

I Still Wanna (feat. Ab Liva & Rick Ross)

Pusha T

[Pusha T]

It? s like an itch you can? t scratch
It? s like a bitch you can? t shake
I still want it
Sleeping with the finest
The thread count is bindless
Security blanket of cocaine, I am Linus
In this climate I? m Kareem Burke tied in
The Roc silent partner I aint throwing up the diamond
Throwin? on the sherwin, collars up, bottles up
Sparkles to the table, got em feeling like he? s Merlin
Whirlwind, powder makes your World spin
Learn from OG? s, Alpha Romeo? s and Sterling
Updated that, upgraded that
Suffocation blue, in the inside? s potato sacks
Yeah, talk money, I? m made of that
Cocaine parties, like the 70? s I cater that
You know what fame is?
Sittin with the women of your dreams and forgettin? what her name is
You know what pain is?
Flushing 2 bricks and have a n-gga try to strain it out the drainage
I still wanna sell kilo? s
It? s like I? m throwing rocks at the pen begging for the rico
I still wanna sell kilo? s
Searching for the fish scale like I? m tryna find Nemo
I still wanna sell kilo? s
Thats what happen? s when you Michael and they try to treat you like Tito
I still wanna sell kilo? s

[Rick Ross]

Grew up watching momma car repoed
A little n-gga staring through the peep hole
How you think I felt knowing daddy wasn? t there
Recycling cans cause nobody ever cared
Get it how you live, always echoed in the streets
When we talking business, talking on the phone cease
Feds listening to conversations through my own star
piecing puzzles together solving homocides?

Dice game chatter, better bring your stash out
Red Velour, I? m in the white glass house
Half a ticket bitches quick to drop it on the scale
Fiddling dope a real n-gga sell yayo
Everyday a n-gga dies than we can? t ask why
Show em all love, the bitches f-cked on the side
Tony Montana, tailor made suits in the church
Rolls Royce called?, trunk full of work

[Hook]

See my face on the news and it aint Tivo
I still wanna sell kilo? s
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[Ab Liva]

Testarossa top models, G4? s, Gucci pass the crease off
Everything I climb in, I win
Richer male,?, remarkable timing
Black label everything, logo? s in the lining
Bell Biv DeVoe push poison like a copper head
Powder smoke clears through the walking dead
The Rose bottles pour for the Champions
You think it was a Grammy win
Celebration spills through the morning like an ambion
Bithces love my ambience
Chain swinging, ticker taping like it? s Mardi Gras
Thousand n-ggas deep, never needed body guards
Thousands keys that I? m about to do pilates on
Where the Kings crowned like the grill a Maserati? s on
Candy coated parked, doors ajar, on a stripper
blew a fuse and caught a body on
Cocaine storaging
Liva living dreams, ya DeLoreans pouring in
[Hook]

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