

# Drug Dealers Anonymous (feat. JAY Z)

## Pusha T

Valentino summers and wave runners  
Chains on my niggas like slave runners  
Drug dealers anonymous  
How many Madonnas can that Mazda fit?  
My brick talk is more than obvious, it's ominous  
Garages, the Phantom, Ghouls, Ghosts and Goblins  
Blonde mohawk the collection I'm Dennis Rodman  
The money count is the only moment of silence  
'Cause hush money balances all this drugs and violence  
Hat trick under my mattress  
Date I stop still has an asterisk after it  
After all I can make a call  
I can baptize a brick  
As I wash away my sins like a Catholic  
Who the fuck ain't mastered this  
America's nightmare's in Flint  
Children of a lesser God when your melanin's got a tint  
And I can't even mention what I sent or what I spent  
'Cause my name in 18 wheelers is evidence  
I put my boos in those cruise collections  
Life's a bitch  
A to Z on her shoe collection, take your pick  
Paid in full like '86, Gs on my body  
The new Gucci has less monograms, God's got him  
Let he without sin cast the first stone  
So I built that all glass quad level first home  
Shatter all of your misconceptions  
Hold all of them missing weapons  
You thought I would miss my blessing  
The ultimate misdirection ya Your husband was drug dealer  
For 14 years he sold crack cocaine Federico Fellini in the flesh  
Sergio Tacchini inside his mesh  
Bitch I been brackin' since the '80s  
Google me baby, you crazy  
'89 in London pull the Benz up  
Type it in, Google's your friend bruh  
14-year drug dealer and still counting  
Who deserves the medal of freedom is my accountant  
He been hula hooping through loop holes, working 'round shit

IRS should've had the townhouses surrounded  
Thanks to the lawyers  
I marbled the foyer  
I tore the floor up  
Yeah, that's for Koi fish  
We been dining on oysters  
I walk through the garage it's like multiple choices  
I told 'em pull the Royce up  
I'm getting ghost, I'm hearing noises  
I think it's the boys, but I been banking at Deutsche  
We got storefronts, we got employee stubs  
We been opening studios and 40/40s up  
The paper trail is gorgeous  
Cases we buries 'em  
Before Reasonable Doubt dropped, the jury hung  
Bling bling  
Every time I come around your city bling bling  
My tenure took me through Virginia  
Ask Teddy Riley 'bout me  
Ask the Federalis 'bout me  
Tried to build a cell around me  
Snatched my nigga Emory up  
Tried to get him to tell about me  
He told 12, "Gimme 12"  
He told them to go to Hell about me  
Drug dealers anonymous  
Y'all think Uber's the future, our cars been autonomous  
Mules move the drums, take 'em to different spots  
We just call the shots by simply moving our thumbs  
I'm a course of miracles with this shit  
Nothing real can be threatened, nothing unreal exists  
Therein lies the piece of God  
I always knew I was a prophet, but I couldn't find a decent job  
Life made me ambidextrous  
Countin' with my right, whipping' white with my left wrist  
Daaaaaaaamn Daniel  
FBI keep bringing them all white vans through

Songwriters

TERRENCE THORTON, SHAWN CARTER

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