

# ROAMIN'

## Harry McClintock

Listen, call 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  
'Cause every honey in this town wanna hold me down  
Roll me round 'cause I'm brown like a blunt  
So put it in the sky and tell me what you want  
Light 'er up, li-light 'er up  
Like it's nineteen eighty five and we high as fuck  
Light 'er up, li-light 'er up  
Like it's nineteen eighty five and we high as fuck  
Yo, I kick of my shoes, I keep the weed in my socks  
I'm goin' eighty five and I ain't gonna stop  
Unless the beat drop and I see those cops  
Try to pull me over 'cause I'm hot box, windows locked  
Stay bumpin' that cock rock  
In and out the carpool lane like a hot shot  
Drop top, I got it at the chop shop  
Mario, the only one favor for that ganja  
Listen, call 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, yo  
I'm a breast man, a face man, leg man, ass man  
Gentleman? Yes ma'am  
Ask them, they my client

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