Alone in Vegas

Pusha T

I let you into my diary to admire me
The make up of this man, I let you see the higher me
The self righteous drug dealer dichotomy
I'm drawing from both sides, I am Siamese
The tug of war opens the door, entrada
Rip me apart and see what's inside of this piÃ±ata
And rolling kilos in Gymstrada that's one saga
One chapter of black magic, I'm Harold Potter
Feels like I'm doomed to dealing with women who
Relationships with their fathers won't allow us to bloom
And blossom, I swear them Vegas nights was fucking awesome
But adiÃ³s I blow my own dice before I toss 'em
Lost some niggas some other niggas double crossed 'em
Tryna snatch my niggas back I blew a small fortune
Wrestle with the work, we was like the four horsemen
Rick Flair with the flame, I'm motherfucking Gorgeous
As the gull wing doors lift
Karate Kid, crane kick, no Jaden Smith
Whiter than that coke brush that they paint me with
Sunk leather seats softer than an angel's kiss
But they devil red, tires double tread
I post and parks up, that gets me double head
Tight rope walking tryna keep a level head
The bright lights blind look at what the devil didShe left the door open gave a fuck if I'm famous
I write this alone in Vegas
Came off fly street money partied nights with the a-list
I write this alone in Vegas
Remember nights when my team blew it all on the tables
I write this alone in Vegas
I'm the only one left and the memories fading so
I write this alone in VegasThey'll do everything in their power
Stomp near the stove when you're rising like flour
Make your cake fall when you threatening their tower
It's nine one one you're on your twenty fifth hour
Hasta la vista I'm steppin' out the bleachers
How the tide turns when the pupil's now the teacher
The game can't go by just followin' the leaders
You gotta be better than the ones who precede ya, yeah
Upgrade 'em, upstage 'em

Change the whole body shape and just update 'em, pagans
Reagan era I ran contraband
Money caused turf wars through the promised land
First time being rich could be a common man
The Guy Fishers had the blueprints and diagrams
We just took what we needed and we built on it
Lord forgive me for the blood that I spilt on itShe left the door open gave a fuck if I'm famous
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Remember nights when my team blew it all on the tables
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I'm the only one left and the memories fading so
I write this alone in VegasYeah, fear of God niggas, got me feelin' like Pac
This the realest shit I ever wrote
Who you know sit in New York for two days around Grammy winners
Come back home straight to the money getters
About fourteen thousand dollars worth in twenties
Brown paper bag money, I call that a good weekend
Re-up gang forever
Long live the caine coming soon
Malice my brother I love you
Liva Don 'til the end nigga, Yes!Hey Manuel, Hope I ain't get you in trouble with that shit man
It was a long time ago, you know. aha!
You know how we do
My nigga nots, is blacking out on this beat nigga
Yeah, come on
My nigga Watts, what up? Yum yum, what up my nigga?
Talk that shit my nigga
Yeah yeah, is you ready? Is you ready my nigga?
I had to get this off my chest.
Is you ready now though? Let's go then
Good music. Yes!

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