

Roc Marciano Joint

Das Racist

Rock on the track like we got Roc on the track
They ain't seen it coming, there ain't no mock up for that right?
These rappers is soft, they Tevin Campbell
They Molly Ringwald, they Sixteen Candles
DR so hype, man, our hypeman got a hypeman
We aight, man
Queens up to Dyckman
Heems rollin' dice, man
Something like the Dice Man
Nice man, brown man, white like Norway
If you good with spy make a pass at her like Jorge
Posada, tostadas, toasters in the holsters flow
Rollin post apposed to flow
Act like they supposed to know
Really they be sleeping like they ain't never heard of folgers joe
My soldiers rolling doja, bro
Me, I'm eating dosa dough
Queens, got the most verbose
'Til it's, 'til it's over yo
Like

Hempstead's the town I rep
Jewels hang from round my neck
Niggas is powderheads
My Louie kicks is brown and red
My toolie big, right down the leg
Like that's Italian bread
My ho lay down a spread
While I chow and lie down in bed
A modern day Doc Holliday
Behind them Prada Shades
Do caca on niggas
It's like I ain't been potty trained
We shine this light like a jockey weigh, papi
And if not catch me all on you like body paint
My persona stay clean like Dasani taste
Steam, roll thru, hit you with the shotty, let your body lay
Robert Cavalli taste, my T's run a buck twenty
Gloves and skullies, my fingers clutch blood money
Slugs and dummies make thugs scurry, and mothers worry

Nigga we gully, stay fly, never bummy
You can't get nothing from me, shit ain't all lovey-dovey
Lick off the steel, get in the clear like 20-20
Marc, nigga, DR. We are

Roc Marciano, Young Cocoa Butter, Kool A.D
Grew from a tree, a plan proven to be
Fruitful and useful, plus the zootin is free
They tellin me I'm too stupid it's the Cuban in me
It's only human, I'm only human
I'm scoopin in usually three, usually four, usually more
Your dude is a whore
Plus, I smoke more weed than there's food at the store
I think it's kinda funny, right?
EBT cop the groceries
And poppin' OPP

With the ghost of ODB
At the OTB spot
Shaun Bridgmohan at the 3 spot
Shock G rockin' the G shock
Watch with rocks mami
Rockin her shit off
Ring finger on the G spot
Buck naked save the cobra skin Reeboks
Justin Timberlake and Justin Bieber on the beatbox
Half Dizzee Rascal, half Fleet Foxes
Treetops is where the kid boxes
Like a young Rock
Plus a young Rockhead
Chief Rock before bed
See prisms of light shine off the Bore Head, yep
Moving on planes mayne just like a warhead
Dang mayne bang bang bang bang your dead
Slang brain famed in more bread
Occasionally less bread
But when I'm less feed, I'm still breastfeed
Drink a lot of waters, well rested
That's what the best said
Let's get let's let's get it let's get it let's ah ha ah ha let's get it
Ah ha ah ha let's get it yep yep yep
Ah ha ah ha ah ha ah ha ah haaa