

## Pure Luxury ?

Tyga

Old fucking drama, call the karma kamikaze  
Shots of alcohol the pain its relic in my chest, I feel demolished  
Hold the liquor, make it silence, pray into me like the altar  
Life is off the loss and coughing I'm just here to make my offer  
Crystal sniffing, bitches tripping, luxury and gang members  
Wanna be like Boyz N Hood, affiliated by my brothers  
Worship higher powers, smokes inpolished, drinking from the chalice  
So they say it's his blood be like he was a Jesús  
I'm holy, horrors making eye contact  
Surviving the thrones, stones at yo front door, bang it though  
When a nigga get dough, promise I pay you back mo'  
You always had my back and I thank you for that  
Wanna call you late, but I'm busy filling plates  
Kids gotta eat and mommas gon' cry, that bread been straight, we shaking dan  
k  
Baby I'ma save you one day, from this hell hole and gunplay  
Grew up with cinco hasta las cinco  
Went east side where rain poured and souls cried, no sunshine  
Tomorrow when tears dry, no one'll make it out alive  
I just wanna make it God, can you hear me fine, here been deaf, feeling blind,  
all I see is sacrifice (overtime)  
Show no remorse when you die, until then  
Wash my sins with time, make yo bed (lay on the line)  
Looking at headlines, it's all alive on who are you and I to decide, just tr  
yna get by  
And that's pure like virgin blood mixed with 1-51 one sip  
Make a nigga flip, I ain't tripping off shit  
That happened yesterday, cause I just won the rest today of pure luxury

All my life I wanted luxury  
A roof over to sleep  
Family, that's luxury  
All I ever hung around was G's  
Breaking bread with the homies, that's luxury  
Something like virgin blood that's pure and she screaming out "Its yours"  
All I ever wanted was luxury  
Now all I got is luxury, come fuck with me

20 bandana, cross my fingers when in danger  
I protect you perfect stranger, put that body on a hanger  
Her man's in Herman, [?] don't need a fucking filla  
Hold my hand, your halo's fading, pesos and Pinot Grigio  
Bless the newborns, my comrades they die for me  
It's not the game, you just a casualty  
War ruins who after me  
Surviving, could have been a tragedy  
Ninth grade, in a driver seat  
Skipping class, no time to speak  
Truth be told this honesty  
Poker face and poke her highness next to me  
I'm soaking royal altercationally  
Not complacent, want the cake and cream  
Settle in, you just another loyal [?]  
I don't smoke that reggie seed, high at the presidential suite  
And I ain't at the legion seat nigga, overseas  
With Sheikhs that's royalty nigga  
You can bet that, my tux black

My bitch black and I'm backing out  
That ghost black, black MX  
Ain't gotta say shit, on the favor

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