

## Features

Roscoe Dash

Go!  
I can't help but off em man  
It's true  
Off is very often in your crew  
I've been gettin' money more than you  
Can't talk to me  
Can't talk to me

Wheels go round on the runway  
We're gonna have lots of fun day  
I just made a 100 grand  
No uncle sam on the monday  
Bitch I get it don't wait for it  
For heart no wait for it  
Make it rain like a rain forest  
Burning things is the thing  
But I ain't for it  
Celebrate my birthday  
Lit a cake for it  
Where the Fuck is Rihanna at?  
No nervous shot, disturbia  
You narcissist  
Can't stomach that  
Hand it off when I'm running back  
From Belina hurt tummy fat (yeah)  
I was always a mob  
Fuck still a mob  
Mufukka gah damn  
I ain't no turning back (yeah)  
Pussy, party, broke, niggas watchin'  
Ain't it just like a nigga  
Ain't it darling pan begging palm  
When you take a break you fall enough (yeah)  
I've been getting money all along  
Kick back, speed of [?]  
In a morning what is sexy puss  
Put that real shit echelon  
Bitches real shity call enough  
Bitches lick dick balls n' all  
But to my headache Tylenol  
I know my nope not at all  
If I could I will sign em all  
But I keep the hoes in check  
No sweat (yep)  
Signin' off your name (yeah)  
Lil nigga

I care but often merely true  
Off is very often in your crew  
I've been gettin' money more than you  
Can't talk to me  
Can't talk to me  
Your talk is cheap and I ain't hard to see (We know)  
I got a lot to see  
I got a foreign visa  
I go  
My apologies I got a lot of features I don't

(Yeaaahhh)

Mic check this is sound boy  
Ok good cause I'm gone boy  
I'm so on my  
So nobody's saw a shit that I'm on boy  
I'm the man you look [?] boy  
So collected and calm boy  
And I'm rollin' to with that convoy  
As I grip the game on my palm boi  
And I'm always to the max  
No minimum killin' em  
And am kinda many on fillin' em up  
With a little some  
Little bit of feather em  
Whatever they want cause they tell me  
Nothing's really on my budget  
I'm Steve Jobs to this rap shit  
A bee asked on my chalice  
My hand and the wonder wand  
Down in the wonderland  
Knockin honey jack back with Alice  
My team on my back like I met this  
(Yeah) my steez on some Dijon  
I ain't talkin like a salad  
Everytime I spit I got these other  
Motherfucker doing face palms  
Similar to Dj Cali  
I made a good dream for my nightmare  
Right here ahead of everyone else by lightyears  
My kindness sake witness it's mercy  
Cause my chair is a throne  
So do I care? No, I don't

I can't help but off em man  
It's true  
Off is very often in your crew  
I've been gettin' money more than you  
Can't talk to me  
Can't talk to me  
Your talk is cheap and I ain't hard to see (We know)  
I got a lot to see  
I got a foreign visa  
I go!  
My apologies I got a lot of features I don't  
(Yeaaahhh)  
I go!