

## Alone In Vegas (Outro)

Pusha T

I let you into my diary to admire me  
The make up of this man, I let you see the higher me  
The self righteous drug dealer dichotomy  
I'm drawing from both sides, I am Siamese  
The tug of war opens the door, entrada  
Rip me apart and see what's inside of this piñata  
And rolling kilos in Gymstrada that's one saga  
One chapter of black magic, I'm Harold potter  
Feels like I'm doomed to dealing with women who  
Relationships with their fathers won't allow us to bloom  
And blossom, I swear them Vegas nights was fucking awesome  
But adiós I blow my own dice before I toss 'em  
Lost some niggas some other niggas double crossed 'em  
Trying snatch my niggas back I blew a small fortune  
Wrestle with the work, we was like the four horsemen  
Rick Flair with the flame, I'm mother fucking Gorgeous, woah  
As the gull wing doors lift, Karate Kid, crane kick, no Jaden Smith  
Whiter than that coke brush that they paint me with  
Sunk leather seats softer than an angels kiss  
But they devil red, tires double tread  
I post and parks up. that gets me double head  
Tight rope walking tryna keep a level head  
The bright lights blind look at what the devil did

She left the door open gave a fuck if I'm famous  
I write this alone in Vegas  
Came off fly street money partied nights with the a-list  
I write this alone in Vegas  
Remember nights when my team blew it all on the tables  
I write this alone in Vegas  
I'm the only one left and the memories fading so  
I write this alone in Vegas

They'll do everything in their power  
Stomp me the stove when you rising like flour  
Make your cake fall when you threatening their tower  
It's 911 you on your 25th hour  
Hasta la vista I'm steppin' out the bleachers  
How the tide turns when the pupils now the teacher  
The game can't go by just followin the leaders  
You gotta be better than the ones who precede yah  
Upgrade them  
Upstage them  
Change the whole body shape and just update them  
Pagans  
Reagan era I ran contraband  
Money caused turf wars through the promised land  
First time being rich could be a common man  
The Guy Fishers had the blueprints and diagrams  
We just took what we needed and we built on it  
Lord forgive me for the blood that I spilt on it

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Fear of God niggas  
Got me feelin' like Pac  
This the realest shit I ever wrote  
Who you know sit in New York for 2 days around Grammy winners  
Come back home straight to the money getters  
About \$14, 000 dollars worth in 20s  
Brown paper bag money  
Yeah, I call that a good weekend  
Re-up gang forever  
Long live the king coming soon  
Malice my brother I love you  
Liva-Don, till the end nigga