

# I Still Wanna (Feat. Ab Liva & Rick Ross)

## Pusha T

It's like an itch you can't scratch  
It's like a bitch you can't shake  
I still wanna Sleeping with the finest, the thread count is bindless  
Security blanket of cocaine, I am Linus  
In this climate I'm Kareem Burke tied in  
The Roc silent partner I ain't throwing up the diamond  
Throwing on the shearling, collars up, bottles up  
Sparkles to the table, got 'em feeling like he's Merlin  
Whirlwind, powder makes your world spin  
Learn from OGs, Alfa Romeos and Sterlings  
Updated that, upgraded that  
Suffocation blue in the insides potato sack  
Yeah, talk money, shit I'm made of that  
Cocaine parties like the seventies, I cater that  
You know what fame is? Sitting with the woman  
Of your dreams and forgetting what her name is  
You know what pain is? Flushing two bricks  
And tryna have a nigga strain it out the drainage [Chorus]  
See my face on the news and it ain't Tivo  
I still wanna sell kilos  
It's like I'm throwing rocks at the pen begging for the Rico  
I still wanna sell kilos  
Searching for the fish scale like I'm tryna find Nemo  
I still wanna sell kilos  
That's what happens when you Michael and they try to treat you like you Tito  
I still wanna sell kilos Grew up watching momma car repoe'd  
A little nigga staring through the peep hole  
How you think I felt knowing daddy wasn't there  
Recycling cans cause nobody ever cared  
Get it how you live, always echoed in the streets  
When we talking business, talking on the phone cease  
Feds listening to conversations through my OnStar  
Piecing puzzles together solving homicides of I's  
Dice game chatter, better bring your stash out  
Red velor, I'm in the white glass house  
Half a ticket bitches quick to drop it on the scale  
City of dope where real niggas sell yay'  
Everyday a nigga dies and we can't ask why  
Show 'em all love, the bitches fucked on the side

Tony Montana, tailor made suits in the church  
Rolls Royce Corniche, trunk full of work[Chorus]Testarossa top models, G fours  
Gucci pass the crease off, everything I climb in, I win  
Richard Mille Tourbillon, remarkable timing  
Black label everything, logos in the lining  
Bell Biv DeVoe push poison like a copper head  
Powder falls, smoke clears through the walking dead  
The Rose bottles pour for the champions  
You'd think it was a Grammy win, celebration spills  
Through the morning like an Ambien, bitches love my ambiance  
Chain swinging, ticker taping like it's Mardi Gras  
Thousand niggas deep, never needed body guards  
Thousand keys that I'm about to do Pilate's on  
Where the kings crowned like the grill a Maserati's on  
Candy coated parked, doors ajar, on a stripper  
Blew a fuse and caught a body on, cocaine storing  
Liva living dreams, y'all DeLoreans pouring in[Chorus]

Songwriters

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