

## The Little PP Papers (\$dadRaps\$)

Hook (repeatable):

From Panama to Pandora, now I'm peekin' in they paradise,  
Offshore dreams wrapped in legal-speak and parasites.  
They prayin' with the left hand, stealin' with the right,  
But I see the shell crack every time I write.

Verse 1:

All you gotta do is take Panama to Pandora,  
Shell companies hidden like the flora in the fauna.  
Offshore accounts where the sunlight don't reach,  
But the numbers still preach like a Wall Street speech.

I ain't talkin' fairytales, this a paper trail saga,  
Moved the assets through the jungle, call it legal Balaclava.  
Yeah, the passport say tourist, but the briefcase say mogul,  
I just reroute the funds while they postin' their totals.

See, paradise ain't beaches, it's loopholes and ledgers,  
It's lawyers on retainers, not confessions or concessions.  
I went from PayPal to pesos to Patek Philippe,  
Now I dream in tax codes while the feds half-asleep.

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Verse 2:

Yeah, I seen the names in the fine print, kings with they crime rinse,  
Preachin' law and order while they signed off the silence.  
Shakira sang hits, but the docs hit different,  
And Blair had a trust, not a vote, in the system.

South Dakota playin' vault for the global elite,  
While your city school closin' just to balance the heat.  
They tax shelters, we shelter from the tax,  
While they file in the Caymans with a hundred-page fax.

Yeah, they move like saints, but they halos glitch,  
It's a hell of a game when the rulebook's ditched.  
So I paint with receipts, every verse is a ledger,  
Got 'em sweatin' in Geneva when I rhyme under pressure.

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