

Roc Marciano

"Paradise for Pimps"

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Blowing exotics, low in the cottage
Clothes is the finest, flows is melodic
Cook product over stove pilots
Robotic, smokers is opening up wallets
Connects is solid, PR PS's is knotted
Shred flesh like cheddar for omelettes
Death is promised, heffers are dishonest
Weapons are polished, my nemesis plotted
Paradise for pimps, what I'm writing is dense
Pop vicodins in like vitamins
Move work, fly it in, get fly again
Fire the M, you just bend like a tire rim
These are the chronicles of dealers
Your rhymes is not tolerable for hearing
You can't get that blah blah about my earring
That shit you poppin will get you shot by the year end
Tryin to show you motherfuckers reared in
They're synthetic I'm the real thing
Ain't nothing authentic about em
The sound niggas is out mimicking is ours
We miss showers, work rigorous hours
Earn six figures just spitting on albums
Been in battled, niggas is gaffled
Women harass who the live in the castle
Individuals with little will grab instead of ask you
And catch 20 in the cashew

[Hook]

I know feel me, cause I'm filthy
We still take risks for it
Pay 10 stacks on the hit for it, nigga
I know you on mine's, cause I'm all fly
I still mack hoes with it
Gold wristwear with the stones in it, feel it nigga

The taste of cider, stakes get raised higher
My spray will show grace under fire
Display the iron, this is how pros do it
When the occasion was shown I arose to it
They want war, I'm not opposed to it
I'll pop holes in your old Buick

It's no music
I'll actually really go and do it
And spend 20 on a rose gold Cuban
Heineken case, blow about an eighth to the face
They trying to duplicate my shape like a bathing eight
Shave weight on plates, blades scrape
Hermes waste, I'm just tryin to earn the day's pay
Poetic track records is athletic
Dealing bars like calisthenics
Al's the chemist,
I just come and put down the lyrics
That's just how we handle our business

[Hook]

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