

Raid (Feat. 50 Cent & Pharrell)

Pusha T

I'm only in the company of Kings
I made a power move and it's everything it seems
Before 'Ye signed me, I was getting out my dreams
Standing on the shoulders of twenty thousand fiends
Every time a nigga wanna try and turn a profit
Folks rush in, three letters try and stop it
F B I R S D E A
One letter short but still motherfuck the DA
We play by the rules as they try and crack the code
Combination lock to the kilos that I hold
Leopard print Louboutin's, prowlin' the concrete
Roller balls come alive just like Jumanji
You know where to find me
Greenhouse a circle of top whores
Mandarin, Gansevoort, any of them top floors
Thirty five large took it right out the top draw
Still got a throwaway phone in my sock draw[Chorus]
It's like rain, spraying on you roaches
The AK is an animal, it is ferocious
A nigga wanna sing but we is the dopest
Watch that nigga disappear, hocus pocus
Ring, ring the nigga wanna sing
Ring, ring, I keep that bitch clean
Ring, ring the nigga wanna sing
Unless he is an insomniac and dying to dream
You can tell I went to school on a small yellow bus
Never bothered me, strong arm robbery
I went from powdered jelly donuts to them o's
From my high school sweetheart to fucking with hoes
Look I'm all grown up and I dun blown up
Nigga ain't much changed, in fact, things are the same
I'm the definition of shooter, gun of choice the Ruger
You'll take my word for it or make me do it to ya
I'm a magnet to murder, when I'm in the mood
Get convicted through the forensics when you walk in my shoes
I'm bad news, you niggas know the verdict, I'm filthy
Drop Phantom is milky
White on white, twenty four inch blades I'm skatin'
Red eye smoking that bomb shit, I'm Satan
Niggas surprised, fifty back on fire

Fifty back running round this bitch strapped
Hit man for hire[Chorus]I sit with the liars, duct tape and tires
Been lost their soul
They just waiting on the fire
Innocent faces with a shit load of priors
Something out of nothing, a team full of MacGyvers
Deep sea dive for the fish scale
Tryna find a better price, man that ship sailed
Take a record head back if that shit fail
Drop weight like an anchor than you set sail
Hell freeze over like the watch I put the sleeve over
Engine double scream when I turn the key over
Pirellis on the street rolling like a steam roller
Bitches double team when I have my sleep overs
Yeah, Re-Up gang with the G-Unit
This is Taylor made drug dealer fiend music
Test it on ya tongue or either watch a fiend do it
I got you hooked and I laugh as you lean to it[Chorus]

Songwriters

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CURTISPublished by

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