

# Keep Dealing

Pusha T

They call him a crack dealer, I am like Warhol  
A nigga paint a picture of a bullet for all y'all  
Now crawl for him  
My sophomore jinx is more minks  
But only for my mother she'll use 'em as couch covers  
You niggas cheapening my All-Star Weekends  
If y'all can't swim in the deep end then watch nigga  
Woo! 80,000 on this watch niggas  
Yuugh! And I ain't never had to watch nigga  
Rich or wealthy, pick your poison  
I think I paid for one too many abortions  
Another Celine, it's like a routine  
It's like ferris wheel of waist trainers and Seven jeans  
Her new body's in my new body  
Make her in an hourglass that's my new hobby  
Rich nigga shit, how I blew my first million  
Luckily was somethin' in the ceiling, keep dealin

Talk numbers, but never talk 'em to me though  
When you're the link to what fits in the keyhole  
The realest nigga to marathon on the RICO  
The last cocaine superhero  
I got the cape on, to cover kilos  
The villain wins, the evolution of Nino  
Goddamn Batman holy toledo  
Nah, you ain't talkin' to me though

The Robb Report of the snort  
Kings hold court  
Lawyers get bought  
Palms get greased when them cases get fought  
No felony what the fuck is you tellin' me  
Reduced to simple assault  
It cost to keep it hush-hush  
It was just us  
Ended up sellin' my Bat Mobile  
The crash don't kill  
It's how you survives it  
Rebound on niggas, I nine live'd it  
Couldn't miss a Super Bowl or a Cancun  
Bitches ain't respecting niggas not in full bloom  
So the neck is full moon  
I'm living a lie, she live for this life  
And loving the Alaia pumps  
Loving the rush, I'm living "The Wire" Uh  
Drugs and this rap is really "Empire"  
Rich nigga shit, how I lost my second million  
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[Beanie Sigel:]  
Ten toes deep in the trap, nigga I'm good here  
Feelin' like Tony reading words on the Goodyear  
Big said, "Only the FEDs I should fear"  
So no threat, be on your steps with the whole hood there  
Yeah, shoot up shit then we blow the scene  
Kerosene in a 20 ounce Poland Spring  
Nothing to lose attitude like Ron from Arizona  
It's homicide when I slide up on ya  
Reporting live from the project benches  
Hella caine, dope in cellophane, dirty syringes  
Heron zombies street-walking on three-week binges  
Clientele look like the "Thriller" vid in 3D lenses  
COD, niggas never had to front me jawns  
I'm weighing bricks on the scale they put the lunch meat on  
I'm Nino Brown in the projects  
Yes, Curtis Jackson in his pyrex  
Get rich or die tryin' is my mindset  
And spend it all until I'm swallowing dirt  
Cause I ain't never see a Brinks truck follow a hearse  
I ain't never see a dead man taking the stand  
I ain't never see a nigga swallow a bullet  
And live to talk about it  
'Bout that bread, I drop a coffin 'bout it  
You watched me go through hell, now watch me walk up out it  
Nigga shit, that's how I lost three million  
Luckily was somethin' in the ceiling, keep dealin ya