

My Season

Rockie Fresh

Dog, it's not a question, the homie Rockie Fresh got flows
I hit the club just to show 'em that I got hoes
Ever since I got cold and the wrist got froze
Now I'm in the club, Nudie jeans and some bygoes
But no, a nigga not fly just 'cause of my clothes
Oh how my mind grows to see me reaching my goals
Realizing I'm chose, milli from a micro, open to success
But something less, I got my mind closed
And it's funny, I got the call, I got my spot set
From the phone booth to the DJ Booth dot net
Then I got your girl and afterward, she got wet
Had to wear goggles but I took it for a throttle
Varnish looking in my bottle, she thirsty so she sip this
Niggas can't see me, I'm about to make a witness
Not with making friends, I'm more with making business
If that shit don't make money, then that shit don't make a difference
And because I make a difference, many are a fan of mine
Request me on the DJ Booth and they quick to stand in line
I been getting on and getting blown like a dandelion
Girls wanna get nailed and my watch is saying hammer time
Man, it's all hands on me like a clock
So they finna blow me till a nigga reach the top
I'm all up in a sweater, y'all just chilling on the dock
And your shit wouldn't sell if you threw it on a yacht
Boy, stop and yet they continue with the hating
I let these hoes tell like where I stay, where I vacation
Hid my new shit for a moment, they been waiting
Like I'm in the doctor's office, I just had to make 'em patient
Were y'all being patient? No, y'all not adjacent
And ain't no other nigga take it far as I'm a take it
Yeah cause love my charm like I'm hanging from they bracelet
Rappers get ate like I'm on my Johnny Case yeah
I just gotta make it, they love what I'm on
That's why they wanna kick it like Dragonfly Jones
Order Dominoes and they'll later play bones
I slam 'em on the table, spit that game because I'm able
I am Rockie and I am able, hanging with the winners
And when I see money, then I'm always thinking dinner
Why? Because I'm eating, never been beaten
They think I'm off the spice rack 'cause it is my season, gone