

## West Side Highway

ASAP Rocky

These days of preference has no complexion  
You could be light, dark, mixed or fair skin  
Just light the candle  
Cold sweats down the handle, life's a gamble  
And she know, love with me is  
Like a C-note, outside of Reno  
A couple white lies, a cup of white wine  
A Pinot, Italian Grigio  
House keys to P.O  
Ride from overseas but that's basic  
Wasted, high on the West Side Highway  
Drunk enough to fuck with, face it

Hangovers, leftovers in the Range Rover  
Shame on her, make up or get a makeover  
Think over, Glenfiddich start to takeover  
When I brainstorm, all the hoes ain't got a thing on her  
Audemars, season order like summer fall  
I throw the Audemars, then I throw out all the ball  
New Dior from the boutique store  
Only thing in common that we got is that we want it all  
Little cutie pie, saw her looking super fly  
More Justin Timberlake on my suit and tie  
Try to scrutinize, cause I keep two inside  
Suicides? No sir, hoes get the Uber ride  
Or we can kiss 'til the sun come up  
Or, sit on my lap 'til somethin' come up  
She ain't really wanna club, I don't really wanna judge  
Girl just wanna have fun 'til the fun run up

On the high way to my place  
It's higher than you ever been  
By to my way, be all day  
Me, you and all your friends  
In love, fuckin'  
In love, just too much