

## M.F.T.R.

Pusha T

Creep up on these niggas  
Creep up on these niggas  
Speak up on these niggas  
Speak up on a nigga  
Walk up in that bitch and wave at everything  
Walk up in that bitch and wave at everything  
Go and make it bang, go and make it bang  
Gettin' followed by them hollows, go and make it bang  
Niggas ain't been to church in a minute  
But it's funny how that TEC make a nigga get religious  
Amen!

You rather be more famous than rich  
Play your role, it's easy acting like Mitch  
"Paid In Full" was more than reading a script  
Paid in full is really just being Rich Porter  
Filling all standing orders  
Would you question could I swim if you saw me walking on water?  
Yeah, while every song got a rapper dance  
Yuugh, I'm drug money like Dapper Dan  
No retirement plans, no Derek Jeters  
We all know I did it; Rodriguez  
The illusion of money we don't believe in  
You ask me, Tyga looking like a genius  
I'm Kim Jong of the crack song  
Gil Scott-Heron to the black poem  
Woo, the revolution will be televised  
'Cause we done see all and they telling lies

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You rather be more famous than rich  
Play your role, it's easy being my bitch  
It's only right for a queen to floss your shit  
Rolex crowns, I emboss your wrist  
The minimums, niggas ain't synonyms  
Dual exhausts, driving flying saucers  
Diamond crosses, hang Takashi portraits  
Street millionaires rub shoulders  
And laugh at bitches fucking promoters  
Hoping that they get noticed, still driving a Focus  
What you fuck him for if you didn't know what the goal was?  
Shine, remote control blinds  
That turn on the time lapse, controlled by the iPad  
Ahhh, my living room rap scream crack money  
I don't trust rap niggas or rap money  
See this air hole tech and get ratttttt from me

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Niggas talking it, but ain't living it  
Two years later admitting it, all them niggas is renting shit  
They ask why I'm still talking dope, why not?  
The biggest rappers in the game broke, voilà  
They say it's hate, but it's these well-dressed snakes  
That learn to walk on the concrete, I just saw it and spoke to it  
Yuugh, you ain't know, you got coached through it  
Wooo, the rap fans got hoaxed through it  
Haaa, the whole time I sold coke through it  
Nigga, and records I was Bo through it  
King Push is synonymous with kingpin  
Chess moves on your checkerboard, king him  
Yeah, this is gun slingers and Goyard  
Uh, this is O Dog in the courtyard  
You wonder why I'm still here  
I'm America's worst nightmare  
Night, night nigga

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