

Got Em Covered (feat. Ab-Liva)

Pusha T

The flow plays limbo courtesy of Timbo
Strip it down nigga, Jim Joe
I build it better nigga ten fold
La Ferrari from the Enzo
The stencil inspired by Kenzo
The roof is like Ghostface, can it be so simple
40 keys in a rental
My dogs bring it back, now you name a better kennel
I keep cash, case Feds connect me
Case kids kidnap me, kids can get back me
Not concerned with your rap beef
Poetic justice watching you sock puppets
Fuck it, I got my dope boys covered
The Arizona brick is 26 and they love it
Thou shalt not covet what thou cannot budget
I bury 2 mil in the Caymans they can't touch it
Fuck it, I got my dope boys covered
Fuck it, I got my dope boys covered
Fuck it, I got the dope boys covered
Fuck it, I got the dope boys covered
The Arizona brick is 26 and they love it Trap phone, gun at your backbone
Graduated from the corner where the crack's thrown
Back talk to your momma now you act grown
Listening to Young Dolph till the pack gone
I relate to 'em
I'm a Pyrex God, shit I'm great to 'em
All of you lil' niggas quote all of the wrong figures
Poke all of the wrong bitches
And follow the wrong niggas
Whichever rapper hot at the moment
Don't realize he a candle till he blow it
I gave y'all the game it's decoded
The only thing left is to grow it
Drop a shoe, start a Play Cloths or two
It's all hustlin', so deja vu
Still a nigga unwrap bricks
I'ma dye on that money like a bank got hit sniff
Fuck it, I got my dope boys covered
Fuck it, I got my dope boys covered
Fuck it, I got the dope boys covered
Fuck it, I got the dope boys covered
The Arizona brick is 26 and they love it Game too emo, I'm too Nino

Must stay low-key, I play Reno
I'm so Pesci, too Casino
We Sinatra, Sammy, Dinos
Outlandish, so illegal
So Carlito, so Pacino
We sip vino, the grapes of wrath
Money counter go till it breaks in half
Coupes the flagship, it feels like futon
Palm the paddle shift, abuse the redline
The home is ranch style, reflects the poolside
Powder paved the way, the sword got two sides
Duffle a hundred bands, trunk is 2-5
Mules are flying in, the drive from Tucson
The dash is hollowed out, we shortened the fuel line
Connect is in Panama, in bed with the cruise lines
Fuck it, I got the dope boys covered
Fuck it, I got the dope boys covered
The Arizona brick is 26 and they love it

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>