

Open Road

Roscoe Dash

Auuuh
Yes, 5 o'clock
On the dot
Hit em up
So she up
Tryna fuck
Like a suck
Kill em bust it another way
"Man I tried been in work"
She just tryna to get in murk
Say u feel like a lot of me
I'm feeling crowd surf
Crowd surf paper plane
Threesum with Mary Jane
Of the chain, repetition
On my man just my mission
She can't hang she pretend
Dick aslane fuck in mimic
Then all this commixes
She get more n more [?]
She get more n more addictive
Chips get more n more expensive
She don't care about the fair
She work hard
She gonna spin it
Doing whatever just to get back what she love most
And I don't love her
But I love her till she overdose

Aaaye none
But I just place some opportunity
No! Perfect time for sum you and me
She want me to [?] my jewellery
She is my biggest fan why she think about boeing me?
If she got a man then why the fuck she doing me?
Usually she be at worked about two or three
But two or three got to sum four or five
Quarter 5 she got into more alive
So do I
So I tryna kill it in long way
She want more so I tryna to kill it a strong way
She head me for the desert dre
And for her antre (burrp)
And then she on a love yeaup
That's what they all say always
All stay! Aaah
And I m her she assure she
Reach for the seat that I
Only for her security
We before a long ride out
Only adore her aaah
She's my inspiration
I just recorded