

Pusha T

"Concrete Jungle"

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(Intro: Troy Ave)

I just wanna feel the beat, I just wanna feel the beat
I just wanna feel the beat, I just wanna feel the beat
Uh huh

(Hook: Troy Ave)

Truth is, they ain't tellin' truth about nothin'
Ribs don't lie on a man when they touchin'
I ain't gonna lie, I took hand in destruction
Shots gonna fly at the end of my discussion
I'm tired of bein' hungry, my bread startin' to crumble
I just wanna ball, all these niggas do is fumble
The weak gonna die and the real gonna rumble
When you livin' in this concrete jungle, word up

(Verse 1: Pusha T)

I was born in the era of heroin and freebase
Crack changed the hustle, I seen it reshape
See, my type of superhero didn't need capes
I've seen the keys of life carried in a briefcase
They should've briefed us, told us where the backroad
would lead us
Money had us second-guessing Jesus
As we pray to false gods at the Ceasar's
With a fake smile like these black leaders
Kwame kill pack, top peeled back
A raisin in the sun, a nigga still black
Although it's polish on it, my shit is still trap
They try to camouflage it, my phone is still tapped
As it should be, connect call and I come runnin'
We ran through the ribbon how we won from it (Yeughk)
All this damage I done done from it
The best to ever do it, I'm just one from it (Big!)

(Hook: Troy Ave)

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(Verse 2: Troy Ave)

Troy Ave, I have surfaced, nigga
I was bored with the wave of these circus niggas
Crown down clown, he with purpose, nigga
Dope boy swag ain't on purpose, nigga
County of the kings wish he birthed this nigga
Baby, I'm ready, let's Levert this nigga
Bought a big-body Benz off of birds this winter
I got red bottoms, too, mine's from murders, nigga
Hot stepper, pot setter, Pyrexer
I measure, see and test it, my pleasure
Align treasure, rubber band every rack
Double band every five 'til it's six layin' flat
Give a dap and I'm gone, gat in my home
Runnin' base, you ain't safe 'til yo' ass get it home
Major league dealin' with this caine I pitch
Fuck your three-strike laws, come and get this hit

(Hook: Troy Ave)

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(Verse 3: Troy Ave)

Might as well, real niggas in the building
Block sales, crack cocaine dealings
Word up, back down, little bitch
36 on the waist for holdin' the four-fifth
I let it go, that's truer than your religion
Hella blow, we movin' it with precision
A broke nigga, hate, I'm cool with that decision
Hit 'em with the MAC, they wish it was a collision
Yukon trucks, Yukon bucks
Drove out the CT, price went up,
Fiends got higher, supplied that fire,
Countin' the proceeds and my eyes got wider
See, see, this what I'm talkin' 'bout,
Get money, fuck what these fuck niggas talkin' 'bout
Truth is they ain't tellin' truth about nothin'
BSB niggas never frontin', forreal

(Outro)

Fuck!

Gotta put some more beat on that shit man
I was gonna keep going
Yea, give the niggas the gospel, that Holyfield
Real dude, fuck
Light em up

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