Raid

Pusha T

[Pusha T]I'm only in the company of Kings
I made a power move and it's everything it seems
Before 'Ye signed me, I was getting out my dream
Standing on the shoulders of 20,000 fiends
Everytime a n-gga wanna try and turn a profit
Folks rush in, 3 letters try and stop it
F-B-I-R-S-D-E-A (FBI, IRS, DEA)
One letter short but still muthaf-ck the DA.
We play by the rules as they try and crack the code
Combination locks to the kilo's that I hold
Leopard print Louboutin's, prowlin' the concrete
Roller balls come alive just like Jumanji
You know where to find me
Greenhouse a circle of top whores
Mandarin, gears of war, any of them top floors
35 large took you right out the top draw
Still got a throwaway phone in my sock draw
[Pharrell]It's like rain, spraying on you roaches
The AK is an animal, it is ferocious
A n-gga wanna sing but he is the dopest
Watch that n-gga disappear, hocus pocus
Ring, ring the n-gga wanna sing
Ring, ring, I keep that bitch clean
Ring, ring the n-gga wanna sing
Unless he is an insomniac, he dying to dream
[50 Cent]You can tell I went to school on a small yellow bus
Never bothered me, strong arm robbery
I went from countin' Jelly donuts to taking the most
From my high school sweetheart to f-cking with hoes
Look I'm all grown up and I dun blown up

N-gga aint much changed, in fact, things are the same
I'm the definition of shooter, gun of choice the ruger
You'll take my word for it or make me do it to ya
I'm a magnet to murder, when I'm in the mood
Get convicted through the forensics when you walk in my shoes
I'm bad news, you n-ggas know the verdict, I'm filthy
Drop Phantom is milky
White on white, 24 inch blades of steel

Red eye smoking that bomb shit
N-ggas surprised, 50 back on fire
50 back running round this bitch strapped
Hitman for hire
[Hook][Pusha T]I sit with the liars, ducktape and tyres
Been lost their soul
They just waiting on the fire
Innocent faces with a shit load of prior's
Something out of nothing, a team full of MacGuyvers
Deep sea dive for the fishscale
Tryna find a better price, man that ship sale
Take a record head back if that shit fail
Drop weight like an anchor than you set sail
Hell freeze over like the watch I put the sleeve over
Engine double scream when I turn the key over
Pirelli's on the street rolling like a steam roller
Bitche's double team when I have my sleep over's
Yeah, Re-Up gang with the G-Unit
This is Taylor made drug dealer fiend music
Test it on ya tongue or watch a fiend do it
I got you hooked and I laugh as you lean to it
[Hook]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/