

# 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 (?)  
(?)