

Let The Smokers Shine The Coupes

Pusha T

If money is the evil root
Let the smokers shine the coupes
Rich bitches that love the boost
I'm just here to find the truth
If kilograms is the proof
I done sold the golden goose
I got 'em baby I'm Jim Perdue
Cocaine's Dr. Seuss

We sip ace out the flutes
Chanel scarves out the roofs
If I never sold dope for you
Then you're ninety-five percent of who?
How forsaken are the rules
I done paid for all of yous
If first forty-eights the clue
Your jail cell was made for two
AMGs on auto cruise
The wrist's singin', auto tune
The dope game destroyed my youth
Now Kim Jones Dior my suits

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Coca leaf and potpourris
Chains over Le Coq Sportif
Don't brag bricks to me
If they ain't tell ya to bring your skis
My Patek, hers petite
The triple play we eat Phillipe's
Bird feather's dun made me chief
Whatever happened to black Marquise
Might buy your bitch a Jeep
I can make you lose your sleep
You millionaires on just tv
Now make it make sense to me

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