

## Roses 'Caroline'

Armand van Helden

All the guys would say she's mighty fine  
But mighty fine only got you somewhere half the time  
And the other half either got you cursed out, or coming up short  
Yeah, now dig this, even though  
You'd need a golden calculator to divide  
The time it took to look inside and realize that  
Real guys go for real down to Mars girls, yeah!

I know you'd like to thank your shit don't stank  
But lean a little bit closer  
See that roses really smell like boo-boo  
Yeah, roses really smell like boo-boo

Caroline! See she's the reason for the word "bitch"  
I hope she's speeding on the way to the club  
Trying to hurry up to get to some  
Baller or singer or somebody like that  
And try to put on her makeup in the mirror  
And crash, crash, crash.. into a ditch! (Just Playing!)  
She needs a golden calculator to divide  
The time it took to look inside and realize that  
Real guys go for real down to Mars girls, yeah!

Well she's got a hotty body, but her attitude is potty  
When I met her at a party she was hardly acting naughty  
I said "Would you call me?"  
She said "Pardon me, are you ballin'?"  
I said "Darling, you sound like a prostitute pursing"  
Oh so you're one them freaks, get geeked at the sight of ATM receipts

But game been peeped, dropping names she's weak  
Trickin' off this bitch is lost  
Must take me for a geek a quick way to eat  
A neat place sleep, a rent-a-car for a week, a trick for a treat  
Now go on the raw sex, my AIDS test is flawless  
Regardless, we don't want to get involved with no lawyers  
And judges just to hold grudges in a courtroom  
I wanna see ya support bra not support you!  
Better come back down to Mars  
Girl, quit chasin' cars  
What happens when the dough get so low  
Bitch, you ain't that fine  
No way.. no way.. no way  
Crazy bitch  
Bitch, stupid ass bitch  
Old punk ass bitch, old dumbass bitch  
A bitch's bitch, just a bitch