

# 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  
Now dat's how the ting go, I'm back from Santo Domingo  
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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