

# Tick Tock (ft. Joell Ortiz, Raekwon & RZA)

## Pusha T

King Push

Rizor

Razor(Pusha T)

Execution

The devil is a lie.

You ain't broke bread til you taste the devil's pie  
they say his laugh sounds like an angel when he cries  
what better camouflage when the halo's your disguise  
them wings don't fly, your traitor is your neighbor  
at your front porch and he's handing you your paper  
bath robe on but the sword's underneath  
and he wanna see your blood as it pours in the street

it's the mark of the beast

the meek shall inherit the earth

the weak shall inherit the dirt

you each should have perished at birth

still born on boarded every street tax gotta come with an audit  
either your life or your loved one's

street razor or a snub gun from the village what a thug's from  
same corner that you coppin all your drugs from

he a hero but he un-sung

I'm the one(Raekwon)

I'm the one, yeah

ayo homie

the chambers is 36. the new and improved

now make a move these guns whistle

sizzle up dudes who got big mouths and no power  
in front of the bank with no dollars got the nerve to switch crews

we better than the rest of them. i guess its the estrogen

and all the money we got we move like the mexicans  
the cartel, compound, a carvel, a large scale and scarsdale

I fuck with golf now, Shala's ill,

yeah the coke is fresh straight out of Bermuda yo

i'm chillin on the beach in boca chica with tuna

salads and palaces oh, we smoke out them chalices

passing all balances a bread to the allen since

1984 was just more

then we would come through with rifles rockin night boots then war  
a real nigga invention that came from my henchmen who blew up

now throw the Wu up, that's my redemption  
Drug dealer been that nigga half my life  
drug drug dealer been that nigga half of my life  
you nigga's talk it but you ain't never seen them  
imagine being first name basis with the king pin(Ortiz)  
God I was lucifer's neighbor  
you wouldn't believe some of the things these people do for this paper  
moving with lazars on the the roof then make the move you meake the paper lose  
lose situation sweat or blood you get to choose what you bath in  
the chemist cook work  
the runners foot work  
the customs took work,  
the soldiers put work in on any of these mother f\*ckers to f\*ck up good work  
bosses tell em good work, that's just how the hood work  
north face bubble with, 8 bundles under it  
gold front upper smile while I was hugging it  
I lied I wasn't lucifer's neighbor  
he who I'm f\*ckin with,  
my mom's threw that snow in her nose but I would hustle it  
champ hoodie mongoose with the pegs  
clap your stoop up, hit mom dukes in her leg  
Thats beef. y'all ain't street, y'all peep niggas write it down and try to be niggas  
f\*ckin everything. In that heavy swing,  
second hand swept across that pretty bretling  
in that Nissan Honda Chevy thing peddling whatever bring  
feddy in steadily I fed my whole team  
Drug dealer been that nigga half my life  
drug dealer been that nigga half of my life  
you nigga's talk it but you ain't never seen them  
imagine being first name basis with the king pin(Pusha T)  
In this art of war, my pink stroke is Picasso  
Niggas get the picture I ain't gotta paint the nostrils  
you know my origin is over when, fat black bitches singing over organs  
die for a dollar. pride you don't swallow  
you say that for the one you buying red bottoms  
yeah, that's the price you gotta pay for it  
all's fair in love and war she masacade for it  
Wooh! Jack-O-Lantern push,  
trick or treat, f\*ck your shit I earned it off the books  
now listen to me vent when you sit and watch it's like tires being spinned  
shots from everywhere but they never make a dent  
knight in shining armor,  
mistake me for the the villain 'cause my vengeance is your karma  
yeah fear is knowing you're a goner  
it's music to my soul 'cause it's death before dishonor  
gone(Danny Brown)  
Check

Got the Tongue of a pimp, raised by a dirty preacher  
They used the church money to cop a new Beamer  
Got the heart of a child raised by a prostitute  
Who got his mama the rubbers when the john came through  
It's the microphone Mastadon, great inside the extra stoned  
You ain't getting pussy like your prom date had a chaperone  
Poppin' pills got a nigga's brain like a laberynth  
Brought the ho on purpose but I got the brain in accident  
Nigga I'm your majesty, showed up with a bag of weed  
Rolled a blunt so perfect thought it came up out a factory  
My manuscript leave a man with a baller's dream  
The insomniac with nightmares and 16s  
I'm a wet dream, dry sense of humor  
Travel in class like a highschool rumor  
No one really cares if you embarrassed us with style  
Cause when it comes to those raps you be letting us down  
So tell 'em why your mad son  
Gotta get it off your chest?  
Let 'em know how you feel son  
You gotta say what you say  
It don't matter the gon' say you nigga hatin' any way

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