

# The Games We Play

## Pusha T

Drug dealer Benzes with gold diggers in 'em  
In elevator condos, on everything I love This ain't a wave or phase, cause all that shit fades  
This lifestyle's forever when you made  
They tweet about the length I made 'em wait,  
What the fuck you expect  
When a nigga got a cape and he's great?  
Oven's full of cakes that he bakes  
Still spreading paste  
The love just accentuates the hate  
This is for my bodybuilding clients moving weight  
Just add water, stir it like a shake  
Play amongst the stars like the roof in the Wraith  
Get the table next to mine, make our bottle servers race  
These are the games we play,  
We are the names they say  
This is the drug money your ex-nigga claim he makes To all of my young niggas  
I am your Ghost and your Rae  
This is my Purple Tape, save up for rainy days  
And baby mama wishes, along with the side bitches  
They try to coexist, end up wishing you'd die, bitches  
Stood on every couch, in the A at the black party  
No jewelry on, but you richer than everybody  
You laugh a little louder  
The DJ say your name a little prouder  
And we don't need a globe to show you the world is ours  
We can bet a hundred thousand with my safe hold  
My numbers lookin' like a bank code These are the games we play  
We are the names they say  
This is the drug money your ex-nigga claim he makes  
Ain't no stoppin' this champagne from poppin'  
The draws from droppin', the law from watchin'  
With Ye back chopping  
The cars and the women come with options  
Caviar facials remove the toxins  
This ain't for the conscious,  
This is for the mud-made monsters  
Who grew up on legends from outer Yonkers  
Influenced by niggas Straight Outta Compton,  
The scale never lies

I'm 2.2 incentivised  
If you ain't energized like the bunny for drug money  
Or been paralyzed by the sight of a drug mummy  
This ain't really for you, this is for the Goya Montoya  
Who said I couldn't stop, then afforded me all the lawyers  
The only kingpin who ain't sinking  
Chess moves, that means my third eye ain't blinkin'  
Stay woke, nigga, or get out  
Still pull them whips out  
Still spread the chips out  
Might buy your bitch some new hips and yank her rib out  
The message in this music  
All my niggas had to live out These are the games we play  
We are the names they say  
This is the drug money your ex-nigga claim he makes, yah!  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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