

Blow/Funk Flex Freestyle

Pusha T

Malice found religion, Tony found prison
I'm just tryna find my way up out this fucking kitchen
A Birdseye view got me channeling my vision
Turn one to two now the kilo's got a sibling
Father knows best, wash my hands, all's forgiven

We kicking up dust like the Colosseum floors
Walls full of safe's like they mausoleum doors
Pussy getting wet like she walking through my morgue
Grant's, Jackson's, no room for George

Yeah, the fear of God's in you motherfuckers
This art imitate my life
Your WorldStarHipHop fame based off imitation white
Eliminate the fools ghouling imitation ice
My music's for your soul, inspiration for your life

Every dime made in his life more disastrous
Help my young bitch see her way through her bachelors
While my old bitch went back to get her Masters
Same graduation, I was clapping in the rafters

The truth hurts every time it's revealed
What goes around comes around, this is life's Ferris wheel
Grab hold and reverse the steering wheel as I parallel park
Kentucky derby on the grill

The fact that I'm free let's me know God is great
Ten year marathon of me selling concentrate
These rappers talk crowns but I'd rather talk fear
Villain like Candyman, say my name and I'll appear

No weapon formed against me shall prosper
Hakuna matata, feet up, sipping java
Ey yo, strolling up the totem pole, what's my only problem?
Scrolling through my Rolodex, who shall bed my toddler?
So many hands raised as the band plays
I'm here now, watch how many niggas plans change

And eventually answers to the call of Autumn
All of them fallin' for the love of ballin'
Got caught with 30 rocks, the cop look like Alec Baldwin
Inter century anthems based off inner city tantrums
Based off the way we was branded
Face it, Jerome get more time than Brandon
And at the airport they check all through my bag
And tell me that it's random
But we stay winning, this week has been a bad massage
I need a happy ending and a new beginning
And a new fitted and some job opportunities that's lucrative
This the real world, homie, school finished
They done stole your dreams, you dunno who did it
I treat the cash the way the government treats AIDS
I won't be satisfied til all my niggas get it, get it?

I need more drinks and less lights
And that American Apparel girl in just tights

She told the director she tryna get in a school
He said "take them glasses off and get in the pool"
It's been a while since I watched the tube
Cause like a crib said, "I got way too many blues for any more bad news"
I was looking at my resume feeling real fresh today
They rewrite history I don't believe in yesterday
And what's a black Beatle anyway, a fucking roach?
I guess that's why they got me sitting in fucking coach
My guy said I need a different approach
Cause people is looking at me like I'm sniffing coke
It ain't funny anymore try different jokes
Tell 'em hug and kiss my ass, X and O
Kiss the ring while they at it, do my thing while I got it
Play strings for the dramatic
And end all of that wack shit
Act like I ain't had a belt in two classes
I ain't got it I'm going after whoever who has it
I'm coming after whoever. Who has it?
You blowing up, that's good, fantastic
That y'all, it's like that ya'll
I don't really give a fuck about it at all
Cause the same people that tried to black ball me
Forgot about two things, my black balls

Uh, look, Uh uh
I let you into my diary to admire me
The making of this man, I let you see the higher me
The self righteous drug dealer dichotomy
I'm drawn 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 Harry 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 this Vegas night was fucking awesome
But adios, I blow my own dice before I toss 'em
Loss some niggas, some other niggas double-crossed 'em
Tryna 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 muthafucking gorgeous, woah
As the gull wing doors lift, Karate Kid, crane kick, no Jaden Smith

Whiter than that coke brush did they paint me with Sunk leather seats softer
than an angels kiss
But they devil-red, tires double tread
I postin parks up, that gives me double head
Tight rope walking, tryna keep a level head
The bright lights blind, look at what the devil did
Yeah