

Rough Soul

GoldLink

Uh-uhm-uhm

Yeah

Had to go to LA for the winter
Had to vibe out, Just caught a tour to the [?]
Real nigga talk slick to ya
Told ya bring your girlfriend, tell her take her friends too
Telling Hollywood kinda weird
You don't really like it but you gotta play the [?]
Yeah met ya last June
By next June we will [?] and fuck now
Fell in love at the wrong time
Spent a night at my high rise
Or hit me late on my hotline
Telling me you miss my homies and your mama cry
Late night you're my boo thing, yeah
You're my [?] with the blue thing, yeah
All praise to the most high leader
Dipped off in the heels [?]

Girl you're gone now
And oh baby
Don't call me, don't call me no more
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Went back to the homeland
Had to tell the niggas what I did in your hometown
Everybody know we probably woulda made it last
But there you go, started tripping never hit me back
Real nigga went back to the pimping
Started getting groovy with the women I was hitting
Got a gold chain and a nose ring
And a new watch, no tick but I always been a thug
Black boy with a black fade, yeah
Got that when you did things
You was fucking and you did dirt too
We was talking but you never hit my phone booth
Moved up and I feel good shit
Roll palm trees and I made a hand for ya
Billboards around the city with your face on it
But they ain't never really know what you been through
Stay dancing where the hoes at

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