40 Acres (ft. The Dream)

Pusha T

Trouble world, trouble child
Trouble times destroyed my smile
No change of heart, no change of mind
You can take what's yours but you gon' leave what's mine
I'd rather die, than go home
I'd rather die, than go home
And I ain't leaving without my 40 acresUnpolished, unapologetic
This cocaine cowboy pushed it to the limit
You thought Tony in that cell would've made us timid
We found his old cell, bitch, we searchin' through the digits
Anything Spanish, got me speaking Spanglish
Money universal, that's the only language
The dream ain't die, only some real niggas
We was born to mothers who couldn't deal with us
Left by fathers who wouldn't build with us
I had both mine home, let's keep it real niggas
My better half chose the better path, applaud him
Younger brother me a spoiled child, I fought him
I heard that the Devil's new playground is boredom
The California top just falls back like autumn
And they say I'm on the verge of winning
I claim victory when Malice on the verge of sinning
Old habits die hard
That rainy day bag buried in the backyard
It's heaven for a hustler, no graveyards
Cause stand up niggas don't lie on no floors
Much rather burns us, ashes to ashes
Mix us with the powder, sell us to the masses
We gon' keep it tight, rip it out the plastic
Now you celebrate motherfuckers raise your glasses, Push'Trouble world, trouble child
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And I ain't leaving without my 40 acresUnpolished, unapologetic
Might have broke a heart or two but gave an honest effort
My nonchalant attitude is always fuck it
35 years of marriage and my momma left it

You shouldn't question if you ever stood a chance with him
The better question is did you enjoy the dance with him
(Yughh!) I'll probably never pull you chair out, bitch
You know this money grew your hair out, switch
All that shit I bought you wear out
Rich, and I'm the only one I care about
Place none above me, God don't like ugly
Hate me or love me, only he can judge me
Unpolished, unapologetic
Big willie with the blow, niggas, I am legend
School of hard knock, I attended
Selling hard rock, fuck who I offended
I was a goner, punished by karma
Called him tar baby now he's transcending genres
The 911 came with the ass shots
A toothless crackhead was the mascot
The owner of the key to that padlock
I'm Jordan vs Cavs for the last shot
I need all mine, reparations
We growin' poppy seeds on my 40 acres, Push!

Songwriters
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