

Emilio Rojas

"Niggas In Paris"

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Intro:

Yeah, uh, rock city in this motherfucker,
yeah, yeah yeah yeah, hey hey hey
It's Emili baby! Let's go!

Verse 1:

Ball so hard mu'fuckas wanna' sign me,
But I already got a team of the best behind me
so if y'all wanna ball, y'all comin' inna my league
On the high seas, where I be, with a dime piece,
they obviously just wanna pirate these
here flows my fans Somali
But I'm known on the Coast of the Mamis (?)
With a nose fulla cokes (?) who do not sneeze
Take control of the boat 'til they knock-kneed
And I never ever go like Gaddafi
Now your speed will be my speed
And you doin' whatever the FUCK I deem
is appropriate without controlling it,
to the last drop like it's an IV

Verse 2:

Wanna find me? I'm not hidin'
I be wherever the FUCK I be
With a brightened ling (?) is up my sleeve
'Cause homie it's 'bout timing
And my time will be high time
Your time will be bye time
You find it funny you say time is money
Bitch! you broke asses can't buy time
Uh, I'ma get a bit a bread,
an' I'm gonna spen' it I ain't livin' when I'm dead
Livin' to the limit I be livin' on the edge
You gettin' pissed on, you were livin' like a pledge
Yeah, I'm the baddest out
Learned how to be the man with no dad around
And I done chat around and Mrs. Sad is 'bout to be (?)
On another level with a tax accountant

Verse 3:

Grow wise with age but y'all at the fountain
of youth, and throwin' loose change at it poutin'

Roll with a clique and the Jack was wild (?)
You all roll with a clique you know jack about
So cold and belligerent,
I don't give one FUCK! Not a little bit
If you gettin' in the way of my Benjamins,
I be cuttin' out the middle man
Like sho' 'nuff I gotta glow up
And now everybody know I'ma blow up,
If you the chick and ain't suckin' dick
I'ma spit that and tell you to grow up (?)
We both know when you pulled up
Open up so girl don't front
You go nuts upon both nuts
You teary eyed like you choked up

Verse 4:

Don't cry, dry ya' eyes,
Never been the type to like a 9 to 5
My people in the Roc doin' time for pot (?)
Throw a couple birds hopin' time will fly
But I go under the A, for the winner of LA
But I'm gettin' on a plane and I'm jettin' ain't
no FA-vors I'm deadin' anybody that's sendin'
in they hand without nothing to give back to beginning
(?)

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