

Rough Love

Jay Electronica

Uh huh, uh huh
Uh huh, a-here we go now
Uh huh, uh huh
Uh huh, a-here we go
A rough love, a rough love
She want that rough love, tough love
She need that tough love, rough love, uh-huh
A rough love, uh-huh, check it out, uh

She had an ass like Rosa Acosta
She had a rack like Angelina Croft
She smelled like strawberries and clothes when i crossed her
Offered me an offer, I countered with an offer
We kissed, I went in for the kill, she said get off her

Okay, that gon' cost her
She's a character in the narrative, I'm the author
She think she know me well, okay
I must admit she had a rosy tale
Of how she flew to Hollywood cause she so Chanel
Just had a spot of bad luck at the Sofa Tail
My time in Beverly Hills hipped me to these strokers well
I never bought it, my dreamcatcher caught it
It smelled like (?)
(?)