

Pussy

Clipse

(Chorus - Pusha T)

I ain't in to fat lippin, I'm in to gat grippin
A cat's slippin, is a cat drippin
Why I say that? the cat's slippin, the Mac's spittin
The cat drippin, look in the mirror you's a fat kitten
Puuusssssssssssssyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy-ah(Verse 1 - Pusha T)
All I wanted growing up was remote controls
Now my whole life remote control, hit the block dope control
Got ghetto corners choking slow
Grandmama go to church trying to soak my soul, oh!
This one's for my foes
Find yourself, in a hopeless hole trying to go against him!
I puppet you Pinocchios, flows on strings
It - is what it seems, just call me Jepeto!
A Young Stock Market, put money in your pocket
Cause when Pusha talk it is the object then I drop it
I rose gold ya, huh? pink diamond ya, hah?
Set it in a rhyme now the industry got pink eye
Contagious, flows high demand, like the new Lou Vuitton Monogram
Pastels is cute; How you niggaz follow suits so well?
These barrels encompass the heat from +Hell+
Nigga the Franchise of Star Trak sales, uh!

(Chorus)(Verse 2 - Malice)

They'd rather see me not breathing, than see me achieve
Have my mama grieving, crouched to her knees
Jealous hearted niggaz, y'all wear it on ya sleeve
Like a scarlet letter, for the world to see
Can't hide the truth, decendents of pain
So y'all get exposed like the sons of Hussein
My game weight grown, this is no fact
When cats was at hoop, I was Cadillac Brome
I'm not these rap kids, wit childish antics
Who make diss records, who rock hat backwards
These are higher stakes, this is not average weight
This is not pinching penny's b---h, this is carrot cake
This is the difference 'tween rookies and the pros
They pattern after me, they cookie-cut my flow
But so (so, so), I'm never one that be jeal'
Do as I do so I can say, "Papa raised you well"

(Chorus)(Verse 3 - Pusha T)

They say the Lord closes windows, to open doors
Nigga don't make me open yours

Seen hearts beat through, open sores
Subliminal rap shit, so immature, that's why I ignore
Punchline niggaz on front time, silly hoe shit
He who questions I is unfocused
Copperfield flow yes! I'll make careers disappear
Like hocus - pocus - no joke, it's Push'(Malice)
Mercy, mercy! Oh Lord who is he?
Who curse me, curse me? But doing me
It hurts me so, puts me through changes
So I got Porsche's and Hummers to deal wit the anguish (oh, oh!)
Acts live, but only if you speak the language
...And the rest is Comic View
Star Trak The Movement, who you pay homage to?
You don't want it with them boys, this I promise you, you pussy!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>