

# Intro

## Pusha T

Espera, ven aquí, who you wanna be? Drug Dealer? Demon? Rap nigga? You tryna save the culture? Ay Dios mío. You gotta pick one, daddy Leave your conscience at the door

We done hid the monsters in the floor

I speak to the trap lords

And niggas wit their hands in the white like blackboards

I done been black balled

And never gave a fuck 'cause I'm Jack Frost

Of sellin' that blast off

I'm on a crash course

Where talent meets timing

Christopher Wallace, Think Big, keep climbing

Reasonable doubt, drug era, keep climbing

I'm my brother's keeper, Lord Willin', keep grindin'

As a God amongst men

Rinsed drug money, I done paid for my sins

Books and the lawyers, I done paid for my friends

Still held back, I done paid with my skin

The only thing missing is a cape on me

You niggas wanna tag a late, great on me

Put the fears in my peers, heard my footsteps coming from the rear

Now it's murder was the case homie

I'm watching this three ring circus

Old lions don't roar, so the clowns ain't nervous

Even you fools serve purpose

Let 'em run amuck until the king resurface

Then it's off with your heads

Wear your little jewels, you could floss when you're dead

They take samples of 'em, I make examples of 'em

It's the thrill of the hunt, I keep my mantle covered

Ask 'Ye who's loyalty more realer

Ask P, who's core's a drug dealer

Me and Tim, it's coming, it's gonna kill 'em

The only great I ain't made better was J. Dilla

Now we breaking new ground

Get ready for the placing of the crown

King Push nigga! A Pablito le dieron pa' bajo, but I'm still here, y el otro tipo? he's running, but I'm still here, I don't even know why you doing this loco, yo ni se pa' que, but always still right here. You wanna be like them, don't you huh? you're not like them... Y definitivamente, they're not like us

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