

# Dont 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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