

Dear Ms. Rose

G-Eazy

Baby, I could rule the world
With a girl like you, in my arms

High up, I was chillin in class
With a magazine open, trippin' starin at that ass
And think I fell in love, or maybe it's the grass
Sittin', thinking to myself we could forget about your past, see
I wouldn't care if you were, a, prostitute that you
Hit every rapper that you ever knew, see
It wouldn't matter, we let them blogs chatter
See I love your whole swagger, and I know you like rappers so
Let me know I'm tryna find what you're open to
I kiss both lips I pipe for the both of you
Fantasize about you so long, now I'm hoping to
Try to get you home and put it down like I'm suppose to do
Yeah, and see I'm trying to get close to you
I'm just being real cause I ain't found nobody 'dope as you
Dreams of fuckin' a bad stripper bitch, turn super star chick,
swagged out super rich

Man, hell nah she ain't a gold digger;
Why she only fuck with rappers then? Go figure
Blow bank account, you ain't gettin laid
If you fuckin' with this girl then you better be paid, know why
?
Takes too much, believe me
From what I've heard she got a baby by Yeezy
Somebody even told me that she fucked with Amari
Leave the club and drive off in somebody's ferrari
Heard she used to fuck with Fabolous and Wiz
Or at least that's what the tabloid says
You the baddest in the game; baddest in the biz
And if I ever met you I would tell you what it is
See, the only person I could see myself with is
You Ms. rose but I'm tryna make you misses
A top notch for you, set a bar for these bitches
And I flipped the fuck out when world star leaked pictures