, then I blow out.

SS Camero bitch, watch me as I go out
Back to the crib wit yo girl and I go out.
We dont even go out, all she do is hoe out.
I dont even know her and I fucked er, what you know bout that?
See all she know is Roscoe got dem racks, now my meat's between her buns like a fuckin big mac.
And everytime she place her order, I beat er then deport er.
I get heads and tails like both sides of the quarter.
Shawty bad, she expensive; so you prolly couldn't afford er.
But every time I see her its crunch time, like we in the fourth quarter , and I'm gone.

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Ending;

Show out, all I do is show out
Watch me while I show out
Roscoe Dash a show out
Show out, show out, show out, show out, show out, show out.

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