Suicide (Feat Ab-Liva)

Pusha T

Yeah, I just ordered one my nigga
YeahI'm still a snow mover, blow harder than tuba
Designated shooters, turn weed to woolers
Condo in Atlanta, money counters like the NASDAQ
In that glass back, the motor is the ass crack
I'm still feeding divas like I feed the meter
Holy father to em, I ain't talking Jesus neither
Balance on the scale, I ain't a Libra either
I'm just a name and number with the means to reach ya
Grim Reaper, him cheaper, him chief of
His army, MCM on gym sneakers
You knowin that hymn better, he been preaching
You motherfuckers is bloodsuckers you been leeching
Been baller, been Jacob, been dealer
Been realer, pound sign, been trilla
All killer, no filler, been iller
Fraud niggas you zoolander, Ben StillerWhen it comes to shooters my niggas is trained to go
And they gettin' practice on bitches who breaking codes
35 hundred, just point and give them a name
They back flipping niggas, that go for rappers the same
You don't know me nigga, fuck out my wayBetween renter and a homeowner
Hip Hop, we can cover any rolling stoner
Louboutins I heist nigga, or that bitch Winona
Stop comparing me to rappers cause they in their moment
Might of crossed the name brand every blue
But these brand names to a brand owner isn't new
Don't make us equal cause we shared a bitch or two
She ain't the angel that you think, she reincarnated too
I build mine off fed time and dope lines
You caught steam off headlines and co-signs
Young niggas cliquing up with my rivals
Like the bible don't burn like these bullets don't spiral
Like I can't see the scene that you mirror in your idol
But a pawn's only purpose is completely suicidal
Oh, suicide, it's a suicide
I'm just talking to the world like it's you and IWhen it comes to shooters my niggas is trained to go
And they gettin' practice on bitches who breaking codes
35 hundred, just point and give them a name
They back flipping niggas, that go for rappers the same

You don't know me nigga, fuck out my wayNothing but cash here, this sweater is cashmere
The roof is a translucent, it's nothing but glass there
The car is a concept, what's next is my last year
My future is bright hot, you never can last here
I'm top 5, listen, who hot in the past year?
Five heartbeats and I'm feeling like Flash here
Cause what I captured is the beast unleashed in the pasture
Story of the sheep and the wolves I un-master
Fifty in the liquor, unwrapped 'em
Unpacked, powder rise and it fall like Sebastian
Telfair, tailor-made suits hand crafted
Over Bottega Veneta, high tops unfastened
S550 drop top is unimaginable
To my hand drop and then he unattached it
Practice it, nigga brick, break down, break dance
Crab walk, back spin, tanner than my black skinWhen it comes to shooters my niggas is trained to go
And they gettin' practice on bitches who breaking codes
35 hundred, just point and give them a name
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You don't know me nigga, fuck out my way

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