

F.P.C.

Roscoe Dash

I done it
Big face hundreds
Rev the motor up
Get the wheels turning
Too much flavor
I feel the rush coming
Fresh paper cuts
I'm doin' too much thumbing
New whip for no reason
New chick for no reason
Light up for no reason
Kushed out for no reason
New kicks for no reason
New crib for no reason
My bitch thick for no reason
We get lit for no reason

She know I keep it on me
She know that I got it
If she want giuseppes
She just drop some knowledge
Burnt out on the lot
Whip no mileage
She gonna drop the top like
She dropped out of college
Smoke good
Drink good living life making money
Get real fucking high
We stay faded
Party all through the night
We getting crazy
And I don't remember why

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