

# Blow (Funk Flex Freestyle)

Pusha T

Malice found religion, Tony found prison  
Im just tryna find my way out this fucking kitchen  
A birds eye view got me channelling my vision  
Turn one to two now my kilos got a sibling  
Father knows best, wash my hands all's forgiven  
We kicking up dust like the colosseum floors  
Walls full of safes like they mausoleum doors  
Pussy getting wet like she walking through my morgue  
Grants, Jacksons, no room for George  
Yeh, the fear of Gods in you muthafuckas  
This art imitate my life  
Your World Star Hip Hop fame based off imitation white  
Eliminate the fool's gold and imitation ice  
My music for your soul, inspiration for your life  
Every dime I made in this life wasn't disastrous  
Help my young bitch see my way through the Bachelors  
Sent my old bitch right back to get her Masters  
Same graduation I was clapping in the rafters  
The truth hurts everytime its revealed  
What goes around comes around, this is life's ferris wheel  
Grab hold and reverse the steering wheel  
As I parrallel park, Kentucky Derby on the grill  
The fact that Im free lets me know God is great  
Ten year marathon of me selling concentrate  
These rappers talk crowns but Id rather talk fear  
Villain like Candyman, say my name and Ill appear  
No weapon formed against me shall prosper  
Hakuna matata, feet up sipping java  
Strolling up the totem poll, whats my only problem?  
Scrolling through my Rolodex, who shall bear my toddler  
So many hands raised as the band plays  
Im here now, watch how many nigga's plans change  
First class flights, Ciroc soaked nights  
Waking up to models, what a motherfuckin life

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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