

The Games We Play

Pusha T

Drug dealer Benzes with gold diggers in 'em
In elevator condos, on everything I love This ain't a wave or phase, cause all that shit fades
This lifestyle's forever when you made
They tweet about the length I made 'em wait,
What the fuck you expect
When a nigga got a cape and he's great?
Oven's full of cakes that he bakes
Still spreading paste
The love just accentuates the hate
This is for my bodybuilding clients moving weight
Just add water, stir it like a shake
Play amongst the stars like the roof in the Wraith
Get the table next to mine, make our bottle servers race
These are the games we play,
We are the names they say
This is the drug money your ex-nigga claim he makes To all of my young niggas
I am your Ghost and your Rae
This is my Purple Tape, save up for rainy days
And baby mama wishes, along with the side bitches
They try to coexist, end up wishing you'd die, bitches
Stood on every couch, in the A at the black party
No jewelry on, but you richer than everybody
You laugh a little louder
The DJ say your name a little prouder
And we don't need a globe to show you the world is ours
We can bet a hundred thousand with my safe hold
My numbers lookin' like a bank code These are the games we play
We are the names they say
This is the drug money your ex-nigga claim he makes
Ain't no stoppin' this champagne from poppin'
The draws from droppin', the law from watchin'
With Ye back chopping
The cars and the women come with options
Caviar facials remove the toxins
This ain't for the conscious,
This is for the mud-made monsters
Who grew up on legends from outer Yonkers
Influenced by niggas Straight Outta Compton,
The scale never lies
I'm 2.2 incentivised
If you ain't energized like the bunny for drug money
Or been paralyzed by the sight of a drug mummy

This ain't really for you, this is for the Goya Montoya
Who said I couldn't stop, then afforded me all the lawyers
The only kingpin who ain't sinking
Chess moves, that means my third eye ain't blinkin'
Stay woke, nigga, or get out
Still pull them whips out
Still spread the chips out
Might buy your bitch some new hips and yank her rib out
The message in this music
All my niggas had to live out These are the games we play
We are the names they say
This is the drug money your ex-nigga claim he makes, yah!

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>