

F.I.F.A.

Pusha T

They been trying to tie me to the BALCO
Too many clicks in the dial tone
I'm my city's Willy Falcon
How you niggas celebrating Alpo?
I'm disgusted
Interior rustic, the mustard-colored wall's adjusted
Trap doors everywhere
Macs come out the floor, dinners at the Forge
Four Seasons all four seasons
It's good to have a getaway for no reason
Concierge never speak
'Cause this week look like last week
They both named Ashley
I might travel to El Barrio
To get it from Daddy-O then adios
Cellphone at the back patio
I didn't have to make a cameo to get it off I hope you betting on the sleeper
It all started on a beeper
Now they asking for the feature
Till I'm steppin' out the bleachers
Drug money kicked around like it's FIFA Yuugh! Pops up like dandruff
Beverly Hills Jed Clampett
A shotgun wedding to collect my ransom
Cameo Chris Hansen
I'm at your door
You don't wanna know him if you owe him
I done boxed in cars and had to tow 'em
I done laid in lawns when they didn't mow 'em
Even hogtied wives, I had to show 'em
That I mean business
I mean everything I say, no witness
No forgiveness, Souls of Mischief
It's on through infinity, my arms are endless
Your arms, too short to box with God
Might send a bitch a Elie Saab
She fucks and robs
10 grand just to touch the job
Close range, she don't duck and dodge
You can't trust them odds I hope you betting on the sleeper

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