

Hard Piano

Pusha T

Never trust a bitch who finds love in a camera
She will fuck you, then turn around and fuck a janitor
Set the parameters
You either with the pro ballers or the amateurs
I won't let you ruin my dreams or Harvey Weinstein the kid
Good mornin', Matt Lauer, can I live?
Look at my new digs
The rooftop can host a paint and sip for like 40
The Warhols on my wall paint a war story
Had to find other ways to invest
'Cause you rappers found every way to ruin Pateks
It's a nightmare, yeah
I'm too rare amongst all of this pink hair, ooh
Still do the Fred Astaire on a brick
Tap tap, throw the phone if you hear it click
Art Baselin' the bezel
Your bustdown is bust down and don't match the metal
Lower level's where you settle at
I'm the pot callin' the kettle black
Where there's no brick peddles at
Between God and where the Devil's at
Had to double dutch and double back
Then hopscotch through where the trouble's at
Exactly what the game's been missin'
This fire burns hot as Hell's Kitchen, Push

Now dat's how da ting go, I'm back from Santo Domingo
'cause dat's where the kings go, down in Santo Domingo
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This for the sneaker hoarders and coke snorters
'Cause dat's where the kings go, down in Santo Domingo
From Honda Accords to Grammy awards
That's where the kings go

I can blow a million dollars into dust
Lord knows how many bottles I've done bust
Still runnin' through the models like I'm Puff
Confront my problems like I'm Ralo in the bluff
Pusha know these politics is paradox
Chillin' in a condo full of ready rock
My homie amputated, but gon' stand for somethin'
I'm dyin' to find a way to get a Grammy from it (Maybach Music)
Watchin' my success for some is bittersweet
Always keep the sharpshooter's triggers tweaked
Diamonds drippin' on me via Tiffany's
All these K-9 units still sniffin' me
Ignorance versus the innocence
It's not the temperature for you in Timberlands
I keep the coldest flows on the hot seat
And you can spot my hoes by their car keys
Another episode full of atrocities
It's double M, baby, money monopolies (Maybach Music)
You scared to see my face in a fancy place
So I debate my case vs. a Nancy Grace
It's flesh and blood 'til I'm fresh as fuck
Still hands on, sucker, press your luck
Your money gone every other month

My money long so the treasure's tucked

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