

# Doesn't Last

Roc Marciano

[Verse 1]

Money come, money go, black Monte Carlo  
Niggas set the bar low  
With the tech nine and the set cargo  
Slow the cargo, it's escargot  
What's touring? Never let your car show  
Hold the Roscoe  
Niggas told the cops, now the spot's blown (we out)  
Bobby Reeves with the costume  
Send shots at your top phone  
We tycoons, my nigga, we are not coons, not cool  
Thousand dollar croc shoes  
Sliding in 'em, you living like a yaku  
I'm out in Yemen, we nibblin' on dry food  
Crab rappers don't wanna frack us  
My back is like B. A. Baracus  
Smash ratchets till the shaft of my penis is flaccid  
This is classic, I'm thinking past G wagons  
Main dragon, super cat cabber stabbin'  
That's what's happening  
Jacket made of caf skin  
The light that I'm basking in, remember shit in on  
And you don't quit[Hook]  
It don't last, baby  
It never did, it never have, baby[Verse 2]  
Your raps small change, coin of phrase  
The Ralph Lauren shit I'm sporting, this is all your base  
Your whole coil like a snakeskin  
It's like Watergate skipped the court date just to fornicate  
Warpaint face, your mixtapes done in poor taste  
I'm watching horses race, court made  
With the quarter to eight  
Slipped your whore the bait  
My shit is more than great, what I orchestrate  
I just want my niggas to all be straight  
Cause where I often lay it ain't coffee cake  
Used to book niggas for change of leathers  
Cook 'caine, now I wrap the wood-grain in the seven  
The game is a lesson

My breath ain't got knocked for possession after I was stressin'

Move with discreteness

Peace to Mexican niggas that carry weapons

Big butt bitches in leggings and 54-11's

Smith or Wesson's, I capture the best essence

Thirsty heffers ass pass the refreshments

A fresh prince

Wipe the hammer down, I think I left prints

Nigga

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