

Iron Claw

Ghostface Killah

Czar
Czarface

Don't, don't, don't, don't push me
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Yo
Groundskeeper how I touch green
No love scene, so graphic I got a cutscene
Yeah, I go through it if I can't walk around it
True because I do it before I talk about it
[?] cold water, blowtorch
Black diamonds, blue dreams, gold Porsche
I'm always on go, all the lights green
General official, that's what the stripes mean
You get wiped clean like a countertop
I don't work in the beat, I'm like a housing cop
How they thirst in the streets, it's like they out of rock
No publicity stunts before the album drop
What you see is real, what you heard is false
All I have in this world is my word and my balls
Money calling, stomach talking, hungry often
Honeys hawking, haters hate, funny talking

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Yeah, yo
We criminals on the nightshift (Nightshift)
Get the billy club or the nightstick (Nightstick)
Sublim stone I get right with (Right with)
My murder game down to a tight knit (Tight-knit)
Reputations brolic, the story is polished
Not laces in my Adidas (Motherfuckers)
Yeah, yeah, and I'm not from Hollis
Got garlic for vampires and fake niggas who came to gossip
You can't 'dress me with that bullshit, you ain't even my stylist
(You acting all big now) But you ain't Christopher Wallace
See your girl on her knees, she just doing a solid
And the funny shit, you ain't gon' do nothing about it
Have a seat over there, you should be doing the knowledge
See, these young niggas'll murder you
And none of these niggas never heard of you
We popped a few things on the curb or two
Would've had you stretched out laying vertical

[illegible]

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I'm an alien from way past the moon, you see
I had the shazam, the anthem, it was new to me
Lunacy, puny humans try to heckle
I got the filter of Bill Burr, I'm a rebel level up
Poured some wine and I poured it to my face
You dumb like skinny jeans on a 42-inch waist
Style wild like a tangent from Anakin's grandson
I call the shots like I'm shooting with a stan van gun
Trailblazing, hair rising like a man bun
I'm so psycho on mics, you so psycho in tights and heels
Turn on a legend like Acura Keys
Gat factory, I'm catching casualties
(Hey, one more time, bro. Wait, what?) Nah, I like this take
Popping shit at Esoteric, that your life mistake
I'm a mic veteran, he like BJ penn
Your future looking Bleek like you tryna be Jay's friend
You put the S in wordplay, you get swordplay
So you know the stabbing tracks with my forté