

Paradise

Kool Keith

[Verse 1: Kool Keith]

Okay! I'm all that with NBA wives
Jock strap nice, they match the white ties
Lou [?]
The mob warehouse, why you think the truck come to pick up more bologna
Stella [?]
Front a hundred thousand mil', let you up and comers develop street cred
I'm sleeping on you like that force field around the bed
Silver Surfer, your girl like my balls
They turn colors, now they burgundy
iPhone, laby, I like the way your wife worry me
I'm a regulator, I keep my hair cut low-key like Warren G
Versace's, get out the green Porsche
You know I'm blind, I can't see
Using my stick to walk past MC's
I'm Donny Microphone, tonight, I'm hitting your Amazon
Ballroom, baby, no problem, I brought Hammerstein

[Hook: Kool Keith]

Hammerstein, Carnegie Hall, Radio City
Madison Square, the Barclay Center, it's all mine
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Madison Square, the Barclay Center, it's all mine
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[Verse 2: Breadyfilth]

New York is a sport
MVP, but I stay out the court
[?], Range Rover horse
240 on the horse next to the bricks, young gunner to the boss
I'm a metropolitan nigga, check my politic, nigga, I'm a politic, nigga
Money and the power, [?], yay and the keys to the city
Box seats, and my Yankee fitted, chicken box, get it
Roof off, titties spillin out cause the milk all in it
So soft, seats to the benches
Love to perforate it, let the p*ssy breathe in it
My reflection on the hood, your reflection on the dishes

No pork, don't talk, nigga, stop snitching
Shot clock, white chalk, overtime, finished

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Franc Bacon]

I'm bad religion, death in jewels
Sacrilegious, gorilla monsoon
Indigenous to the dark, I live on your fear and remain in your thoughts
Blackburn necklace, keep bitches caught up
Battle of the sexes, more for the slaughter
Hey, 2 15's in the [?] the water
Uptown, Harlem World, Rich Porter
Smack bitches with the dick, hit niggas with the mortar
Mylar zip, ounces and quarters
Wear a disguise, so I don't get caught
Eyes without a face, no reflection
On the highway to hell or the staircase to heaven
Living in the past, sleepwalking in the present

[Hook]

[Verse 4: Young Libido]

Everyday's a show, real life, no gimmick
Money over hoes, I'm 'bout that business
We straight wilding, like juvies on the island
Caged up, so raise up, before I light the stage up
Take caution to what I say
Get with it, or get turned the f*ck away
Swift with the gift when I'm dropping my shit
I do shows, collect dough, grab a ho, and then split
I smoke that raw shit, you smoke that if
I'm talking Denver nuggets, Portland dog shit
Straight to the brain, spliffs make me sane
Bitches give me brain to gain some fame
Libido's the name, the FCC6 to blame
Cause I came to rearrange the game, with the spoken bar flow
Haters copy, want to be me
Come out and see me and realize it ain't easy

[Hook: Kool]