

# ROSES

Words and Music by ANDRE BENJAMIN  
and MATT BOYKIN

Moderately fast swing

♩ = 108

Em D C

*mf*

B<sup>5</sup> A<sup>5</sup> G<sup>5</sup>



F Em D B/D<sup>#</sup> Em D

Car - o - line, \_ see,  
Car - o - line, \_ see,  
*Rap: (See rap lyrics)*

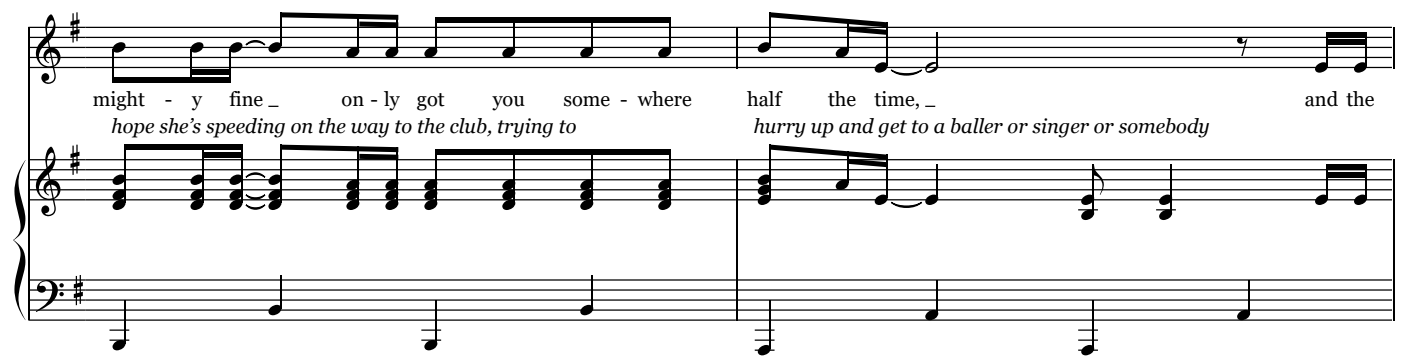
Cmaj<sup>7</sup> Bm<sup>7</sup>

(2nd time Spoken:)

Car - o - line \_ all the guys would say she's might - y fine. \_ But  
she's the rea - son \_ for the word, \_ "bitch" (bitch). I

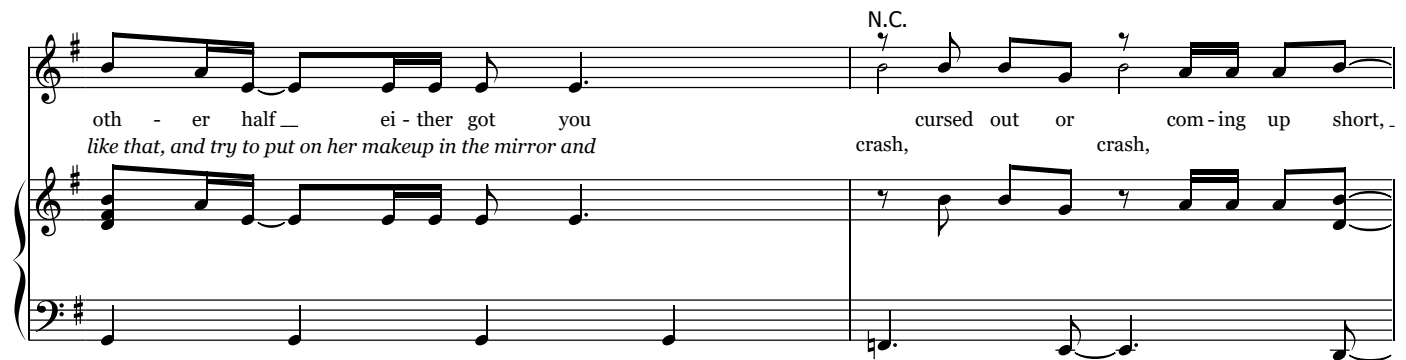
Am<sup>9</sup>  5fr 



might - y fine \_ on - ly got you some - where half the time, \_ and the  
*hope she's speeding on the way to the club, trying to* *hurry up and get to a baller or singer or somebody*



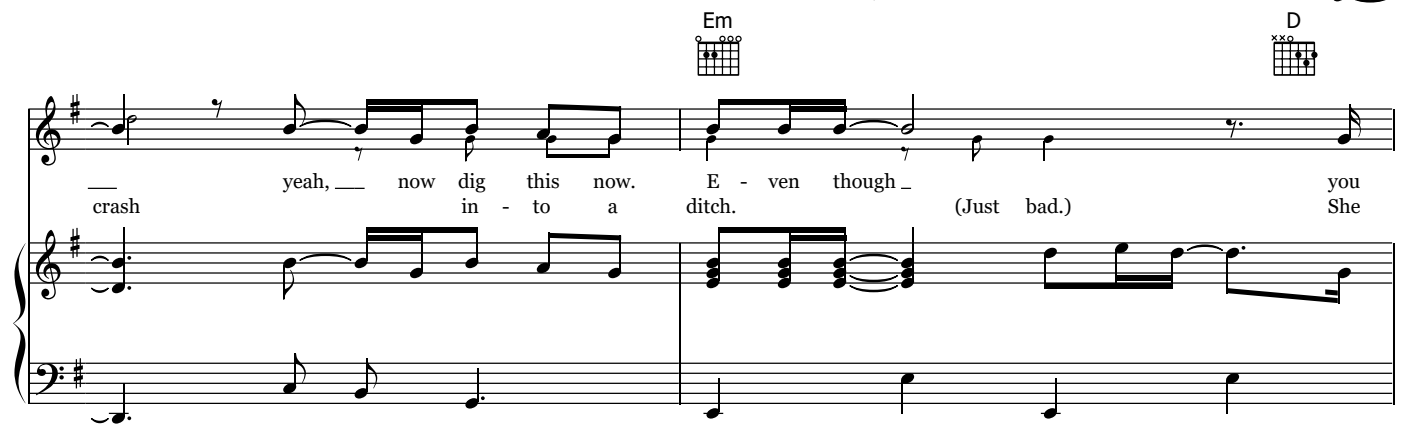
N.C.



oth - er half \_ ei - ther got you cursed out or com - ing up short, \_  
*like that, and try to put on her makeup in the mirror and* *crash, crash,*



Em  D 

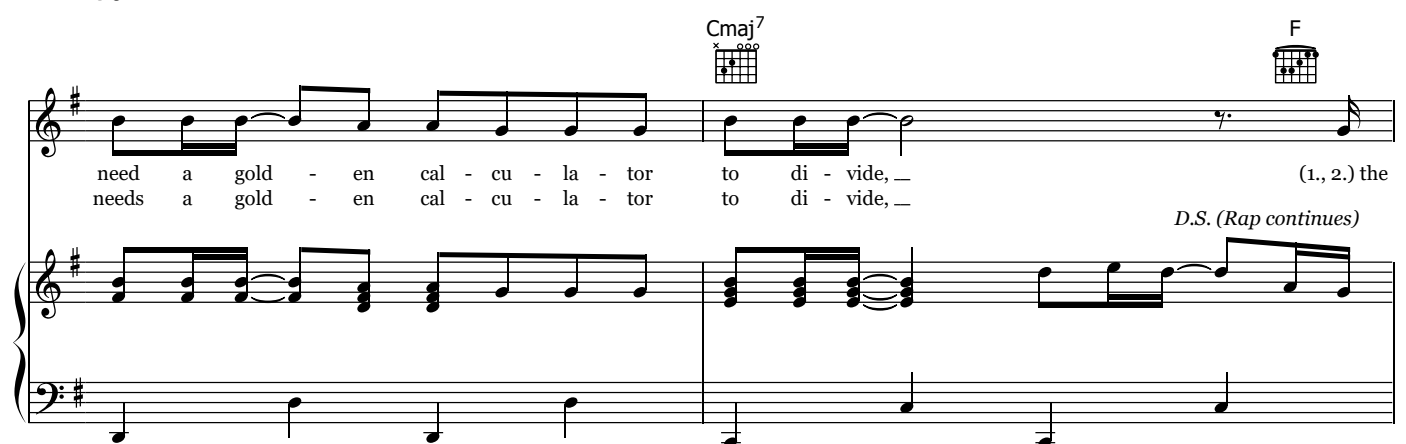
crash yeah, \_ now dig this now. E - ven though \_ you  
*in - to a ditch. (Just bad.)* *She*



Cmaj<sup>7</sup>  F 

need a gold - en cal - cu - la - tor to di - vide, \_ (1, 2.) the  
 needs a gold - en cal - cu - la - tor to di - vide, \_

*D.S. (Rap continues)*



time it took \_\_\_ to look in - side and re - al - ize \_\_\_ that

real \_\_\_ guys \_\_\_ go for real down to Mars girls, \_\_\_

yeah. \_ I \_\_\_ know you'd like to think your shit don't stank, \_ but

*Rap ends*

lean a lit - tle bit clos - er, see, ros - es real - ly smell like boo - boo, \_

Chords: Em, D, F, C, Em, D(add4), Cmaj7, Bm7

Am<sup>9</sup> Gmaj<sup>9</sup>

yeah, ros - es real - ly smell like boo boo. —

N.C. Em D(add4)

I — know you'd like to think your

shit don't stank, — but lean a lit - tle bit clos - er, see,

Am<sup>9</sup> Bm<sup>7</sup>

ros - es real - ly smell like boo - boo, — yeah, —

To Coda  $\oplus$

1. N.C.

Gmaj<sup>9</sup>

ros - es real - ly smell like boo boo. \_\_\_\_\_

D.S. al Coda

2. F C(add9) B/D<sup>#</sup> 4fr

N.C.

I \_\_\_\_\_

Em D(add4) 3fr

know you'd like to think your shit don't stank, \_\_\_\_\_ but

The musical score is written for guitar and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system starts with a guitar chord Gmaj<sup>9</sup> and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'ros - es real - ly smell like boo boo.' are written below the vocal line. A 'To Coda' symbol is placed above the first system. The second system begins with a '2. F' guitar chord and continues with piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'I \_\_\_\_\_' are written below the vocal line. The third system starts with an 'Em' guitar chord and continues with piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'know you'd like to think your shit don't stank, \_\_\_\_\_ but' are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass staves, notes, rests, and dynamic markings.




lean a lit - tle bit clos - er, see, ros - es real - ly smell like boo - boo, —




yeah, — ros - es real - ly smell like boo boo. —

1.  2. 

I




Bet - ter come back down to Mars; girl, quit chas - in' cars.

Cmaj7 F

What hap - pens when the dough gets low? Bitch, you ain't that fine, no way, —

Em D F C(add9)

no way, — no way. —

1. 2.

B/D# 4fr B/D# 4fr Em D(add4)

(Cra - zy bitch.) (Cra - zy bitch.)

Cmaj7 Bm7

(Cra - zy bitch.) (Cra - zy bitch.) (Cra - zy bitch.)

Am<sup>9</sup> 5fr

Gmaj<sup>9</sup>

N.C.

(Cra - zy bitch.) (Cra - zy bitch.) Bitch. (Cra - zy bitch.)

Em

D(add4) 3fr

(Vocals sung 1st time only)

Stu - pid ass bitch. (Cra - zy bitch.) Old (1.) past bitch. (Cra - zy bitch.) Old  
(2.) bitch.

Vocals tacet to end

Cmaj<sup>7</sup>

Bm<sup>7</sup>

dumb-ass bitch. (Cra - zy bitch.) A bitch-'s bitch. (Cra - zy bitch.) Just a bitch. (Cra - zy bitch.)

Am<sup>9</sup> 5fr

Gmaj<sup>9</sup>

Stu - pid ass bitch. (Cra - zy bitch.) Old past bitch. (Cra - zy bitch.) Old



N.C.

dumb-ass bitch. (Cra - zy bitch.) A bitch-'s bitch. (Cra - zy bitch.) Just a

*Rap Lyrics: Well, she got a hottie's body, but her attitude is potty.  
 When I met her at a party she was hardly acting naughty.  
 I said, "Tawdy, would you call me?" She said, "Pardon me, are you balling?"  
 I said, "Darling, you sound like a prostitute pausing."  
 Oh, so you're one of them freaks  
 Get geeked at the sight of an ATM receipt.  
 But game been peeped, droppin' names she's weak.  
 Trickin' off this bitch is lost. Must take me for a geek.  
 A quick way to eat, a neat place to sleep,  
 A rent-a-car for a week, a trick for a treat.  
 No go on the raw sex; my AIDS test is flawless.  
 Regard, we don't wanna get involved without our lawyers  
 And judges, just to hold grudges in the courtroom.  
 I wanna see your support bra not support you.*