

Pure Luxury

Tyga

Old fucking drama, call the karma kamikaze
Shots of alcohol, the pain is brolic in my chest, I feel demolished
Hope the liquor make it silence, prayin' to me like the altar
Life is often lost in coffin, I'm just here to make my offer
Crystal sniffing, bitches tripping, luxury and gang members
Wanna be like 'Boyz N Hood', affiliated by my brothers
Worship higher powers, folks impoverished, drinking from the chalice
So they say it's his blood, be like he was a Jesus
I'm holy, horrors making eye contact
Surviving the thrones, stones at yo front door, bang it though
When a nigga get dough, promise I pay you back mo'
You always had my back and I thank you for that
Wanna call you late, but I'm busy filling plates
Kids gotta eat and mommas gon' cry, that bread been straight, we shaking dank
Baby I'ma save you one day, from this hell hole and gunplay
Grew up with seen poor, 'til I seen poor
Went east side, where rain poured and souls cried, no sunshine
Tomorrow when tears dry, no one will make it out alive
I just wanna make it God, can you hear me fine, here been deaf, feeling blind,
All I see is sacrifice (Overtime)
Show no remorse when you die, until then
Wash my sins with time, make yo bed (Lay on the line)
Looking at headlines, it's all a lie
But who are you and I to decide, (Just tryna get by)
And that's pure, like virgin blood mixed with 1-51 one sip
Will make a nigga flip, I ain't tripping off shit
That happened yesterday, 'cause I just wanna rest today, in pure luxury
All my life I wanted luxury
A roof over to sleep
Family, that's luxury
All I ever hung around was G's
Breaking bread with the homies, that's luxury
Something like virgin blood that's pure and she screaming out "It's yours"
All I ever wanted was luxury
Now all I got is luxury, come fuck with me
20 bandana, cross my fingers when in danger
I protect you perfect stranger, put that body on a hanger
Her man's in Herman, better floss don't need a fucking filla
Hold my hand, your halo's fading, pesos and Pinot Grigio
Bless the newborns, my comrades they ride for me
It's not the game, you just a casualty

War ruins who after me
Surviving, could have been a tragedy
Ninth grade, in a driver seat
Skipping class, no time to speak
Truth be told this honesty
Poker face and poke her highness next to me
I'm soaking royal altercationally
Not complacent, want the cake and cream
Settle in, you just another lawyer fee
I don't smoke that reggie seed, high at the presidential suite
And I ain't at the legion seat nigga, overseas
With Sheiks that's royalty nigga
You can bet that, my tux black
My bitch black and I'm backing out
That ghost black, black AMEX
Ain't gotta say shit, hold the faith All my life I wanted luxury
A roof over to sleep
Family, that's luxury
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