

Roamin'

Shwayze

If you 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
Lighter up, light, lighter up
Like it's 1985 and we high as fuck
Lighter up, light, lighter up
Like it's 1985 and we high
Yo, I kick of my shoes
I keep the weed in my sock
I'm going 85 and I ain't gonna stop
Unless the beat drop and I see those cops
Try and pull me over 'cause I'm hot box
Windows locked, stay bumping that cock rock
In and out the carpool lane like a hot shot
Drop top, I got it at the chop shop
Mario don' owe me one favor for that ganja
If you 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, yeah
Yo, I'm a breast man, face man, leg man, ass man
Gentleman? Yes ma'am
Ask them, they my clientèle
And their eyes is red 'cause they high as hell
Brain like baboon, body like Gizelle
Lady gazelle run fast as hell
I'm the shit, ma, that's the smell
The next big thing, can't ya tell
The phone ring, can't pick it up
Life moving too fast, gotta live it up
Gotta live it up, can't trade a Trans AM for a pick-up truck
Yo, I work hard all day in the garden
And it's starting to show for something
Limousine that they chauffeur son in
Drive me around with the music bumping
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 morning If you 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' (One more time man)
If you 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 Fuck, fuck yeah, yeah I'm high
How you think a brother man supposed 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, make a sign
Hang it on my dressing room door, it's time If you call me on the telephone
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