

Don't Fuck With Me

Pusha T

Re-up gang, G.O.O.D. Music, Def Jam
I love my family[Verse 1]
The nerve of you
He'll sit and clip at your lines like he ain't heard of you
I seen it happen before, that man will murder you
The lowest form of a thief is a cat burglar
Tiptoe-in' but the whole while clonin'
The elephant's in the room, the bitch glowin'
Like a ghetto girl with the good weave sewn in
She walk like its her's but the whole world knowin'
Told niggas it's the new god flow
It's that New Testament and the old God knows
And you new niggas don't get to pass go
I'll monopolize Boardwalk Empire flow
So don't mention me in the same breath, I'm Genghis
Just venting I never wished to be famous
Truth told I'd much rather be strangers
Before it leads to me turnin' niggas to angels
Local niggas hatin' but I can't blame 'em
Clear the road to the riches but I can't pave 'em
Put Trey up on your hook, still couldn't save 'em
Better chance with a snowball hittin' Satan
Dreams money can buy, three racks just spent on my Marty McFly's
Now I'm back to the future, my career deja-vu you
When you muthafuckers thought I would hardly survive[Hook]
Don't fuck with me
You see, there's a lot of people out there to be fucked with
I am not one
Re-Up Gang
Don't fuck with me[Verse 2]
Rappers on their sophomores, actin' like they boss lords
Fame such a funny thing for sure
When niggas start believing all them encores
I'm just the one to send you off, bonjour
See yourself as I pull up in that mirror tint
Skins vs. blouses, you mirror Prince
Chappelle Show, all of you Neal Brennans
Sketch comedy, who was for real pennin'?
The talk don't match the leather

The swag don't match the sweaters
And wolves don't walk with shepherds
These Margiela verses all you mall dwellers
Off-the-rack suits looking like pallbearers
Coffins for my old bitches' orphans
Daddy's MIA like a dolphin
Play the Fendi bucket like a shark's fin
Cool J-ing on you bitches but I'm dark-skinned
We walked in, seats courtside, dap Diddy, Will Ferrell on my walk by
At the US Open, there's much more to Queens
Versace blu-blockers, row behind Oracene
Dreams money can buy
Three racks just spent on my Marty McFly's
Now I'm back to the future, my career deja-vu you
When you muthafuckers thought I would hardly survive

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

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