

## Roc Marciano

### "Bally Belts"

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[Intro]

Oh, man, you already know what it is  
Shit, Pimpstead shit, nigga (word)  
Give me the light  
Word up  
Pussy-face niggas, man, yo check it out  
Follow suit

[Verse]

Bally belts, presence is felt, I'm somethin' else  
My gun long as hell, it ain't for huntin' elk  
Preserve self, earn wealth, hurl shells  
Twirl a L, burn in Hell  
Learn the skill  
Turn the steering wheel in the Sedan de Ville  
Spanish MILFs eat chamomile  
Trill, slipped on a banana peel  
Jam the hammer in your grill, and stand on the sand hill  
Pop a painkill pill, let the champagne spill  
Snake peel, twist the J, lay still  
Embrace stale enough to taste veal  
Break the seal, my faith is a paper trail  
Placed a spell on the ageless belle  
The slaves are for sale, from grace fell  
Became stealth  
Your chain is the third rail  
Tears of pain like rain fell  
Bask in the glory  
Passion, passport spells pausey  
The Jag that's sporty, the pump shotgun call it "shorty"  
Niggas in my opinion rap corny  
Crash your story in the A4 Audi  
My dealer scrape paper form LA to Missouri  
Mix the soft drink with the Formula 44-D  
Hustling raw with the sore feet  
Draw heat, knock the top off your core piece  
I stood covered in a long mink  
Look sleek, the sneaks is like a toucan beak  
The wolf-man dance with the sheep  
A grand apiece keep my hands greased  
The Sedan it ain't a lease, the Coup, take off the

hairpiece  
Speak your piece  
(Feels so)  
Or beat your feet  
(Girl)

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