Alone In Vegas

Pusha T

[Verse 1]
I let you into my diary to admire me
The make up of this man, I let you see the higher me
The self righteous drug dealer dichotomy
Im drawing from both sides, I am Siamese
The tug of war opens the door, entrada
Rip me apart and see whats inside of this piata
And rolling kilos in Gymstrada thats one saga
One chapter of black magic, Im Harold Potter
Feels like Im doomed to dealing with women who
Relationships with their fathers wont allow us to bloom
And blossom, I swear them Vegas nights was fucking awesome
But adis I blow my own dice before I toss em
Lost some niggas some other niggas double crossed em
Tryna snatch my niggas back I blew a small fortune
Wrestle with the work, we was like the four horsemen
Rick Flair with the flame, Im motherfucking Gorgeous
As the gull wing doors lift
Karate Kid, crane kick, no Jaden Smith
Whiter than that coke brush that they paint me with
Sunk leather seats softer than an angels kiss
But they devil red, tires double tread
I post and parks up, that gets me double head
Tight rope walking tryna keep a level head
The bright lights blind look at what the devil did
[Hook]
She left the door open gave a fuck if Im famous
I write this alone in Vegas
Came off fly street money partied nights with the a-list
I write this alone in Vegas
Remember nights when my team blew it all on the tables
I write this alone in Vegas
Im the only one left and the memories fading so
I write this alone in Vegas
[Verse 2]
Theyll do everything in their power
Stomp near the stove when youre rising like flour
Make your cake fall when you threatening their tower
Its 911 youre on your 25th hour

Asta la vista Im steppin out the bleachers
How the tide turns when the pupils now the teacher
The game cant go by just followin the leaders
You gotta be better than the ones who precede, yeah
Upgrade them, upstage them
Change the whole body shape and just update them, Pagans
Reagan era I ran contraband
Money caused turf wars through the promised land
First time being rich could be a common man
The Guy Fishers had the blueprints and diagrams
We just took what we needed and we built on it
Lord forgive me for the blood that I spilt on it
[Hook]
[Outro]
Fear of God niggas, got me feelin like Pac
This the realest shit I ever wrote
Who you know sit in New York for 2 days around Grammy winners
Come back home straight to the money getters
About $14, 000 dollars worth in 20s
Brown paper bag money, I call that a good weekend
Re-up gang forever
Long live the caine coming soon
Malice my brother I love you
Liva Don til the end nigga

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