

Push Play

"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 bitch glowin'.

Like a ghetto girl with the good weave sewn-in

She walk like it's hers but the whole world knowin'.

Told n?as it's the new god flow

It's that new testament and that old god* knows

And you new n?as 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' niggas to angels

Local niggas 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?kers thought I would barely survive

Rappers on their sophomores, actin' like they boss lords

Fame such a funny thing for sure when niggas 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 bitches' orphans
Daddy's MIA like a dolphin
Play the Fendi bucket like a sharks fin
Cool J-ing on you bitches 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?kers thought I would hardly survive

Push... no shots... but nothing goes unseen

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