

Pusha T

"Sweet"

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Get my chain, get my chain
This GOOD music
You sweet to me: Diabetes, Peace treaties
Breakfast of champions, they need Wheaties
Carrying the torch, the Olympic 4 rings
I'm a javelin throw from the crowning of the king
I hear 'em whisper like a hummingbird sings
Of all the trust issues that a hundred birds bring
Now the wolves out hunting for your bling
As you preyin' on the bitches with the lowest self-
esteem
It's a common running theme
Victim or vice Lord, disciple or black stone
What you looked at Christ for?
We in the last days, fire or the ice storm
Wear it in my chain as a symbol of a crime lord
Lets be honest, the cards on the table
Jealousy's a sin, Cain killed Abel
Backstabber, Ceasar had Brutus
It's hard to weed 'em out
Even Jesus had Judas
Gone

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