

M.P.A.

Pusha T

I see the strongest things
The evil that money brings
I swear it's like a disease
That goes round and round and round like sirens
And they wanna bury me
Why? Cause I'm anti everything
I swear it's like a disease
That goes round and round and round like sirens

Money, pussy, alcohol
You niggas pussy after all
Money, pussy, alcohol
You niggas pussy not at all
Get in them drawers
I had a dream I had it all
I woke up and really had it all

The three leading killers of you niggas
Is the shit that's most appealing to you niggas
Even I fell victim to it, your pride don't let you do it
The lies will get you through it
Money, pussy, alcohol, what a wonderful cocktail
Fronted my first brick over oxtails and ran with it
Dope is like a two-way street
The addiction, both you and me, now take a seat
Every car got a fleet, every broad get a jeep
Every sparkle in the club that wasn't ours, we compete
Poor minds, poor decision makers
No reward, then what's the risk you taking?
New bitch I been fucking might start a rap war
Won't unveil it yet, can't tell it yet
Defense wins games Bill Belichick
These hoes having Google numbers, niggas better check
Yuugh

Shout out my bitches fucking baseball niggas
That dress like Bamas with guaranteed contracts
Yeah, I see your vision, sick of prison visits
Now the Major League's where you're fishing
You young and hot, so why not?
The dealers is washed, the money is dry, so take your best shot
We can't judge you 'cause we ain't hug you
We sent you off to other hoods and let them niggas fuck you
For real, we made you watch from afar
Even talked down on you, tryna dim your star
Until we seen them foreign cars pull up
And watch them pick you up
And then we realized we missed a diamond in the rough
So, make us proud, make it count
Until you learn to love 'em, make 'em spare no amount
Make 'em dig deeper to keep ya, knowing you deserve it
Take advantage of it when you're worth it
Real bitches worth it

I've been watching all you real niggas
I done see more won't than you will niggas
Take a swing, snatch a chain

Lose your mind, go insane
I'm in the club, you in the club too
I got money, you got money too
You think it's honey dew
Whispering in my ear like a hunny do
Eyeballing every bottle that we running through
Trying to stand near, nigga damn near
Pushing bitches out the way to Instagram here
It's no pictures, now you in your feelings
I'm a real dope boy, no stranger dealings
Bruised ego, Henny-induced Debos
Nickel bag niggas, all of a sudden Ninos
I cancel all of you G-Moneys for G money
I get it done for quarter ki money, for real

[Hook]