Pussy

Clipse

I ain't in to fat lippin', I'm in to gat grippin'
A cat's slippin', is a cat drippin'
Why I say that? the cat's slippin', the Mac's spittin'
The cat drippin', look in the mirror your's a fat kitten pussy

All I wanted growing up was remote controls
Now my whole life remote control, hit the block
Dope control, got ghetto corners choking slow
Grand mama go to church trying to soak my soul, oh
This one's for my foes, find yourself, in a hopeless hole

Ttrying to go against him, I puppet you Pinocchio
Flows on strings, it is what it seems, just call me Jepeto
A young stock market, put money in your pocket
'Cause when Pusha talk it is the object then I drop it
I rose gold ya, pink diamond ya, hah? Set it in a rhyme now

The industry got pink eye, contagious, flows high demand
Like the new Lou Vuitton Monogram, pastels is cute
How you niggaz follow suits so well?
These barrels encompass the heat from hell
Nigga the Franchise of Star Trak sales, uh

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They'd rather see me not breathing, than see me achieve
Have my mama grieving, crouched to her knees jealous hearted niggaz
Y'all wear it on ya sleeve like a scarlet letter for the world to see
Can't hide the truth, decedents of pain, so y'all get exposed

Like the sons of Hussein, my game weight grown, this is no fact
When cats was at hoop, I was Cadillac Brome, I'm not these rap kids
Wit childish antics, who make diss records, who rock hat backwards
These are higher stakes, this is not average weight, this is not pinching

Penny's, bitch, this is carrot cake, this is the difference 'tween rookies
And the pros, they pattern after me, they cookie cut my flow
But so, I'm never one that be jeal', do as I do so I can say
"Papa raised you well"

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They say the Lord closes windows, to open doors
Nigga don't make me open yours
Seen hearts beat through, open sores
Subliminal rap shit, so immature, that's why I ignore

Punchline niggaz on front time, silly hoe shit
He who questions I, is unfocused
Copperfield flow yes, I'll make careers disappear
Like hocus, pocus, no joke, it's Push'

Mercy, mercy, oh Lord, who is he? Who curse me, curse me?
But doing me, it hurts me so, puts me through changes

So I got porsche's and hummers to deal wit the anguish, oh, oh
Acts live but only if you speak the language and the rest is comic view
Star Trak, the movement, who you pay homage to?
You don't want it with them boys, this I promice you, you pussy
Through changes

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