

Show Out

Roscoe Dash

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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(Show out)
Gucci, Louie, Prada, man I'm all about my dollars
(Show out)
I be all up in the mall ballin' like it's no tomorrow(Show out)
Gucci, Louie, Prada, man I'm all about my dollars
(Show out)
I be all up in the mall ballin' like it's no tomorrowI 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 itAnd 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. with M.M.I. you know we gon be stupidYou 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 hoeEverywhere 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(Show out)
Gucci, Louie, Prada, man I'm all about my dollars
(Show out)
I be all up in the mall ballin' like it's no tomorrow(Show out)
Gucci, Louie, Prada, man I'm all about my dollars
(Show out)
I be all up in the mall ballin' like it's no tomorrowShow out, show out, show out, all I do is show out
Inhale the kush then I blow out
SS Camero bitch, watch me as I go out
Back to the crib with yo girl and I go outWe don't even go out, all she do is hoe out

I don't even know her and I fucked her, 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 every time she place her order, I beat her then
deport her
I get heads and tails like both sides of the quarter
Shawty bad, she expensive, so you prolly couldn't afford her
But every time I see her it's crunch time
Like we in the fourth quarter and I'm gone 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 (Show out)
Gucci, Louie, Prada, man I'm all about my dollars
(Show out)
I be all up in the mall ballin' like it's no tomorrow (Show out)
Gucci, Louie, Prada, man I'm all about my dollars
(Show out)
I be all up in the mall ballin' like it's no tomorrow 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 Show out, show out, show out, show out
Show out, show out, show out, show out
Show out, show out, show out, show out
I show out, I show out

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