

Pussy

Cclipse

(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/>