

Pusha T

"Don't Fuck With Me"

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The nerve of you, he'll sit and clip at your lines
like he ain't heard of you,
I seen it happen before, that man will murder you.
The lowest form of a thief is a cat burglar
Tiptoe-in but the whole while clonin'
The elephant's in the room, the b*tch glowin'.
Like a ghetto girl with the good weave sewn-in
She walk like its hers but the whole world knowin'.

Told n*ggas it's the new god flow
It's that new testament and that old god knows
And you new n*ggas don't get to pass GO
I'll monopolize boardwalk empire flow
So don't mention me in the same breath, I'm Genghis
Just venting I never wish to be famous
Truth told I'd much rather be strangers
Before it leads to me turnin' n*ggas to angels
Local n*ggas hatin' but I can't blame 'em
Cleared the road to the riches but I can't pave 'em
Put Trey up on your hook, still couldn't save 'em
Better chance with a snowball hittin' Satan

Dreams money can buy, three racks just spent on my
Marty McFlys
Now I'm back to the future, my career deja-vu you
When you muthaf*ckers thought I would barely survive

Rappers on their sophomores, actin' like they boss
lords
Fame's such a funny thing for sure
When n*ggas start believing all those encores
I'm just the one to send you off, bonjour
See yourself as I pull up in that mirror tint
Skins vs blouses, you mirror Prince
Chappelle Show, all of your Neal Brennans
Sketch comedy, who is for real penning?
The talk don't match the leather
The swag don't match the sweaters
And wolves don't walk with shepherds
These Margiela verses all of you mall dwellers
Off-the-rack suits looking like pallbearers

Coffins for my old b*tches' orphans
Daddy's MIA like a dolphin
Play the Fendi bucket like a sharks fin
Cool J-ing on you b*tches but I'm dark-skinned
We walked in, seats courtside, dap Diddy, Will Ferrell
on my walk by
At the US Open, there's much more to Queens
Versace blu-blockers, row behind Oracene

Dreams money can buy, three racks just spent on my
Marty McFlys
Now I'm back to the future, my career deja-vu you
When you muthaf*ckers thought I would hardly survive

Push, no shots, but nothing goes unseen.

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