

Title: The Little PP Papers

Hook (repeatable 1st / 3rd / 5th slot):

“From Panama to Pandora, now I'm peekin' in they paradise,
Shell games in the data while they mask it with the terabytes.
They chantin' mantras, but they wired with a parasite,
Tell me what's divine if it's patented and monetized?”

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 confessors or confessors.
I went from PayPal to pesos to Patek Philippe,
Now I dream in tax codes while the feds half-asleep.

Verse 2:

Yeah, I seen Shakira in the index, Blair in the loop,
Preachin' progress to the poor while they offshore the loot.
The king got a Cayman castle, court is in session,
With a Bible in his hand and a fund in the Seychelles section.

They yogi in the morning, then they broker at night,
Microdose the staff before the board votes right.
Mysticism for the masses, but the access is gated,
Pay-to-pray retreats with the gods reinstated.

It's ayahuasca for the trust fund, tears for the press,
They been monetizin' mushrooms, trademarkin' the mess.
So I meditate in silence with a VPN mind,
And leave 'em trippin' on the trail that I never signed.