

Keep Dealing

Pusha T

They call him a crack dealer, I am like Warhol
A nigga paint a picture of a bullet for all y'all
Now crawl for him
My sophomore jinx is more minks
But only for my mother she'll use 'em as couch covers
You niggas cheapening my All-Star Weekends
If y'all can't swim in the deep end then watch nigga
Woo! 80,000 on this watch niggas
Yuugh! And I ain't never had to watch nigga
Rich or wealthy, pick your poison
I think I paid for one too many abortions
Another Celine, it's like a routine
It's like ferris wheel of waist trainers and Seven jeans
Her new body's in my new body
Make her in an hourglass that's my new hobby
Rich nigga shit, how I blew my first million
Luckily was somethin' in the ceiling, keep dealin

Talk numbers, but never talk 'em to me though
When you're the link to what fits in the keyhole
The realest nigga to marathon on the RICO
The last cocaine superhero
I got the cape on, to cover kilos
The villain wins, the evolution of Nino
Goddamn Batman holy toledo
Nah, you ain't talkin' to me though

The Robb Report of the snort
Kings hold court
Lawyers get bought
Palms get greased when them cases get fought
No felony what the fuck is you tellin' me
Reduced to simple assault
It cost to keep it hush-hush
It was just us
Ended up sellin' my Bat Mobile
The crash don't kill
It's how you survives it
Rebound on niggas, I nine live'd it
Couldn't miss a Super Bowl or a Cancun
Bitches ain't respecting niggas not in full bloom
So the neck is full moon
I'm living a lie, she live for this life
And loving the Alaia pumps
Loving the rush, I'm living "The Wire" Uh
Drugs and this rap is really "Empire"
Rich nigga shit, how I lost my second million
Luckily was somethin' in the ceiling, keep dealin ya

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[Beanie Sigel:]
Ten toes deep in the trap, nigga I'm good here
Feelin' like Tony reading words on the Goodyear
Big said, "Only the FEDs I should fear"
So no threat, be on your steps with the whole hood there
Yeah, shoot up shit then we blow the scene
Kerosene in a 20 ounce Poland Spring
Nothing to lose attitude like Ron from Arizona
It's homicide when I slide up on ya
Reporting live from the project benches
Hella caine, dope in cellophane, dirty syringes
Heron zombies street-walking on three-week binges
Clientele look like the "Thriller" vid in 3D lenses
COD, niggas never had to front me jawns
I'm weighing bricks on the scale they put the lunch meat on
I'm Nino Brown in the projects
Yes, Curtis Jackson in his pyrex
Get rich or die tryin' is my mindset
And spend it all until I'm swallowing dirt
Cause I ain't never see a Brinks truck follow a hearse
I ain't never see a dead man taking the stand
I ain't never see a nigga swallow a bullet
And live to talk about it
'Bout that bread, I drop a coffin 'bout it
You watched me go through hell, now watch me walk up out it
Nigga shit, that's how I lost three million
Luckily was somethin' in the ceiling, keep dealin ya