

M.F.T.R.

Pusha T

Creep up on these niggas
Speak up on these niggas
Speak up on a nigga
Walk up in that bitch and wave at everything
Walk up in that bitch and wave at everything
Go and make it bang, go and make it bang
Gettin' followed by them hollows, go and make it bang
Niggas ain't been to church in a minute
But it's funny how that TEC make a nigga get religious
Amen! You rather be more famous than rich
Play your role, it's easy acting like Mitch
"Paid In Full" was more than reading a script
Paid in full is really just being Rich Porter
Filling all standing orders
Would you question could I swim if you saw me walking on water?
Yeah, while every song got a rapper dance
Yuugh, I'm drug money like Dapper Dan
No retirement plans, no Derek Jeters
We all know I did it, Rodriguez
The illusion of money we don't believe in
You ask me, Tyga looking like a genius
I'm Kim Jong of the crack song
Gil Scott-Heron to the black poem
Woo, the revolution will be televised
'Cause we done see all and they telling lies
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Amen! You rather be more famous than rich
Play your role, it's easy being my bitch
It's only right for a queen to floss your shit
Rolex crowns, I emboss your wrist
The minimums, niggas ain't synonyms
Dual exhausts, driving flying saucers

Diamond crosses, hang Takashi portraits
Street millionaires rub shoulders
And laugh at bitches fucking promoters
Hoping that they get noticed, still driving a Focus
What you fuck him for if you didn't know what the goal was?
Shine, remote control blinds
That turn on the time lapse, controlled by the iPad
Ah, my living room rap scream crack money
I don't trust rap niggas or rap money
See this air hole tech and get rat from meCreep up on these niggas
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Amen!Niggas talking it, but ain't living it
Two years later admitting it, all them niggas is renting shit
They ask why I'm still talking dope, why not?
The biggest rappers in the game broke, voilÃ
They say it's hate, but it's these well-dressed snakes
That learn to walk on the concrete, I just saw it and spoke to it
Yuugh, you ain't know, you got coached through it
Wooo, the rap fans got hoaxed through it
Ha, the whole time I sold coke through it
Nigga, and records I was Bo through it
King Push is synonymous with kingpin
Chess moves on your checkerboard, king him
Yeah, this is gun slingers and Goyard
Uh, this is O Dog in the courtyard
You wonder why I'm still here
I'm America's worst nightmare
Night, night niggaCreep up on these niggas
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Amen!

Songwriters

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