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## **Anthony Hamilton** "Make It Home"

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[Chorus - Pusha T] I ain't in to fat lippin I'm into gat grippin A cat slippin, is a cat drippin Why I say that? The cat slippin, the mac's spittin, the cat drippin, look in the mirror yous a fat kitten Puuusssssssssssyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyah

[Verse 1 - Pusha T]

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All I wanted growing up was remote controls Now my whole life remote control, hit the block dope control

Got ghetto corners choking slow

Grandmama go to church trying to soak my soul, oh! This one's for my foes

Find yourself, in a hopeless hole trying to go against him!

I puppet you Pinocchios, flows on strings It - is what it seems, just call me Jepeto! A Young Stock Market, put money in your pocket Cause when Pusha talk it is the object then I drop it I rose gold ya, huh? pink diamond ya, hah? Set it in a rhyme now the industry got pink eye Contagious, flows high demand, like the new Lou Vuitton Monogram

Pastels is cute; How you niggaz follow suits so well? These barrels encompass the heat from +Hell+ Nigga the Franchise of Star Trak sales, uh!

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Malice]

They'd rather see me not breathing, than see me achieve

Have my mama grieving, crouched to her knees Jealous hearted niggaz, y'all wear it on ya sleeve Like a scarlet letter, for the world to see Can't hide the truth, decendents of pain So y'all get exposed like the sons of Hussein My game weight grown, this is no fact When cats was at hoop, I was Cadillac Brome I'm not these rap kids, wit childish antics Who make diss records, who rock hat backwards These are higher stakes, this is not average weight This is not pinching penny's bitch, this is carrot cake This is the difference 'tween rookies and the pros They pattern after me, they cookie-cut my flow But so (so, so), I'm never one that be jeal' Do as I do so I can say, "Papa raised you well"

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Pusha T] They say the Lord closes windows, to open doors Nigga don't make me open yours Seen hearts beat through, open sores Subliminal rap shit, so immature, that's why I ignore Punchline niggaz on front time, silly hoe shit He who questions I is unfocused Copperfield flow yes! I'll make careers disappear Like hocus - pocus - no joke, it's Push'

## [Malice]

Mercy, mercy! Oh Lord who is he? Who curse me, curse me? For doing me It hurts me so, puts me through changes So I got Porsche's and Hummers to deal wit the anguish (oh, oh!) Acts live, but only if you speak the language ...And the rest is Comic View Star Trak The Movement, who you pay homage to? You don't want it with them boys, this I promise you, you pussy!

[Chorus]

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