

# Lady XO, Dead Roses (feat. JR007)

Ay I'm a fast car hitman  
In the field workin' with my corners I'm a blitz man  
Say she like to travel told her we can take a trip then  
Pretty bitch short and she thicker than some quick sand, she look just like a vixen  
Oh ooh oh  
We be trappin' on this stove all night  
Grab ya Glock 30 clip we can throw all night  
If I feed the bitch some Hennessy she goin' all night  
Say she wanna try some ecstasy I told her alright  
And mama don't you worry I'm gon get us so straight  
Told her close your eyes when you open up you'll be paid  
Takin' drugs for my scars purple in my lemonade  
Empty out my cup to better days

They won't take my soul, ain't no Hollywood bitch  
Gotta keep a pole on me when I move around it ain't no joke like magic disappear it's hocus pocus  
Ay tell me where's the beef, let me know, and if it's cold we can heat it up  
We a hit ya family tree, through the front door you ain't gotta lock the back for none

I'm a need my money fast  
I remember how you switch up when I shared my last  
I don't like that type of energy  
I do the dash on em  
They gon turn into an enemy ya karma comin' from it  
Sippin' from the bottle I think I could almost see the bottom  
I could drown out all these problems but I know that ain't gon solve it  
Block ya number you a bother  
I ain't interested in talkin'  
If you do too much I got somethin' to really make you stop it  
Shout out back home couple homies with me always kept it solid  
Nothin' change between us I'm a give you somethin' out my pocket  
Only fuckin' with a few don't hit me up unless you coppin'  
And my people kickin' doors no you don't want it bitch I promise

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