

I Still Wanna

Pusha T

It's like an itch you can't scratch
It's like a bitch you can't shake
I still wanna

Sleeping with the finest, the thread count is bindless
Security blanket of cocaine, I am Linus
In this climate I'm Kareem Burke tied in
The Roc silent partner I ain't throwing up the diamond
Throwing on the shearling, collars up, bottles up
Sparkles to the table, got 'em feeling like he's Merlin
Whirlwind, powder makes your world spin
Learn from OGs, Alfa Romeos and Sterlings
Updated that, upgraded that
Suffocation blue in the insides potato sack
Yeah, talk money, I'm made of that
Cocaine parties like the 70s, I cater that
You know what fame is? Sitting with the woman
Of your dreams and forgetting what her name is
You know what pain is? Flushing two bricks
And have a nigga try to strain it out the drainage

See my face on the news and it ain't Tivo
I still wanna sell kilos
It's like I'm throwing rocks at the pen begging for the Rico
I still wanna sell kilos
Searching for the fishscale like I'm tryna find Nemo
I still wanna sell kilos
That's what happens when you Michael and they try to treat you like Tito
I still wanna sell kilos

Grew up watching momma car repoed
A little nigga staring through the peep hole
How you think I felt knowing daddy wasn't there
Recycling cans cause nobody ever cared
Get it how you live, always echoed in the streets
When we talking business, talking on the phone cease
Feds listening to conversations through my OnStar
Piecing puzzles together solving homicides of I's
Dice game chatter, better bring your stash out
Red velour, I'm in the white glass house
Half a ticket bitches quick to drop it on the scale
City of dope a real nigga sell yay'
Everyday a nigga dies and we can't ask why
Show 'em all love, the bitches fucked on the side
Tony Montana, tailor made suits in the church
Rolls Royce Corniche, trunk full of work

Testarossa top models, G4s
Gucci pass the crease off, everything I climb in, I win
Richard Mille Tourbillon, remarkable timing
Black label everything, logos in the lining
Bell Biv DeVoe push poison like a copper head
Powder falls, smoke clears through the walking dead
The Rose bottles pour for the champions
You'd think it was a Grammy win, celebration spills
Through the morning like an Ambien, bitches love my ambience
Chain swinging, ticker taping like it's Mardi Gras

Thousand niggas deep, never needed body guards
Thousand keys that I'm about to do Pilates on
Where the kings crowned like the grill a Maserati's on
Candy coated parked, doors ajar, on a stripper
Blew a fuse and caught a body on, cocaine storing
Liva living dreams, yall DeLoreans pouring in

[Hook]