

## Open Air

Pusha T

Sellin' cocaine in the open air  
The boats is there  
The notes is there  
Yeah, the ropes is there  
You ready

Out on the balcony  
Goats and shit  
Just got the word that the coast is clear  
So I'mma send it down the coast and load it there  
Imagine hangin' on a prayer knowing dope's in there  
All that frontin' in your raps, you holdin' where?  
We turnin' on the lights, you roaches clear  
Parking lots, cemetery his ghost is there  
Independent how I feel, the chauffer's there  
Why would I do a turkey drive, then troll the mayor  
When we feed the projects for most of the year  
See my heart been black, ain't no hope in here  
And we been let down by who's supposed to care  
Me and Steven, gold wings, see those is rare  
Ain't no Tony's in my circles, we Sosa's here  
In these ten crack commandments, I'm Moses yeah  
ARs do your body like folding chairs  
Sit down

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Bricks like blocks of government cheese  
Seven hundred for the Japanese dungarees  
VVS V12s don't fuck with my Vs  
Highest price hood bitches that scuff up they knees  
Finally made your first million but what's it to me  
Million dollar dog collar I'm pluckin' you fleas  
See none of those barkin' can fuck with the tree  
And when they legalize that, the discussion's with me  
Paris Le Meurice, The sprawling suite  
His Cartier, her wrist Van Cleef  
Exes deceased  
AKA rest in peace  
Her mother's worst fear is you die in the streets  
Seventeen mind changes up under my seat  
Jean-Georges reservations I'm dyin' to eat  
Then we toast with Sancerre, a sigh of relief  
Watch you niggas blow it all just trynna compete

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