

Push

"Black Mask"

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[Hook] x 2

Black hearts for these hoes
Black roses for my foes
Black clock nigga black mask
Got fast money never slow down

I'm outside tryina make a buck
Tryina get it to it, all my fingers paper cut
Cashed out 65 still ain't make enough
My other strip did 5 still ain't make enough
I need all my niggas papered up
So I hustle like the 12 men to make the cut
These bird niggas, all these dudes fake as fuck
I say what's quacking and I have the duck tape them up
He was napping, time to wake him up
Get the package now it's time to break them up
Line you up real nice get you tapered up
We bout to bust like soda when it's shaken up
Little homie is you ready?
Big chrome magetti, turn your t shirt spaghetti
That 50 cal want a new 50 now
Stand up nigga, Jesus Christ couldn't sit me down

[Hook] x 2

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They say money's the root of evil
That's the love of money it does something to people
And all men they created fucking equal
Cause where I'm from if you a pussy you don't eat dupe
Specially living life for legal
If you ain't down to ride homie you'll be see through
In a split second boy it's either fight or fly
Make the wrong decision chump you might die tonight
Been real all my life so don't call me a rapper
They say I play foul so they call me a hacker
When them niggas from 4... with 2 chainz
Or 2pac with 4 glocks and bruce wayne

And 2 case, but a rebirth for the great Christopher
Wallace
Back with a new frame
Blue flame, hot your truth maine
Get back to brat, live your roof stained, maine

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