

H.G.T.V.

Pusha T

Half a year later, still ain't heard an album greater
The natives want me out of the office, back on the pavement
Jokers at the top know the king is nothin' to play with
9 to 5 money is just as sweet as the grave shift
El presidentÃ©, Blowbama, blow by ya
Chopper next to me in every picture, Osama
Oh mama, they question my starting line up
You only find a diamond from diggin' like coal miners
Don't listen to 'em, Designer
The same rappers talkin' next year will be Uber drivers (Fuck 'em)
Chanel dad hats, but you don't know that they got 'em
Trap door shopper, they rotate the wall
So you will never see me as you rotate the mall
330 spin, cook a steak up on this grill
Me myself and I, we like a hamster in the wheel
Rolls emblem, Black Virginian
Pull in a neighborhood I don't blend in
Album of the year contender every year
The kitchen's full of work, it's blenders everywhere
Blended bitches everywhere that do the most
They never seen with him so they fuck his ghost
Invisible man, timepiece with the invisible hands
MJ, remember the time they counted in sand hourglass
But mine come with purse and heels
And the DIY Gucci with the crest and shields
It's too far gone when the realest ain't real
I walk amongst the clouds so your ceilings ain't real
These niggas Call of Duty cause their killings ain't real
With a questionable pen so the feelin' ain't real
Rap's John Grisham
I can paint the picture with the words if you listen (shh)
The bar's been lowered, the well's run dry
They beefin' over melodies, but no, not I (yugh)
See I'm so top 5
If they factor in the truth I just might blow by
Blowbama

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