We Ill

Roc Marciano

Folding bills where I hone my skills
I was a soldier in the field
Where you only get to eat what you could kill
I keep the steel in the clean Seville
Bad bitch rolling off a E pill
Treat a rich hoe like a cheap thrill
We ill, we ill, we ill, we ill
Ain't no love, and if it was
I wouldn't own a snub and some gloves
Seen niggas get plugged over the grub,
Hoes got dug, your 0-5 bug will hit the mud
I hit the pub, lifted the mug
Bitches hit the club
I slipped a clip in the gun
Niggas on the run
My skin don't get enough sun
I had to winter my lungs to overcome
I'm still paying for my past tense
Sitting in the E class Benz
Black ski mask, black timbs
Platinum mac ten
That'll shatter your Cadillac tints
Strange days, cocaine's weighed by the eighth
Young niggas is chased by the jakes
Create freebase
He bakes pies and cakes
And fiends form lines to taste
I played the A8
While my primates decides your fate
And killed the vampire with the steak
I'm a threat behind the designer specs
Fly, you might find me in a spiderweb
Don Juan dialect, Hawaiian dime
Got her by the neck
What's your pimping worth?
When you pick the lint off shirts
Whores disperse for kids
To put the fork in dessert
For talking, I put the Porsche in reverse

Flesh get tossed into the Earth
After I draw and squirt
I plant my feet upon foreign dirt
Roll up the purp, with a smart "fuck you" smirk
I lift the RosÃ© up til the muscles burn
Hustle and earn
The handle on the thirty two is pearl
Do a set of concentration curls
High fashion, climaxing on satin
The outside of the tilapia was blackened
Share the gift, wood gear shift
I appear in the mist
Then dip like Tokyo Drift
Caress the fifth like Professor Griff
Texture is slick
Ten in your whip
Now may you rest with the fish
Squeeze glocks for stocks, three quarter fox
Thick big pitbull jawlock, I'm the warlock
My lines go for ten a pop like orange tops
Fuck you niggas with a horse's cock
I'm taking mines off the top
Whores watch as we board the yacht
Like George C. Scott, Ciroc
Five drops of olive oil in the wok
Presidential watch, call it Barack
Black face shit, with the invisible locks
To get you shot just like the Hitchcock plot
We ill, we ill, we ill, we ill
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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