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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