

# 40 Acres

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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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

TERIUS NASH, WILLY LAMUR, TERRENCE THORNTON, RICARDO LAMARREPublished by  
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Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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