

Paradise

Rittz

[Intro]

[Hook: Nikkiya]

It must be Paradise
Riding in my old school underneath the city sky
And I'm so gone
My mind is paralyzed
Drinking while my pinky ring is blinging off the city lights
Yea paradise

Old school Montecarlo fuck a foreign whip
Speakers knock knocking in the trunk and my joint is lit
And what I got is on my job some exotic I'm just happy I can finally afford
this shit
My kicks too brand new cause I'm new with these
LRG Denim with the Diamond tee
Bumping Big K.R.I.T in my time machine
My chain hanging from my neck like a tire swing
No use admiring me
Bet I'll pass you by by the time you blink
I've been trying to strive for the finer things
I wanna fuck get high and drink until I hear the fat lady and the choir sing
I've been acquiring expensive tastes
Taking vacations to private beaches
On tour in Destin Florida
On a Georgia beach, drinking pomegranate margaritas
I'm in Chattanooga
Hit New Orleans
(unclear) down in Austin Texas
Fuck mimosas, drinking crown off coasters, poached eggs and filet mignon for
breakfast
You can send me a text but don't expect a reply
I'm too busy to talk so now my voicemail full
Then it's back to the ATL
Hit the mall then all my homeboys fell through
Then we threw a couple dollars at the hoes on the pole got to go because I k
now I'll spend up all my bread
Back home to my centerfold dinner roll pussy wishin me and her crawl in bed
And we could spoon
Til about noon
Watching episodes of the Sopranos
Turn the T.V. off
(unclear)
Fuck her to the sound of the piano
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No more hourly wage washing fryers and pans
No more feeling embarrassed wearing this uniform trying to find a place to w
ash my hands

I'm really hoping that nobody in the store recognized me
Changing my clothes in a bathroom stall I got a call it's my manager
He said "dog, Wolf wants you at the radio station" just great I'm late
I missed out he had to do his shit without me
Funny how we was talking about quitting last year and giving up on the wilde
st dream
But this year I'm seeing a different outcoming
I'm looking down on my balcony I see hoes
I see gold
Casinoes
I see hoes
And free clothes
Oh what these, you ain't never seen those
I used to be broke my pockets on beanpole
Now the world looks brighter to me when I'm looking out of the peephole
I see palm tree gazebos
The same paint in the streets of Greensboro
Just got cooked of people calling me gringo
Domingo
Everything started to make sense
I wish that I could shake the hand
Of every fan
Who ever bought my shit and showed love to me thanks again cause this must b
e paradise

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