Numbers On the Boards

Pusha T

I'm so bossy, bitch, get off me
It's a different jingle when you hear these car keys
Your SL's missing an S, nigga
Your plane's missing a chef
The common theme see they both got wings
If you fly, do it to death
It's only one God, and it's only one crown
So it's only one king that can stand on this mound
King Push, kingpin, overlord
Coast Guard come a hundred goin' overboard
I got money with the best of 'em
Go blow for blow with any Mexican
Don't let your side bitches settle in
Might have to headbutt your EvelynBallers, I put numbers on the boards
Hard to get a handle on this double-edged sword
Whether rappin' or I'm rappin' to a whore
Might reach back and relapse to wrappin' up this raw
Givenchy fittin' like it's gym clothes
We really gym stars, I'm like D. Rose
No D-league, I'm like these clothes
'88 Jordan, leaping from the free throwBallers, I put numbers on the boards(Motherfuckers can't rhyme no more, 'bout crime no more)
Mix drug and show money, Biggs Burke on tour
Twenty-five bricks, move work like chore
Hit Delaware twice, needed twenty-five more
I see flaw, cracks in your diamond
CB4 when you rhyme, Simple Simon
Come and meet the pieman, a must that I flaunt it
The legend grows legs when it comes back to haunt usBallers, I put numbers on the boards
Can't a bitch live and say I bought her Michael Kors?
Every car driven was decided by the horse
Keep the sticker in the window 'case you wonder what it cost
How could you relate when you ain't never been great?
And rely on rap money to keep food up on your plates, nigga?
I might sell a brick on my birthday
Thirty-six years of doing dirt like it's Earth Day, GodBallers, I put numbers on the boards

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