Show Out (Rmx) (feat Cam'ron)

Roscoe Dash

I got lots of gwalla, lemme show you how I show out.
Everywhere I go I,
Dress up and I go out.
I got lots of gwalla, lemme show you how I show out .(Show out) Gucci, Louie, Prada, man I'm all about my dollas
(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 dollas
(Show out) I be all up in the mall ballin like it's no tomorrow (out out out out)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 *grind* 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. with 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.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 dollas
(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 dollas
(Show out) I be all up in the mall ballin like it's no tomorrow (out out out out)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 with yo girl and I go out.
Find More lyrics at www.sweetslyrics.com
We don't even go out, all she do is hoe out.
I don't 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 it's crunch time, like we in the fourth quarter, and I'm gone.Everywhere I go I,

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(Show out) Gucci, Louie, Prada, man I'm all about my dollas
(Show out) I be all up in the mall ballin like it's no tomorrow (out out out out)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.Yeaaah this ya boy Roscoe Dash Mr. All Da Way Trunt up and I'm back in the booth nigga!
Ain't I the greatest of all these fuck niggas, real niggas saluute me and im gone

Songwriters
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