



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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