

Whitesnake

"Paradise"

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I don't give two fucks if you like me or not
Take your criticisms and put em in a pipe with a rock
And smoke it up is the fucking record broken or what
Saying its time to quit and my rhyming is shit
Thinking I'm in the rough but I just tee'd off
I'll make the putt in two strokes and I supposed to be
soft
And if you got beats you better lend em for free
Cause I never paid for beats actually you would be
paying me
If the tables were turned and ratios reversed
You'd be paying my punk ass around \$100 a verse
And I'm not trying to day that you don't deserve the
money
But I'm really trying to sit down and work with
somebody
Split the bills split the profit and try to split the fame
It was me and the mic wasn't ready for that other shit
that came
As a byproduct of spitting emotional feelings
That's why I got a few good men to handle promotional
dealing
And if I did quit my tail would be sticking straight up
I'm purebred, in between the legs is for mutts
Nine months, shit this baby took a year and a half
Provoking thought now mixed in with tears and a laugh
Wear my pride like a bade even over a coat when
colder
My grandpa had a stroke my dad grabbed his mom to
hold her
I told her with a crooked face that things would be
alright (SE)
It was a lie and my grandfather died that night

[Chorus]

I just want to go somewhere where the air is nice
Till I'm in Paradise sipping a parrot ice rolling a pair of
dice
Discussing topics with hot chick in the tropics
Where top stock picks are sure to line my pockets nice
"Don't grab the sunscreen just yet"

The two towers fell, fulfilling glorified dreams
We got two towers now, but it's Lord of the Rings
So you better get prepared for whatever the torturer
brings
Cause you can no longer hide behind a liberty torch
that's green
And Circuit City wanted me to send a saluting CD to the
Army
I told'em to get their asses home and barricade around
me
Cause that's the only way I'm feeling safe today
And even that's a lie because the bomb we dropped
melted faces away
I just want to find a decent place to stay
Where I can say my goodbyes without choking up like
Macy Gray
What if it happened here? Shit they took over our
planes
What do we have to fear? Yo, they even took our names
I hope them bastards rot, this life's just one big acid
drop
Put on a sheet and spread equally throughout the
community (SE)
Pray to God to be granted immunity with my rhymes
Cause what I say can be construed and viewed as a
crime
When its neutering time stand in line to gets your nuts
chopped
I'll step out of line and catch buckshot in my fuckspot
Like Zed from Pulp Fiction but its Ed with his cult vision
Where government was fair and politicians would listen
I'm a Christian catholic, but don't know the words to a
church song
But when Big Poppa comes on I'm the first one to sing
along (SE)
And that's fucked up aint it, living my life in
containment
Recluse through my youth, pretty picture could never
paint it

[Chorus]

And here's the problem, I just can't get away
When I try, there's a force that pulls me back and tells
me where to stay (SE)
And I feeling fucked up today
I haven't felt Hip Hop Hooray since "19 Naughty 3"
And that's the shade under a decade when I used to
spectate
Now I stand in the direct shade to avoid the sunrays

Cause my iris was burning when I went to see the light
That's why I'm losing sleep at night looking for some
beats to write
My Opus's, it's hopelessness that's the plague of out
people
Also, the lack of character development in a sequel
That's why when "junior" decided to go to war
How could you stand back and try to force out an
applaud?
That shit's ridiculous when our president dimes and
nickels us
So we send over missiles to form ripples in the dust
Meanwhile, oil prices skyrocket
Spend a billion on a fuel cell with a lethal by-product
And we gave Saddam a 48 hour ultimatum
With hopes that crazier son wouldn't replace him
And we'll find a fix to this at the same time as AIDS
Cause it's not about the cure, it's all about getting paid

"Paid in full, its unbelievable... but true
cause in times of war our bill of rights become null and
void
They don't want to kill you they want to fill you with
wooden bullets
So shut your lips you fucking bitch and lets all go get
fucking rich
In paradise, somewhere where the air is nice
With someone I can share my life
Where my highest rated stock picks wont plummet over
night

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