

# Crutches, Crosses, Caskets

Pusha T

Yeah  
Uh-huh  
Beautiful evils  
Yeah  
Check me out

Crutches, crosses, caskets  
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All I see is victims  
My young niggas sic' 'em  
I don't get 'em  
I just get back their jewelry if I'm fuckin' with 'em  
Your man crush Mondays be owin' niggas  
My skin is triple black, I'm the omen  
You can't kill a God like the Romans, uh  
Take my time to craft shit  
'Cause I don't like back and forths with Puff about rap shit

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All I see is victims  
Rappers is victimized at an all-time high  
But not I, you pop niggas thought I let it fly  
I'm Yasiel Puig, I'm in another league  
I defected, only thing we have in common, niggas bleed  
In ya thousand dollar joggers as you rhyme about ya dollars  
Is there shame when a platinum rapper's mother lives in squalor?  
Mildred's in the Bahamas for the month  
She's probably sitting in her pajamas having lunch  
Swordfish, my reality is more fish  
Banana clips for all you Curious Georges  
Old niggas slapping young niggas  
Ha Imagine that, where you from nigga?

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All I see is death by the masses  
The only asterisk is the change of address  
My infinity pool as long as Magic's  
Yeah I let Zillow change my pillows  
The home is so inviting, the Porsche is the armadillo  
The silhouette  
The pop, pop, pop; the chop, chop, chop  
The throwaway TEC's got Tourettes  
It's more than this drug money, I love money  
I speak to your soul and that's above money  
This the ministry of street energy  
The church of criminology, teaching my chemistries  
Woo I'm the L. Ron Hubbard of the cupboard  
To some certain motherfuckers gotta love it

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