

Roamin'

Shwayze

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 yeahEverybody 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 wantLight '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 fuckYo, 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 lockedStay 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 ganjaListen, 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, yoI'm a breast man, a face man, leg man, ass man
Gentleman? Yes ma'am
Ask them, they my clientle
And they eyes is red 'cause they high as hellBrain like baboon, body like gazelle
Lady gazelle run fast as hell
I'm the shit ma, that's the smell
The next big thing, can't you tell?The phone ring, can't pick it up
Like movin' too fast, gotta live it up
Gotta live it up, can't trade
A Trans-Am for a pickup truckYo, I work hard all day in the garden
And I was startin' to show for somethin'
Limousine that they show for somethin'
Drive me around with the music bumpin'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
One more time, manListen, call me on the telephone
Sorry love, I'm not at home, where you at?

I'm out on the town roamin', yeah, yeah, you know me
Leave a message after the tone
And I'll get back to you in the mornin', oh yeah Fuck, yeah I'm high
How you think a brother man s'posed to survive
Take five, matter fact take a drive
And think about life while you still got time Smoke a little weed, drop a couple rhymes
Make a couple dollars to save a couple dimes
Draw a couple lines on some paper makin' sign
Hang it on my dressin' room door, it's time Listen, call me on the telephone
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Like it's nineteen eighty five and we high as fuck
Light 'er up, li-light 'er up
Like it's nineteen eighty five
Yo, I kick off my shoes

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