

Pusha T

"Tick Tock"

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King Push
Razor
Razor

(Pusha T)
Execution
The devil is a lie.
You ain't broke bread til you taste the devil's pie
they say his laugh sounds like an angel when he cries
what better camouflage when the halo's your disguise
them wings don't fly, your traitor is your neighbor
at your front porch and he's handing you your paper
bath robe on but the sword's underneath
and he wanna see your blood as it pours in the street
it's the mark of the beast
the meek shall inherit the earth
the weak shall inherit the dirt
you each should have perished at birth
still born on boarded every street tax gotta come with
an audit
either your life or your loved one's
street razor or a snub gun from the village what a
thug's from
same corner that you coppin all your drugs from
he a hero but he un-sung
I'm the one

(Raekwon)
I'm the one, yeah
ayo homie
the chambers is 36. the new and improved
now make a move these guns whistle
sizzle up dudes who got big mouths and no power
in front of the bank with no dollars got the nerve to
switch crews
we better than the rest of them. i guess its the estrogen
and all the money we got we move like the mexicans
the cartel, compound, a carvel, a large scale and
scarsdale
I fuck with golf now, Shala's ill,
yeah the coke is fresh straight out of Bermuda yo
i'm chillin on the beach in boca chica with tuna

salads and palaces oh, we smoke out them chalices
passing all balances a bread to the allen since
1984 was just more
then we would come through with rifles rockin night
boots then war
a real nigga invention that came from my henchmen
who blew up
now throw the Wu up, that's my redemption

Drug dealer been that nigga half my life
drug drug dealer been that nigga half of my life
you nigga's talk it but you ain't never seen them
imagine being first name basis with the king pin

(Ortiz)

God I was lucifer's neighbor
you wouldn't believe some of the things these people
do for this paper
moving with lasers on the the roof then make the move
you meake the paper lose
lose situation sweat or blood you get to choose what
you bath in
the chemist cook work
the runners foot work
the customs took work,
the soldiers put work in on any of these mother f*ckers
to f*ck up good work
bosses tell em good work, that's just how the hood
work
north face bubble with, 8 bundles under it
gold front upper smile while I was hugging it
I lied I wasn't lucifer's neighbor
he who I'm f*ckin with,
my mom's threw that snow in her nose but I would
hustle it
champ hoodie mongoose with the pegs
clap your stoop up, hit mom dukes in her leg
Thats beef. y'all ain't street, y'all peep niggas write it
down and try to be niggas
f*ckin everything. In that heavy swing,
second hand swept across that pretty bretling
in that Nissan Honda Chevy thing peddling whatever
bring
feddy in steadily I fed my whole team

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(Pusha T)

In this art of war, my pink stroke is Picasso
Niggas get the picture I ain't gotta paint the nostrils
you know my origin is over when, fat black bitches
singing over organs
die for a dollar. pride you don't swallow
you say that for the one you buying red bottoms
yeah, that's the price you gotta pay for it
all's fair in love and war she mascarade for it
Wooh! Jack-O-Lantern push,
trick or treat, f*ck your shit I earned it off the books
now listen to me vent when you sit and watch it's like
tires being spinned
shots from everywhere but they never make a dent
knight in shining armor,
mistake me for the the villain 'cause my vengeance is
your karma
yeah fear is knowing you're a goner
it's music to my soul 'cause it's death before dishonor
gone

(Danny Brown)

Check

Got the Tongue of a pimp, raised by a dirty preacher
They used the church money to cop a new Beamer
Got the heart of a child raised by a prostitute
Who got his mama the rubbers when the john came
through
It's the microphone Mastadon, great inside the extra
stoned
You ain't getting pussy like your prom date had a
chaperone
Poppin' pills got a nigga's brain like a laberynth
Brought the ho on purpose but I got the brain in
accident
Nigga I'm your majesty, showed up with a bag of weed
Rolled a blunt so perfect thought it came up out a
factory
My manuscript leave a man with a baller's dream
The insomniac with nightmares and 16s
I'm a wet dream, dry sense of humor
Travel in class like a highschool rumor
No one really cares if you embarrassed us with style
Cause when it comes to those raps you be letting us
down
So tell 'em why your mad son
Gotta get it off your chest?
Let 'em know how you feel son
You gotta say what you say
It don't matter the gon' say you nigga hatin' any way

