Deeper

Roc Marciano

[Hook]
Smoke shit, daddy what you know about it?
Pimp shit, what you know about it?
So what you know about it?[Verse 1]
Eight ball corner pocket, my hustle: can't knock it
The game shopping catastrophic, I'm after the profit
Pull a salad out the stockin', it's poppin'
I popped in the cherry blossom
Rocked the lockman in the cockpit
You frontin' like you hot shit
Shake out, dress understated at the steakhouse
Spaced out, deep in the game I pray I make it out
Two bitches naked on the couch, crouch
Gold Porsche, I'm a clotheshorse
Your boss thrown in the trough
The blows soft, throw salt on pork
You're done, prick him with the fork
Dip him in the sauce, linen cloth
Lay on the king, blesses to my offspring
Sip the water from the spring, it ain't a thing
Pattern leather ski mask, my feet pass a G and a half
Pull out the fast European cab, crab
Call it the cooler, I'm basically a jeweler
You tryna fool a consumer
Cubic zirconia, I copped the gold in Mongolia
Spoke harmonies at the podium[Hook][Verse 2: Roc Marciano]
Twister nino, my bitch like Ginger in Casino
Pink tuxedo, show machismo
Clean your clock, soft toe Reebok
Peacock move like a robot, stove top
Stan Smith her, ride laver
Cock the hammer, sixteen in the clip one in the chamber
Sure-footed, the Porsche dashboard's wooden
Motherfuckers bite the bullet
The six forty seats is like puddin'
It's the position I was put in
My bitch arch her back, I slid the wood in
Can I kill it, funkadelic George Clinton
Keep it pimpin' more convincin', without the tension

Many mansion, Mr. Belvedere Benson
Honey dip lit up a Winston, not to mention
Expenses to prints is pretentious, no pretend shit
Tennis kicks, tinted lenses
My thirst for the chips is tremendous
It's never endin', it's a win-win[Hook]

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