

Eros Ramazzotti & Joe Cocker**"Paradise"**

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Mac talking:

Yeah I got these motherfucking Warlocks in this biatch
So you know its all about that World War 3 Nigga
You feel me nigga haha
My nigga Sam
My nigga Popeye
Shout out to my nigga BI-Geezy you off in this bitch
feel it

Chorus: (Popeye)

My future, my focus, paradise
Criminal slash pistol popper toat the badder dice
And if I got to be real and sank a clip below my hip to
survive
I keep the real motherfuckers alive

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Verse 1 (Sam) :

Intentions to leave a coarse, remorse is extinct
Niggas murder and lust the course we own is mislink
The pack we don't want it lead to unknowns
Like understanding life and why we here and some
gone
I'm mystified conspicuous eyes vision my glory
Camouflage and wish we hiding side of the hallways
The narrow road has followed the battle hole of hollows
I spit
To keep the real alive to have tomorrow
Murderer slash real nigga slash ghetto celebrity
To often have life and death we hope to never see
The destiny of what's real is my fate to not hate
Confusion keep unfolding that the migrates, my Lord
Tech to my face, flinching is forbiddin

Murder in self-defense, can you blame me for living?
Keep the real alive, the fake get famous with death
Keep the real seen, bitch niggas are laid to rest

Chorus: (Popeye)

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Verse 2: (Popeye) :

Faster between the streets I held on
promoted through pistols and either elsewhere
Silent and helped to hold on for killer that said a self-
prayer
To walk away beside the lord, siners repent so we
divide the sword
Behind the tents I mean be riding cars
Standing off the roof of a killer, to murder made life
Focused than any president living that carry shade ice
That live amongst the fallen few, to walk away the day
they calling you
And freeze the heat when they come crawling through
Breathing from the top of it's lungs, tommorow it will
shut down
Niggas that held a piece of my heart they never let
down
Was yet to come before the lord,
I thought my father supposed to show the card,
These niggas camaflouge to blow the gaurd
Making me a part of the wind, suspend will now hell
Everything operated in time to end when I fail
Beside the walls of badder shit, I run the streets and
chose to stan and spit
Behind the gate the hater grabbin' pit

Chorus: (Popeye)

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Verse 3 (Mac) :

Now Check it
Now spill on my proverbs, I bless you, you bless the
next niggas
Its for the best niggas believe me
They say money is the root of all evil
I say only when it's in the clutch of the wrong people ya
feel that
If murder is the medicine for fools who refuse to abide
by the rules
You lose your cool then you lose your shoes
To every nigga in the struggle with big dreams
We was born with the hustle in my genes, I know it
seams like we forbiddin
Forced in ghetto living, poverty strickin eating popeye
chicken and biscuits
With alittle jelly for my lil belly,
That I just can't fill cause moma belly make the bills
And I know shit's real, when we go to school just to eat
meals
And for dinner we got sleep nigga, it's deep nigga
With that you got that whole world against ya
Bitch ass nigga have you forgotten god sent ya
Whoaaaaaaa

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