

# King Push

Pusha T

This is my time, this is my hour  
This is my pain, This is my name  
This is my power  
If it's my reign, then it's my shower  
This pole position  
I made a lane, 'cause they blocked ours  
Dope boys, block bleeders  
Gold diggers don't stop either  
Motivation is misguided  
If we hit the mark, than it's not needed  
Carry on, like a carry on  
On my side bitch I let tag along  
Call me daddy from a complex  
Cause her mother's fucking with Mary mom  
No excuses, no regard  
Step on the brick like a promenade  
Twenty thousand on calling cards  
And I'm speaking spanish like Don Omar

But I'm king push, this king push  
I rap nigga 'bout trap niggas  
I don't sing hooks

Fuck nigga, when the slide talk  
Miss me, with all the pie talk  
When them lights on you, and them letters big  
You point us out, just like an eye-chart  
But that's my fault, my details on the sidewalk  
For eleven years, we seen better years  
We was sellin' birds over the time port  
My first grammy was my first brick  
Red carpet, every bad bitch  
More BMF than billboard  
I got a label deal under my mattress

Cause I'm king push, still king push  
I rap nigga 'bout trap niggas  
I don't sing hooks

Vultures to my culture  
Exploit the struggle, insult ya  
They name dropping 'bout caine copping  
But never been a foot soldier  
Let's have another look, just get a little closer  
Rage against the machine, black Zack de la Rocha  
In a cranberry roaster, inside track on the g rap poster  
Best d-boy all I'm missing is a dash  
Difference between me and Hova

But I'm King Push, still King Push  
I rap nigga 'bout trap niggas  
I don't sing hooks