

Pusha T

"Hot 97"

Visit "[Hot 97](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Pusha T]Malice found religion, Tony found prison
I'm just tryna find my way out this f-cking kitchen
a birdseye view got me channelling my vision
turn one to two now my kilo's got a sibling
father knows best, watch my hands are forgiven
we kicking up dust like the colosseum floors
walls full of safe's like they mausoleum doors
getting wet like she walking through my morgue
Grant's, Jackson's no room for George
yeh, the fear of God's in you muthaf-ckers
this art imitate my life
you WorldStarHipHop fame based off imitation white
eliminate the fools ghoulimg imitation ice
my music for your soul, inspiration for your life
every dime made in his life more disastrous
help my young n-ggas see my way through the
bachelors
while my old b-tch went back to get her Masters
same graduation I was clapping in the rafters
the truth hurts everytime it's revealed
what goes around comes around, this is lights ferris
wheel
grab hold and reverse the steering wheel as I parrallel
park
Kentucky derby on the grill
the fact that I'm free lets me know God is great
ten year marathon of me selling concentrate
these rappers talk crowns but I'd rather talk fear
villian like candyman, say my name and I'll appear
no weapon formed against me shall prosper
a kuna matata, feet up sipping java
strolling up the totem poll, what's my only problem
scrolling through my Rolodex, who show up my toddler
so many hands raised as the band plays
I'm here now, watch how many plans change

[Kanye West]Penitentiary chances, the devil dances
and eventually answers to the call of Autumn
all of them fallin' for the love of ballin'
got caught with 30 rocks, the cop look like Alec Baldwin
inter century anthems based off inner city tantrums

based off the way we was branded
face it, Jerome get more time than Brandon
and at the airport they check all through my bag and
tell me that it's random
but we stay winning, this week has been a bad
massage
I need a happy ending and a new beginning
and a new fitted and some job opportunities thats
lucrative
and sold your dreams, you don't know who did it
i treat the cash, the way the government treats aids
I won't be satisfied til all my n-ggas get it
I need more drinks and more lights
hot American Apparal girl in just tights
she told the director she tryna get in a school
told to take them glasses off and get in the pool
it's been a while since I watched the tube
its like a crip said: "I got way too many blues for any
more bad news"
I was looking at my resume feeling real fresh today
they rewrite history I don't believe in yesterday
what's a black beetle anyway, a ...roach
I guess thats why they got me sitting in f-cking coach
but God said I need a different approach

cause people is looking at me like I'm sniffing coke
it aint funny anymore try dipping jokes
tell 'em hug and kiss my ass, x and o
kiss the ring while they at it, do my thing while I'm got it
play strings for the dramatic
and end all of that wack shh
act like I aint had a belt in two classes
I aint got it I'm going after whoever who has it
I'm coming after whoever who has it
you blowing up, that's good, fantastic
that y'all, its like that ya'll

I don't really give a f-ck about it at all
cause the same people that tried to black ball me
forgot about 2 things, my black balls

Uh, I let you into my diary to admire me
the making of this man, I let you see the higher me
the self righteous drug dealer dichotomy
I'm drawing from both sides, I'm Siamese
the tug of war opens the door, entrada
rip me apart and see what's inside this pinata
and rolling kilos in gym(?) is one saga
one chapter of black magic, I'm Harold potter
feels like I'm doomed to dealing with women whom
relationships with their fathers won't allow us to bloom

and blossom, I swear this Vegas nights was awesome
but adios I blow my own dice before I toss 'em, loss 'em
some other muthaf-ckers double crossed 'em
tryna snatch my n-gga back I blew a small fortune
Russell with the work, we was like the four horsemen
Rick Flair with the flame, I'm muthf-cking Gorgeous,
woah
as the gull wing doors lift, Karate Kid, crane kick, no
Jaden Smtih
whiter than the coke brush that they paint me with
sunk leather seats softer than an angels kiss
but the devil red, tires double tread
I'm posting parks up. that gets me double head
tight rope walking tryna keep a level head
the bright lights blind look what the devil did
yeah

[Kanye West]It's hip hop, this is euphemism for a new
religion
the soul music for the slaves that the youth is missing
this is more than just my road to redemption
Malcolm West had the whole nation standing to
attention
as long as I'm in Polo's they think they got me
but they would try to crack me if they ever saw a black
me

I thought I chose a field where they couldn't sack me
if a n-gga aint running shootin a jump shot running a
track meet
but this pimp is, on the top of mount Olympus
ready for the Worl's game, this is my Olympics
we make 'em say ho cause the game is so pimpish
choke a southpark writer with a fishstick
and I assisted to get up offa this d-ck
and these drugs, fans cant resist it
remember, remind of when they tried to have Ali
enlisted
if I ever one of the greatest homie, I must have missed
it!

Wow, they both went in!!!

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