

Rolando (Caught In The Rain)

DUSTY LOCANE

Now a nigga really starting to understand what's goin' on
It was all in front of me
I just had to go get it
Look
Look
Rrrrrr

Said I'ma make bail tonight, hah
I'ma cause hell, I might, hah
Roll through the city, bad little bitty, she gave me head on sight
And I got a safer route (I got a safer)
I'm tryna make it out (I'm tryna make it)
Won't do that shit for clout (No I won't)
Come get with me, come get with me
I'm from the Flossy (Woo, woo)
I'm with them killer niggas, come and talk to me (Come and talk to me)
You could try to walk with me (Come on)
But you can't step in my shoes
I'ma clear the room, I'ma go boom (Boom boom boom boom)
I got the anger, pain (That pain)
I still sip champagne
Thirty shots (Gllllt boaw)
Clear out the whole damn spot
I got a whole lot to lose, but I got a whole lot of shots
Patek be rollin' and controllin' doin' what I do
Breakin' rules, might make the news
Stupid nigga playin', you a fool
And I'll show you what I'm in for
Why the fuck you say a nigga changed up? (Watch it)
You was tryna get your name up
I was here chasing paper (Chasing)
Sorry hater, see you later, turn to vapor
Alexander McQueen (McQueen, huh?)
That's what I rock on my feet
But I could throw on that Dior
Give me more than he needs
I could throw on that Supreme
But I'm way past that, where your stash at (Where its at?)
Rip 'em up, make him bleed
Ain't no rap cap, in my last track
Thirty pull up in your dreams
Kickin' CashApp, let me have that (Kick that shit)
Six racks, runnin' free
I'ma backtrack, no I ain't have that
But I'ma still make a scene (Make a scene)
Lemon squeeze, lemon squeeze
Bad little Puerto Rican, little piece (Sheesh)
Turn up the heat, six-oh degrees (Turn it up)
I'm Dusty rollin' from the clocc (From the clocc)
And I can surely get you shot (I could)
Don't play, you talk to cops (Don't play)
And now you turn into a stain, an opp
I could see everything I need (I see)
It's all right in front of me
I just got to grab, and reach
Pussy nigga try to play with me
He lay deceased (He dead)

Mike Amiri for the jeans (Mike Amiri)
Bitch you know I keep a pole (A pole)
I do this for all my rolandos on the road
Know they stay ten toes, won't fold

Glllt
Boaw boaw boaw boaw