

## Roc Marciano

### "Bruh Man"

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[Verse 1]

Crash Beamers, get my slacks out the cleaners  
My queen don't even speak English  
Watches on arms, rings on fingers  
Notes played like Coltrane and Mingus  
If you can't play the game, wing it  
Remember Lee? The same as me, wing men, smooth  
as Luther Ingram  
Ordained, shoe game strained, Eddie Kane's pain  
Heavy chain, sex, cocaine, a fresh chest pain  
Dress plain, clever, White Plains, my life's changed  
Polite ways, nice waves, white slaves  
My Nikes is like the ice age, Ice Capades  
I rock the Issac Hayes shades, it was a phase  
The legacy, the flesh of an emcee is a delicacy  
I delicately squeeze shots from the celibacy  
I'm like Denzel in Pelican Brief  
The Porsche is yellow like American cheese (please)  
My taste in women's like Sade, we left the soiree  
The Jaguar's gray, the caviar's great  
Swipe the black card, 4.6 come with the crash bar  
The seats is white like Terry Bradshaw

[Hook]

It's a tough business, duckin' the sentence  
Hustlers, sinners, crushin' the fiddish  
A dutch of spinach, bruh man, nigga chillin , nigga  
chillin'  
Bruh man, nigga chillin'  
It's a tough business, duckin' the sentence  
Hustlers, sinners, crushin' the fiddish  
A dutch of spinach, bruh man, nigga chillin , nigga  
chillin'  
Bruh man, nigga chillin'

[Verse 2]

Water whippin' work - whip the furt (merk)  
Twist purp, hit 'em where it hurt  
\$800 dollar shirt, bitches flirt, I kick up dirt  
Shit, Bert, Benzes with the skirt, rubber get burnt  
Duckin' 5-0, whoa, Tae Bo

Eyes low, keep the .45 by the thigh bone  
Chanel socks, glocks, tip the bellhop  
Checks is in the mailbox, to think we used to sell rocks  
Flex the gators with the petrified eye  
Accessorize, neck ties, cuff links, rough minks  
Just think, I can knock your buzzard just with one blink  
Â‘Cause it ainÂ‘t nothinÂ‘ sweet, buckinÂ‘ heat,  
hookers rub feet  
Hoes we never cuff Â‘em, let Â‘em run free  
The clothes? Shit is custom Â– we run things, things  
donÂ‘t run we  
Crocodiled-down, Dundee  
Yo, itÂ‘’s a done D, hoes often tell me I got dumb Gs

[Hook]

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