

YE'S

Roscoe Dash

Dis feel like a win
Been wanting since I was ten
She gon feel this bank
Dancing on her skin
Pulling up in a foreign
Sitting behind the tint
Smoke all in my Ye's
Fogging up my lenses

You might think this flexing would just motivate
But they don't seem to think so
All they know is hate

Dis feel like a win
Came up another ten
Too much ain't enough
I might win again

I got the
I got the
I got the
I got the juice
These haters gon sit round and tell u a lie
But I tell u the truth
Just so these niggas can see me
I might lose the roof
I done mastered my roshi
It came with a yoshi
Now bring me my soup
We known to spend them benjis
Rollie cost a chicken
Might drop another 10
Watch the water rinse
Too much ain't enough
Game ain't game enough
Bentley paint it up
That chain don't gleam enough
Rings don't ring enough
Awww I seen enough
Fuck em by the group they teaming up
Got hits I'm T'ing up
So much cash in the air
When it land on the floor
Whole team gotta sweep it up
(Hey)
Balling with no rim
Pockets never slim
They don't stand a chance
I'm jumping out the gym
Had too much to drank
Might need my liver cleansed
Might need another hand
To count up all these Ms

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She don't want me for the cash
But it do make her stay better
Win every argument
I'm 50-0 like I'm mayweather
I'll go with Becky
Can't date heather
Cause personally Becky be way wetter
Feel like I fuck her in mayweather
We on a wave like a wave runner
I put in work like a safe in her
Dat pussy buss like A-k in her
I go in brave like the A in here
Smoke to the roach I can't lay in here
Pack got the Whole room funky
Like it's filled up with junkies
I got zeros all over my check
Over my check Man I feel like a flunky
Today my day I'm the donkey
I done Caught a mill like walkee
Got me up like coffee
Ice check like hockey
She done left her man now He salty
She wanna bounce with me like Spaulding
She got me Slapping ass red monkey
Give her red neck like a honkey

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