

T. Rex

"I'll Show You"

Visit "[I'll Show You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

K. I. N. G

Solemn and envy

Ridin' in the Bently

They wanna send me, back to the pen

Hope they give me a ten P

Doin' it for my dog, (?) wit so case pending (?)

And my folk behind the (?) waterboard city (?), keep it pimpin'

Tell them hatin' ass law, bitch I'm ball so come get me

See Tip go by, in the whip, no lie

Didn't need no wheel cause the shit so fly

Up, up and away, so far up at the top I sit

My air so thin need oxygen

I'm so fucked up, intoxicants

My flow still so stupid competent

Competition evidently don't know what they up against

Obviously oblivious, in the city I'm serious

I'm seriously poppin', I will be the reason why it's hot in here

Material you droppin' better push that back, that can't come out this year

I got this here, can't stop this, got this like I got blocks in here

Hit the VIP, all eyes on me like they think Pac in here

I'm ignorant, belligerent, a gangsta and a gentleman

Pay niggas no concern, ain't no DiGornio, I'm deliverin'

Center of attention, my P.O. just threw a wrench in my

Plan of execution, I'm demandin' retribution

First trip to prison, a lesson, second was just a nuisance

Peckerwood beefin' with me, they want my neck in a noose

Cause they see a niggas influence, luxurious and affluent

They want the king destroyed, see your majesty ruined

Nah, nothin' doin' brah, congratulations you a bus' (?)

A really great advantage point, so take your vantage point

Watch, with the flip of a coin

The one they counted out soon become the nigga to join

Don't listen to the gossip or cut, them niggas annoyin'

They speak what I know and think it's over for them (?)
Bow back, ya boy got fly high
With ten chicks, got high in sha la
Niggas stay talkin' all that ca ca
No mucho deniro, no habla
About my dollar, G-5, Murcielaga(?)
How automatic my chopper, they want some problems,
I got 'em

[Verse 2: Pusha T]

I'll show niggas better than Tell niggas
Paint over discussions 'bout Push, I never fail niggas
How I'm back Jack, listen, what the hell niggas?
This the new God flow, the Holy Grail niggas
Can't see me, Book of Eli, it's in Braille niggas
I'm on track to be the best, I want Derrelle niggas
I bend balls(?) on bitches, I unveil(?) nigga
Officiallylce, don't at 'em, show and tell nigga
Say my brother better? Big deal
Big brother, so fuck you, he hammer, can't touch him
Ride around AMG mufflers, second fiddle to my own
gene pool
We laugh about it, that's cool
I'm at the top and he better?
If you think about it, we rule
My life is an open book
My stuntin' is an open look
These gold chains, these stone rings
This cocaine that I overcooked
I overcame on Novacane, I Frank Ocean'd that fish
scale
I tip scales, I tip hoes, I skip jail on my tip toes
I beat the odds, bet Tip knows, my top back and my
wrist froze
And these ice cubes on my ear lobes
Like strobe lights on a fish bowl
Supreme ballers, dope dealers, shot callers
GOOD Music, Grand Hustle, what the block taught us

Visit [T. Rex](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.