

# 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  
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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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Yo, I kick off my shoes

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>