

Infrared

Pusha T

The game's fucked up
Niggas beats is banging
Nigga, ya hooks did it
The lyric pennin' equal the Trumps winnin'
The bigger question is how the Russians did it
It was written like Nas but it came from Quentin
At the mercy of a game where the culture's missing
When the CEO's blinded by the glow, it's different
Believe in myself and the Coles and Kendricks
Let the sock puppets play in their roles and gimmicks, shit
Remember Will Smith won the first Grammy?
And they ain't even recognize Hov until "Annie"
So I don't tap dance for the crackers and sing Mammy
'Cause I'm posed to juggle these flows and nose candy (yugh)
Ferrari, my 40th, blew the candles out
Tom Brady'ed you niggas
I had to scramble out
They be ridin' these waves
I pull my sandals out
Hefe Latin my Grammy
I went the Spanish route
Oh now it's okay to kill Baby
Niggas looked at me crazy like I really killed a baby
Salute Ross 'cause the message was pure
He see what I see when you see Wayne on tour
Flash without the fire
Another multi-platinum rapper trapped and can't retire
Niggas get exposed
I see the cracks and I'm the liar?
Shit I've been exposed
I took the crack and built the wire
Now who do you admire?
Your rap songs is all trying my patience
Them prices ain't real without inflation
I done flew it, i done grew it, been a conduit
Moynat bags on my bitches
I done blew it
See through it, neck, igloo it
Habla en español, I y tu it
Let Steven talk streamin' and Shazam numbers
I'll ensure you gettin' every gram from us
Let's cram numbers, easily

The only rapper sold more dope than me was Eazy-E
How could you ever right these wrongs
When you don't even write your songs?
But let us all play along
We all know what niggas for real been waitin' on
Push

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