

Crutches, Crosses, Caskets

Pusha T

Yeah
Uh-huh
Beautiful evils
Yeah
Check me out

Crutches, crosses, caskets
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All I see is victims
My young niggas sic' 'em
I don't get 'em
I just get back their jewelry if I'm fuckin' with 'em
Your man crush Mondays be owin' niggas
My skin is triple black, I'm the omen
You can't kill a God like the Romans, uh
Take my time to craft shit
'Cause I don't like back and forths with Puff about rap shit

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All I see is victims
Rappers is victimized at an all-time high
But not I, you pop niggas thought I let it fly
I'm Yasiel Puig, I'm in another league
I defected, only thing we have in common, niggas bleed
In ya thousand dollar joggers as you rhyme about ya dollars
Is there shame when a platinum rapper's mother lives in squalor?
Mildred's in the Bahamas for the month
She's probably sitting in her pajamas having lunch
Swordfish, my reality is more fish
Banana clips for all you Curious Georges
Old niggas slapping young niggas
Ha Imagine that, where you from nigga?

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All I see is death by the masses
The only asterisk is the change of address
My infinity pool as long as Magic's
Yeah I let Zillow change my pillows
The home is so inviting, the Porsche is the armadillo
The silhouette
The pop, pop, pop; the chop, chop, chop
The throwaway TEC's got Tourettes
It's more than this drug money, I love money
I speak to your soul and that's above money
This the ministry of street energy
The church of criminology, teaching my chemistries
Woo I'm the L. Ron Hubbard of the cupboard
To some certain motherfuckers gotta love it

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